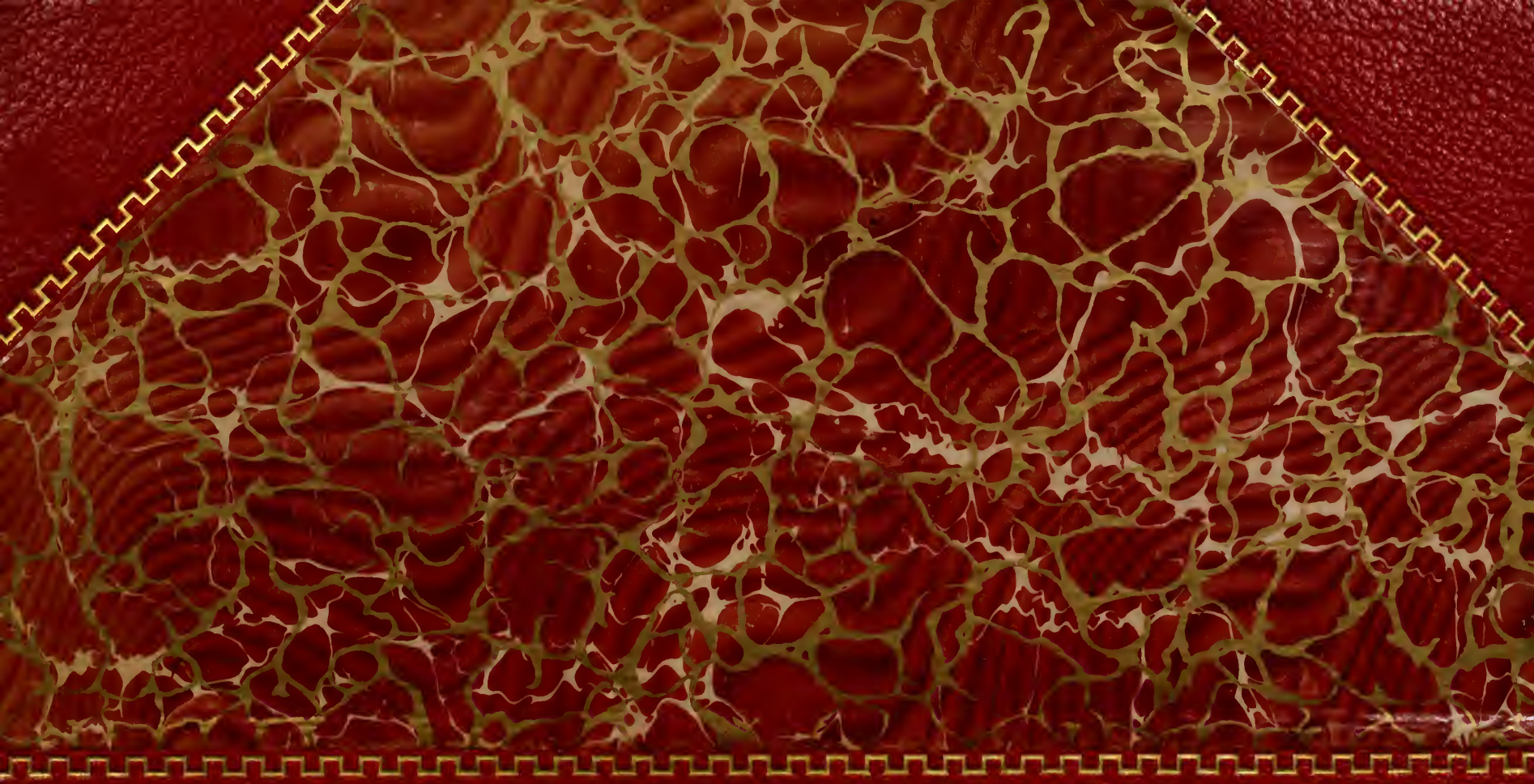

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THE FUTURE OF THE NOVEL

By Henry James

Beginnings, as we all know, are usually small things, but continuations are not always strikingly great ones, and the place occupied in the world by the prolonged prose fable has become, in our time, among the incidents of literature, the most surprising example to be named of swift and extravagant growth, a development beyond the measure of every early appearance. It is a form that has had a fortune so little to have been foretold at its cradle. The germ of the comprehensive epic was more recognisable in the first barbaric chant than that of the novel as we know it to-day in the first anecdote retailed to amuse. It arrived, in truth, the novel, late at self-consciousness; but it has done its utmost ever since to make up for lost opportunities. The flood at present swells and swells, threatening the whole field of letters, as would often seem, with submersion. It plays, in what may be called the passive consciousness of many persons, a part that directly marches with the rapid increase of the multitude able to possess itself in one way and another of the *book*. The book, in the Anglo-Saxon world, is almost everywhere, and it is in the form of the voluminous prose fable that we see it penetrate easiest and farthest. Penetration appears really to be directly aided by mere mass and bulk. There is an immense public, if public be the name, inarticulate, but abysmally absorbent, for which, at its hours of ease, the printed volume has no other association. This public—the public that subscribes, borrows, lends, that picks up in one way and another, sometimes even by purchase—grows and grows each

year, and nothing is thus more apparent than that of all the recruits it brings to the book the most numerous by far are those that it brings to the "story."

This number has gained, in our time, an augmentation from three sources in particular, the first of which, indeed, is perhaps but a comprehensive name for the two others. The diffusion of the rudiments, the multiplication of common schools, has had more and more the effect of making readers of women and of the very young. Nothing is so striking in a survey of this field, and nothing to be so much borne in mind, as that the larger part of the great multitude that sustains the teller and the publisher of tales is constituted by boys and girls; by girls in especial, if we apply the term to the later stages of the life of the innumerable women who, under modern arrangements, increasingly fail to marry—fail, apparently, even, largely, to desire to. It is not too much to say of many of these that they live in a great measure by the immediate aid of the novel—confining the question, for the moment, to the fact of consumption alone. The literature, as it may be called for convenience, of children is an industry that occupies by itself a very considerable quarter of the scene. Great fortunes, if not great reputations, are made, we learn, by writing for schoolboys, and the period during which they consume the compound artfully prepared for them appears—as they begin earlier and continue later—to add to itself at both ends. This helps to account for the fact that public libraries, especially those that are private and money-making enterprises, put into circulation more volumes of "stories" than of all other things together of which volumes can be made. The published statistics are extraordinary, and of a sort to engender many kinds of uneasiness. The sort of taste that used to be called "good" has nothing to do with the matter: we are so demonstrably in presence of millions for whom taste is but an obscure, confused, immediate instinct. In the flare of railway bookstalls, in the shop-fronts of most booksellers, especially the provincial, in the advertisements of the weekly newspapers, and in fifty places besides, this testimony to the general preference triumphs, yielding a good-natured corner at

most to a bunch of treatises on athletics or sport, or a patch of theology old and new.

The case is so marked, however, that illustrations easily overflow, and there is no need of forcing doors that stand wide open. What remains is the interesting oddity or mystery—the anomaly that fairly dignifies the whole circumstance with its strangeness: the wonder, in short, that men, women, and children *should* have so much attention to spare for improvisations mainly so arbitrary and frequently so loose. That, at the first blush, fairly leaves us gaping. This great fortune then, since fortune it seems, has been reserved for mere unsupported and unguaranteed history, the *inexpensive* thing, written in the air, the record of what, in any particular case, has *not* been, the account that remains responsible, at best, to "documents" with which we are practically unable to collate it. This is the side of the whole business of fiction on which it can always be challenged, and to that degree that if the general venture had not become in such a manner the admiration of the world it might but too easily have become the derision. It has in truth, I think, never philosophically met the challenge, never found a formula to inscribe on its shield, never defended its position by any better argument than the frank, straight blow: "Why am I not so unprofitable as to be preposterous? Because I can do *that*. There!" And it throws up from time to time some purely practical masterpiece. There is nevertheless an admirable minority of intelligent persons who care not even for the masterpieces, nor see any pressing point in them, for whom the very form itself has, equally at its best and at its worst, been ever a vanity and a mockery. This class, it should be added, is beginning to be visibly augmented by a different circle altogether, the group of the formerly subject, but now estranged, the deceived and bored, those for whom the whole movement too decidedly fails to live up to its possibilities. There are people who have loved the novel, but who actually find themselves drowned in its verbiage, and for whom, even in some of its approved manifestations, it has become a terror they exert every ingenuity, every hypocrisy, to evade. The indifferent and the alienated testify, at any rate, almost as much as

the omnivorous, to the reign of the great ambiguity, the enjoyment of which rests, evidently, on a primary need of the mind. The novelist can only fall back on that—on his recognition that man's constant demand for what he has to offer is simply man's general appetite for a *picture*. The novel is of all pictures the most comprehensive and the most elastic. It will stretch anywhere—it will take in absolutely anything. All it needs is a subject and a painter. But for its subject, magnificently, it has the whole human consciousness. And if we are pushed a step farther backward, and asked why the representation should be required when the object represented is itself mostly so accessible, the answer to that appears to be that man combines with his eternal desire for more experience an infinite cunning as to getting his experience as cheaply as possible. He will steal it whenever he can. He likes to live the life of others, yet is well aware of the points at which it may too intolerably resemble his own. The vivid fable, more than anything else, gives him this satisfaction on easy terms, gives him knowledge abundant yet vicarious. It enables him to select, to take and to leave; so that to feel he can afford to neglect it he must have a rare faculty, or great opportunities, for the extension of experience—by thought, by emotion, by energy—at first hand.

Yet it is doubtless not this cause alone that contributes to the contemporary deluge; other circumstances operate, and one of them is probably, in truth, if looked into, something of an abatement of the great fortune we have been called upon to admire. The high prosperity of fiction has marched, very directly, with another "sign of the times," the demoralisation, the vulgarisation of literature in general, the increasing familiarity of all such methods of communication, the making itself supremely felt, as it were, of the presence of the ladies and children—by whom I mean, in other words, the reader irreflective and uncritical. If the novel, in fine, has found itself, socially speaking, at such a rate, the book *par excellence,* so on the other hand the book has in the same degree found itself a thing of small ceremony. So many ways of producing it easily have been discovered that it is by no means the occasional prodigy, for good or for evil, that it was taken for in

simpler days, and has therefore suffered a proportionate discredit. Almost any variety is thrown off and taken up, handled, admired, ignored by too many people, and this, precisely, is the point at which the question of its future becomes one with that of the future of the total swarm. How are the generations to face, at all, the monstrous multiplications? Any speculation on the further development of a particular variety is subject to the reserve that the generations may at no distant day be obliged formally to decree, and to execute, great clearings of the deck, great periodical effacements and destructions. It fills, in fact, at moments the expectant ear, as we watch the progress of the ship of civilisation—the huge splash that must mark the response to many an imperative, unanimous "Overboard!" What at least is already very plain is that practically the great majority of volumes printed within a year cease to exist as the hour passes, and give up by that circumstance all claim to a career, to being accounted or provided for. In speaking of the future of the novel we must of course, therefore, be taken as limiting the inquiry to those types that have, for criticism, a present and a past. And it is only superficially that confusion seems here to reign. The fact that in England and in the United States every specimen that sees the light may look for a "review" testifies merely to the point to which, in these countries, literary criticism has sunk. The review is in nine cases out of ten an effort of intelligence as undeveloped as the ineptitude over which it fumbles, and the critical spirit, which knows where it is concerned and where not, is not touched, is still less compromised, by the incident. There are too many reasons why newspapers must live.

So, as regards the tangible type, the end is that in its undefended, its positively exposed state, we continue to accept it, conscious even of a peculiar beauty in an appeal made from a footing so precarious. It throws itself wholly on our generosity, and very often indeed gives us, by the reception it meets, a useful measure of the quality, of the delicacy, of many minds. There is to my sense no work of literary, or of any other, art, that any human being is under the smallest positive obligation to "like." There

is no woman—no matter of what loveliness—in the presence of whom it is anything but a man's unchallengeably *own* affair that he is "in love" or out of it. It is not a question of manners; vast is the margin left to individual freedom; and the trap set by the artist occupies no different ground—Robert Louis Stevenson has admirably expressed the analogy—from the offer of her charms by the lady. There only remain infatuations that we envy and emulate. When we do respond to the appeal, when we *are* caught in the trap, we are held and played upon; so that how in the world can there *not* still be a future, however late in the day, for a contrivance possessed of this precious secret? The more we consider it the more we feel that the prose picture can never be at the end of its tether until it loses the sense of what it can do. It can do simply everything, and that is its strength and its life. Its plasticity, its elasticity are infinite; there is no colour, no extension it may not take from the nature of its subject or the temper of its craftsman. It has the extraordinary advantage—a piece of luck scarcely credible—that, while capable of giving an impression of the highest perfection and the rarest finish, it moves in a luxurious independence of rules and restrictions. Think as we may, there is nothing we can mention as a consideration outside itself with which it must square, nothing we can name as one of its peculiar obligations or interdictions. It must, of course, hold our attention and reward it, it must not appeal on false pretences; but these necessities, with which, obviously, disgust and displeasure interfere, are not peculiar to it—all works of art have them in common. For the rest it has so clear a field that if it perishes this will surely be by its fault—by its superficiality, in other words, or its timidity. One almost, for the very love of it, likes to think of its appearing threatened with some such fate, in order to figure the dramatic stroke of its revival under the touch of a life-giving master. The temperament of the artist can do so much for it that our desire for some exemplary felicity fairly demands even the vision of that supreme proof. If we were to linger on this vision long enough, we should doubtless, in fact, be brought to wondering—and still for very loyalty to the form

itself—whether our own prospective conditions may not before too long appear to many critics to call for some such happy *coup* on the part of a great artist yet to come.

There would at least be this excuse for such a reverie: that speculation is vain unless we confine it, and that for ourselves the most convenient branch of the question is the state of the industry that makes its appeal to readers of English. From any attempt to measure the career still open to the novel in France I may be excused, in so narrow a compass, for shrinking. The French, as a result of having ridden their horse much harder than we, are at a different stage of the journey, and we have doubtless many of their stretches and baiting-places yet to traverse. But if the range grows shorter from the moment we drop to inductions drawn only from English and American material, I am not sure that the answer comes sooner. I should have at all events—a formidably large order—to plunge into the particulars of the question of the present. If the day *is* approaching when the respite of execution for almost any book is but a matter of mercy, does the English novel of commerce tend to strike us as a production more and more equipped by its high qualities for braving the danger? It would be impossible, I think, to make one's attempt at an answer to that riddle really interesting without bringing into the field many illustrations drawn from individuals—without pointing the moral with names both conspicuous and obscure. Such a freedom would carry us, here, quite too far, and would moreover only encumber the path. There is nothing to prevent our taking for granted all sorts of happy symptoms and splendid promises—so long, of course, I mean, as we keep before us the general truth that the future of fiction is intimately bound up with the future of the society that produces and consumes it. In a society with a great and diffused literary sense the talent at play can only be a less negligible thing than in a society with a literary sense barely discernible. In a world in which criticism is acute and mature such talent will find itself trained, in order successfully to assert itself, to many more kinds of precautionary expertness than in a society in which the art I have named holds an inferior place or makes a sorry figure.

A community addicted to reflection and fond of ideas will try experiments with the "story" that will be left untried in a community mainly devoted to travelling and shooting, to pushing trade and playing football. There are many judges, doubtless, who hold that experiments—queer and uncanny things at best—are not necessary to it, that its face has been, once for all, turned in one way, and that it has only to go straight before it. If that is what it is actually doing in England and America the main thing to say about its future would appear to be that this future will in very truth more and more define itself as negligible. For all the while the immense variety of life will stretch away to right and to left, and all the while there may be, on such lines, perpetuation of its great mistake of failing of intelligence. That mistake will be, ever, for the admirable art, the only one really inexcusable, because of being a mistake about, as we may say, its own soul. The form of novel that is stupid on the general question of its freedom is the single form that may, *a priori*, be unhesitatingly pronounced wrong.

The most interesting thing to-day, therefore, among ourselves is the degree in which we may count on seeing a sense of that freedom cultivated and bearing fruit. What else is this, indeed, but one of the most attaching elements in the great drama of our wide English-speaking life! As the novel is at any moment the most immediate and, as it were, admirably *treacherous* picture of actual manners—indirectly as well as directly, and by what it does not touch as well as by what it does—so its present situation, where we are most concerned with it, is exactly a reflection of our social changes and chances, of the signs and portents that lay most traps for most observers, and make up in general what is most "amusing" in the spectacle we offer. Nothing, I may say, for instance, strikes me more as meeting this description than the predicament finally arrived at, for the fictive energy, in consequence of our long and most respectable tradition of making it defer supremely, in the treatment, say, of a delicate case, to the inexperience of the young. The particular knot the coming novelist who shall prefer not simply to beg the question, will have here to

untie may represent assuredly the essence of his outlook. By what it shall decide to do in respect to the "young" the great prose fable will, from any serious point of view, practically see itself stand or fall. What is clear is that it has, among us, veritably never chosen—it has, mainly, always obeyed an unreasoning instinct of avoidance in which there has often been much that was felicitous. While society was frank, was free about the incidents and accidents of the human constitution, the novel took the same robust ease as society. The young then were so very young that they were not table-high. But they began to grow, and from the moment their little chins rested on the mahogany, Richardson and Fielding began to go under it. There came into being a mistrust of any but the most guarded treatment of the great relation between men and women, the constant world-renewal, which was the conspicuous sign that whatever the prose picture of life was prepared to take upon itself, it was not prepared to take upon itself not to be superficial. Its position became very much: "There are other things, don't you know? For heaven's sake let *that* one pass!" And to this wonderful propriety of letting it pass the business has been for these so many years—with the consequences we see to-day—largely devoted. These consequences are of many sorts, not a few altogether charming. One of them has been that there is an immense omission in our fiction—which, though many critics will always judge that it has vitiated the whole, others will continue to speak of as signifying but a trifle. One can only talk for one's self, and of the English and American novelists of whom I am fond, I am so superlatively fond that I positively prefer to take them as they are. I cannot so much as imagine Dickens and Scott *without* the "love-making" left, as the phrase is, out. They were, to my perception, absolutely right—from the moment their attention to it could only be perfunctory—practically not to deal with it. In all their work it is, in spite of the number of pleasant sketches of affection gratified or crossed, the element that matters least. Why not therefore assume, it may accordingly be asked, that discriminations which have served their purpose so well in the past will continue not less successfully

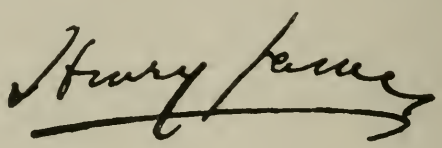
to meet the case? What will you have better than Scott and Dickens?

Nothing certainly *can* be, it may at least as promptly be replied, and I can imagine no more comfortable prospect than jogging along perpetually with a renewal of such blessings. The difficulty lies in the fact that two of the great conditions have changed. The novel is older, and so are the young. It would seem that everything the young can possibly do for us in the matter has been successfully done. They have kept out one thing after the other, yet there is still a certain completeness we lack, and the curious thing is that it appears to be they themselves who are making the grave discovery. "You have kindly taken," they seem to say to the fiction-mongers, "our education off the hands of our parents and pastors, and that, doubtless, has been very convenient for *them*, and left them free to amuse themselves. But what, all the while, pray, if it is a question of education, have you done with your own? These are directions in which you seem dreadfully untrained, and in which *can* it be as vain as it appears to apply to you for information?" The point is whether, from the moment it is a question of averting discredit, the novel can afford to take things quite so easily as it has, for a good while now, settled down into the way of doing. There are too many sources of interest neglected—whole categories of manners, whole corpuscular classes and provinces, museums of character and condition, unvisited; while it is on the other hand mistakenly taken for granted that safety lies in all the loose and thin material that keeps reappearing in forms at once ready-made and sadly the worse for wear. The simple themselves may finally turn against our simplifications; so that we need not, after all, be more royalist than the king or more childish than the children. It is certain that there is no real health for any art—I am not speaking, of course, of any mere industry — that does not move a step in advance of its farthest follower. It would be curious—really a great comedy—if the renewal were to spring just from the satiety of the very readers for whom the sacrifices have hitherto been supposed to be made. It bears on this that as nothing is

more salient in English life to-day, to fresh eyes, than the revolution taking place in the position and outlook of women—and taking place much more deeply in the quiet than even the noise on the surface demonstrates—so we may very well yet see the female elbow itself, kept in increasing activity by the play of the pen, smash with final resonance the window all this time most superstitiously closed. The particular draught that has been most deprecated will in that case take care of the question of freshness. It is the opinion of some observers that when women do obtain a free hand they will not repay their long debt to the precautionary attitude of men by unlimited consideration for the natural delicacy of the latter.

To admit, then, that the great anodyne can ever totally fail to work, is to imply, in short, that this will only be by some grave fault in some high quarter. Man rejoices in an incomparable faculty for presently mutilating and disfiguring any plaything that has helped create for him the illusion of leisure; nevertheless, so long as life retains its power of projecting itself upon his imagination, he will find the novel work off the impression better than anything he knows. Anything better for the purpose has assuredly yet to be discovered. He will give it up only when life itself too thoroughly disagrees with him. Even then, indeed, may fiction not find a second wind, or a fiftieth, in the very portrayal of that collapse? Till the world is an unpeopled void there will be an image in the mirror. What need more immediately concern us, therefore, is the care of seeing that the image shall continue various and vivid. There is much, frankly, to be said for those who, in spite of all brave pleas, feel it to be considerably menaced, for very little reflection will help to show us how the prospect strikes them. They see the whole business too divorced on the one side from observation and perception, and on the other from the art and taste. They get too little of the first-hand impression, the effort to penetrate—that effort for which the French have the admirable expression to *fouiller*—and still less, if possible, of any science of composition, any architecture, distribution, proportion. It is not a trifle, though indeed it is the

concomitant of an edged force, that "mystery" should, to so many of the sharper eyes, have disappeared from the craft, and a facile flatness be, in place of it, in acclaimed possession. But these are, at the worst, even for such of the disconcerted, signs that the novelist, not that the novel, has dropped. So long as there is a subject to be treated, so long will it depend wholly on the treatment to rekindle the fire. Only the ministrant must really approach the altar; for if the novel *is* the treatment, it is the treatment that is essentially what I have called the anodyne.



THE PASSION PLAY

AT OBER-AMMERGAU.

Translated by Maria Trench.

PART I.

FROM CHRIST'S ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM TO HIS BEING TAKEN CAPTIVE IN THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE.

ACT I.

Prologue.

Enter the Chorus *or* Schutzgeister. *The* Choragus (*or leader of the Chorus*) *exhorts the spectators to a devout contemplation of the holy drama, explaining its great lesson — God reconciled to man through Christ. "All hail!" he says, "welcome to the band of brothers, whom love divine hath here assembled, who wish to share the sorrows of their Saviour, and to follow Him, step by step, in the way of His sufferings to the cross and the sepulchre." He intones and sings —*

In holy wonder cast thee down,
O race oppressed by God's own curse!
Peace be to thee! From Sion peace once more!
He is not wroth for aye,
The offended One — His wrath is ever just.

"I desire not," thus saith
The Lord, "the sinner's death — I will
Forgive him — he shall live again!
My Son's own blood shall reconcile him."

Praise, worship, tears of joy to Thee, Eternal!
Yet, Holiest, shall the dust now dare
Into the Future's Sanctuary to gaze?

The curtain rises and discloses the First Tableau: The Expulsion from Paradise.

The Chorus sings —

From Eden's groves mankind is driven,
Sin's night and death's dread terror bound him,
To the Tree of Life, his way is barred,
With flaming sword threatens the Cherub's hand.

Yet from afar, from Calvary's height,
A morning gleam shines through the night,
From the branches of the Tree of shame
Through all worlds flow airs of balmy peace.

God of Mercy! sinners to forgive
Who Thy law have shamefully despised,
Thou dost give, to free them from the curse,
Unto bitter death Thine only Son.

Second Tableau: The Adoration of the Cross.

Chorus [*kneeling*] —

Eternal! hear Thy children's falt'ring prayer!
Only with stamm'ring lips a child can pray.
They who gather round the mighty offering
In holy veneration worship Thee.

Follow the Atoner now beside,
Until He His rough and thorny path
Hath fully run, — and in fiercest strife
Bleeding fought for us, and won the fight.

Christ's *Entry into Jerusalem.*

Scene I.

A multitude of people enter singing. Jesus *enters Jerusalem amid the rejoicing of the* People, *followed by the* Disciples, *who each carry a pilgrim's staff. The* Children *and* People *sing:*

Hail to Thee! Hail! O David's Son!
Hail to Thee! Hail! The Father's throne
Belongs to Thee.
Who cometh in the Highest's Name,
Whom Israel onward throngs to meet,
Thee we adore!

Hosanna! He who dwells in Heav'n
All gracious favor pour on Thee.
Hosanna! He who reigns above
Preserve Thee ours for evermore.
Hail to Thee, etc.

Blessed be He who now restores
Our father David's seed and reign!
Ye people, bless, praise, and exalt
The Son, His Father's image true.
Hail to Thee, etc.

Hosanna to our royal Son!
Resound on every breeze afar!
Hosanna! On the Father's throne
Let Him in majesty aye rule.
Hail to Thee, etc.

Scene II.

Christ, *the* Apostles, *and the* People, Priests, Pharisees, *and* Merchantmen, *in the Court of the Temple.*

Christ — What do I behold? Shall My Father's House be thus dishonored? Is this the House of God? Or is it a market-place? Shall strangers, who come from heathen lands to worship God, perform their devotions here amidst this tumult of usury? And ye, O Priests, guardians of the sanctuary! ye behold the iniquity, and suffer it? Woe unto you! He, who searcheth the heart, knows wherefore ye permit this wrong.

Traders — Who, then, is this?

People — It is the great Prophet of Nazareth in Galilee.

Christ [*to the* Traders] — Go hence, ye servants of Mammon! I command it. Take that which is yours and depart from the Holy Place.

Priests — Why troublest Thou this people? All this is for sacrifice. How canst Thou forbid what the High Priest's Council permits?

Traders — Are men no longer to offer sacrifices?

Christ — Without the Temple are places sufficient for your business. My House, thus saith the Lord, shall be called a

House of Prayer for all people! But ye have made it a den of thieves. [*He overthrows the tables.*] Take all this hence!

Traders — My money, alas, my money! My doves! [*The doves fly away.*] Who will make good the loss to me?

Christ [*with a scourge of cords*] — Go hence! I will that this consecrated place be given back to the worship of the Father!

Priests — What signs showest Thou that Thou hast power to do these things?

Christ — Ye seek after signs? Yea, a sign shall be given unto you: destroy this temple and in three days I will raise it up.

Priests — What boastful words! Forty and six years was this temple in building, and wilt Thou raise it up in three days?

People — Blessed be He that cometh in the name of the Lord!

Priests — Hearest Thou what these say? Rebuke Thy disciples.

Christ — I say unto you, If these should hold their peace, the stones would cry out.

Children — Hosanna to the Son of David!

Pharisees — Will ye be silent, ye simple ones?

Christ — Have ye never read, Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise? The things which are hidden from the proud are revealed unto babes. And the Scripture must be fulfilled: the stone which the builders refused is become the head stone of the corner: the Kingdom of God shall be taken from you, and shall be given unto a people that shall bring forth the fruits thereof. But that stone — whosoever shall fall upon it shall be broken, but on whomsoever it shall fall, it shall grind him to powder. Come, my disciples! I have done as the Father gave me commandment, I have vindicated the honor of His House. The darkness remains darkness; but in many hearts the day star will soon arise. Let us go into the sanctuary, that we may there pray unto the Father. [*Exit.*

People — Praise to the Anointed!

Priests — Be silent, ye worthless ones!

Pharisees — Ye shall all fall with Him.

People — Blessed be the Kingdom of David, which again appears!

Scene III.

Priests *and* People.

Nathanael — Let him who still holds with our Fathers Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, be on our side! Let the curse of Moses be on all others!

Rabbi — He is a Deceiver!

People — Why have ye not taken Him? Is He not a Prophet? [*Some of the* People *go out after* Jesus.

Priests — He is a teacher of evil!

Nathanael — O thou blind people! wilt thou go after one who is new, and wilt thou forsake Moses, the Prophets, and thy Priests? Fearest thou not the curse which falls upon deserters? Will ye cease to be the chosen people?

People — We will not!

Nathanael — Who has to watch over purity of teaching? Is it not the holy Sanhedrim of the people of Israel? Whom will ye hear, us, or Him who gives Himself out as the proclaimer of a new teaching?

People — We will hear you — we will follow you!

Priests — The God of your Fathers will bless you for it.

Scene IV.

Enter the Traders, *the* "Chief Trader" Dathan *at their head, making a tumult.*

Traders — This fellow must be punished. Vengeance! He shall pay for His audacity. Money, oil, salt, doves — He must make good everything! Wherever He is He shall feel our revenge!

Priests — He has departed.

Traders — We will go after Him.

Nathanael — Stay, friends! The following of this Man is still too great; a dangerous fight might take place, to which the sword of the Romans would make an end. Trust us: He shall not escape His punishment.

Priests — With us, and for us, that is your welfare.

All — Our victory is near!

Nathanael — We are now going hence to inform the Council of the High Priests of to-day's events.

Traders — We will go with you. We must have satisfaction.

Nathanael — In an hour come to the Court of the High Priests. I will bring your complaint before the Council and plead for you. [*Exeunt the* PRIESTS.

Traders and People [*as they are departing*] — Moses is our Prophet! Praised be our father!

ACT II.

Council of the HIGH PRIESTS.

PROLOGUE.

The CHORUS *enter from either side of the proscenium. The* CHORAGUS, *after dwelling on the envy which moves the Pharisees to conspire against our Lord, and exhorting the spectators to give their hearts in thankfulness and attention to the drama, recites, in allusion to the last scene:* —

The wicked wretches now are gone —
In the full light the hideous shape unmasked —
The rags of virtue from sin's garment torn —
By gnawing conscience torn and scourged,
"Up, let us think on vengeance!" wild they cry;
"Let us the long-determined plot begin."

First Tableau: JOSEPH *cast into the Pit by his Brethren.*

Chorus —

Open, O Lord, to us Thy sanctuary!
Old times present to us deceiver's plans;

As Jacob's sons 'gainst Joseph do conspire:
So shall ye of this viper brood
Full soon for Jesu's death and blood
The tigerish, vengeful outcry hear.

"See there, the dreamer comes;
He wills," unshamed they cry,
"To rule us as a king.
Away with this fanatic!

"Ha! there in that deep pit
May he his plan unfold."
Thus for the just one's blood
Thirsteth that viper brood.

"He is," they cry, "against us,
Our honor is at stake;
All are gone after Him,
They follow us no more."

O God, destroy this evil band,
Who against Thee now rise up;
And to murd'rous league, in scorn
Of Thine only Son, swear faith.

Let Almighty thunders peal,
Let Thy righteous lightning burn,
That they feel Thine anger's strength;
Strike them downward into dust!

A single Schutzgeister *sings:*

No! never came He to destroy
From the Father's Majesty.
Sinners shall through Him inherit
Pardon, grace, and endless bliss.

Chorus —

Humbly then we here adore
The great plan of Thy dear love,
We Thy children, O our God!

Scene I.

The Members of the Sanhedrim.

Caiaphas — Venerable Brothers, Fathers, and Teachers of the People! An extraordinary occurrence is the extraordinary occasion of to-day's consultation. Hear it out of the mouth of our worthy brother.

Nathanael — Marvel not, O Fathers, that at so late an hour ye are called together for action. It is only too well known to you, what we have, to our shame, been forced to-day to behold with our own eyes. Ye have seen the triumphal procession of the Galilæan through the Holy City. Ye have heard the Hosanna of the befooled people; ye have heard how this proud One has arrogated to Himself High Priestly dignity. What yet is wanting for the destruction of all civil and ecclesiastical order? Yet a few steps further, and the holy law of Moses is destroyed through the novelties of this teacher of

error. The institutions of our fathers are despised, fasts and purifyings done away with, the Sabbath desecrated, the priests of God despoiled of their office, the holy sacrifices at an end.

All — Yea, verily, it is true.

Caiaphas — And yet more. Encouraged by His followers, He will give Himself out as King of Israel; then will there be division in the land and rebellion against the Romans, and these will not delay to destroy both land and people. Woe to the children of Israel, to the Holy City, to the Temple of the Lord! It is full time that the evil be exterminated. The responsibility lies upon us; even to-day a resolution must be taken, and what is resolved upon must be carried out without hesitation or looking back. Will ye put your hands to this work?

All — We will.

First Priest — A stop must be put to the doings of the Seducer.

Second Priest — We ourselves are partakers in the guilt in that it has gone so far. Against this overwhelming destruction too mild measures were used. What have our disputings with Him availed? What fruit has there been from our putting Him in a dilemma by question? What has even been done by the excommunication pronounced upon any one who should acknowledge Him as Messias? If there is to be peace, we must make sure of His person, and put Him in prison.

All — Yea, that must be done.

Third Priest — If He is once in prison, the credulous people will be no longer fascinated by the attraction of His presence and the magic of His words; and if they have no longer any wonder to gape at, all will soon be forgotten.

Fourth Priest — In the darkness of the dungeon He can let His light shine, and announce Himself as Messias to the prison walls.

First Pharisee — Long enough has He led the people astray, and branded as hypocrisy the strict virtue of the holy order of the Pharisees. Let Him expiate His misdeeds in bonds!

Second Pharisee — It will cool the fanaticism of His followers if He, who promised them freedom, Himself lie bound.

Annas — Now, venerable priests, a ray of comfort and joy once more warms my heart, since I see your unanimous resolution. Alas! an unspeakable sorrow weighed upon my soul at the sight of the onward course of the wrong teaching of this

Galilæan. Have I, a miserable old man, only lived so long, in order to behold the overthrow of the sacred law? But now I will not lose courage. The God of our fathers still lives and is with us. If ye, fathers of the people, quit you like men, salvation is nigh. Have courage to be the saviours of Israel.

All — We are of one mind.

Priests — Israel must be saved.

Caiaphas — Honor to your unanimous resolution, worthy brethren. But now assist me with your wise counsels as to the surest way of getting this Deceiver into our power.

First Pharisee — To take Him now, on the feast day, would be too dangerous. In the streets and in the Temple, everywhere He is surrounded by a troop of insensate followers.

Priests — And yet it must be done at once; the matter allows of no delay. Perchance during the time of the feast He might raise an insurrection, and then it might happen that we should take the place which we have arranged for Him.

Other Priests — No delay!

Second Pharisee — We cannot now set to work altogether with open force, we must overcome Him quietly with guile. We must find out where He commonly spends the night, and so He could be surprised and brought into safe keeping without witnesses.

Nathanael — People will soon be found to track the fox to his hole, if it pleased the Council to offer a suitable reward.

Caiaphas — If ye, assembled fathers, think it good, I will, in the name of the Council, give the order that any one who knows His nightly resort should inform us of the same, and also a reward should be secured to the informant.

All — We agree entirely.

Nathanael — Doubtless those men could serve us as informers whom the Galilæan to-day, in the sight of all the people, has deeply injured. Before this they were jealous adherents of the law, and now they are thirsting for revenge against Him who has made such an unheard-of attack upon their privileges.

Caiaphas — Where are the traders to be found?

Nathanael — They are ready in the outer court. I have persuaded them to be the defenders of their rights before the holy Sanhedrim, and they await your orders.

Caiaphas — Worthy priest, announce to them that the Council is inclined to take up their grievance, and bring them in. [*Exit* NATHANAEL.

Scene II.

Caiaphas — The God of our fathers has not yet withdrawn His hand from us. Moses yet watches over us. If we succeed in gathering around a knot of men out of the people, I shall no longer fear. Friends and brothers ! let us be of good courage, our fathers look down upon us from Abraham's bosom.

Priests — God bless our High Priest !

Scene III.

Nathanael — High Priests and chosen Teachers ! These men, worthy of our blessing, appear before this assembly, in order to bring a complaint against the well-known Jesus of Nazareth, who to-day in the Temple in an unheard-of manner has troubled them and caused them loss.

Traders — We beseech the Council to procure us satisfaction. The Council must protect our righteous demand.

Priests and Pharisees — Ye shall have satisfaction ; we will be your sureties for that.

Traders — Has not the Council given us leave to set out openly in the court all that is necessary for sacrifice?

Priests — Yes, that we have permitted ; woe to him who disturbs you in this your right !

Traders — And the Galilæan has driven us out with a scourge ! And the tables of the money-changers has He overthrown, and emptied the dove-cages ! We demand satisfaction !

Caiaphas — That ye should have satisfaction the law decrees. Your loss shall meanwhile be made good to you out of the treasury of the Temple. But that the culprit himself should be punished, for this we need your coöperation. What can we do to Him so long as He is not in our power?

Traders — He goes daily into the Temple ; there He can easily be taken prisoner and led away.

Caiaphas — That will not do. Ye know that He has a crowd of excited followers, and therefore a dangerous uproar might take place. It must be done quietly.

Traders — It would be best done in the night.

Caiaphas — If ye find out whither He withdraws Himself at night, He will soon be in our hands without any tumult.

Then ye will not only have the joy of seeing Him chastised, but also a considerable recompense will be awarded to you.

Nathanael — Ye shall also gain merit concerning the law of Moses.

Traders — On our part there shall be no failure. We will shun no trouble.

Chief Trader — I know one of His followers through whom I can easily accomplish something if I can offer him a corresponding reward.

Caiaphas — If thou findest out such a one, make all promises to him in our name. Only delay not, in order that we may accomplish our end before the feast.

Annas — And observe strictest silence.

Traders — We swear it.

Caiaphas — If, however, good fellows, ye wish that the longing for vengeance should be fully satisfied, take also every possible trouble to kindle in many others the holy zeal which burns in you.

Traders — Since that occurrence, we have made use of every moment for this purpose, and many are already on our side. We will not rest till all the people rise up against Him!

Annas — By these means ye will lay the Council under an obligation of greatest gratitude.

Caiaphas — Ye will then be openly honored by the whole people, as ye have been openly put to shame before them.

Traders — Our lives for the law of Moses and the holy Sanhedrim!

Caiaphas — The God of Abraham guide you!

Traders — Long live Moses! Long live the priests of the holy Sanhedrim! Even to-day may the Galilæan have played out His part. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

Caiaphas — As though strengthened by a sweet sleep I live once more! With such men all can be carried through. Now we shall see who will conquer: He, with His followers, to whom He unceasingly preaches love — a love which is to include even publicans and sinners; yea, and the heathen also — or we, with this troop, animated by hatred and revenge, which we send against Him.

Annas — May the God of our fathers grant us victory! How then will joy in my old age renew my youth!

Caiaphas — Let us break up. Praised be our fathers!

All — Praised be the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob!

ACT III.

The Parting at Bethany.

PROLOGUE.

The CHORAGUS *explains the relation of the two tableaux to the leave-taking of Christ — who with clear gaze pierces the veil of the future, and already sees the gathering storm at hand, which threatens to discharge itself upon His head. While still amongst His own He speaks words to His beloved friends concerning separation — words, alas! which most bitterly wound His devoted Mother's soul. See with what deep trouble the mother of Tobias gazes after the departing son of her heart, and pours out her grief in streaming tears of tender love! Thus also the Mother of the Son of God laments her Beloved, who departs, determined to efface the sins of mankind through love's expiatory death! Behold the bride in the great Song of Solomon, how she complains, "The Bridegroom has disappeared!" How she calls and seeks and gives herself no rest till she find Him! Calmer is the anguish in Mary's soul; as a sword piercing her whole heart, yet softened through the pious resignation of trust in God.*

Chorus —

Ah, they come, the parting hours!
Deepest wounds they now inflict,
Mary, on thy heart!
Ah, thy Son must leave thee now,
On the cross to faint, to die; —
Who can weigh that Mother's woe?

First Tableau: The Departure of TOBIAS *from his Home.*

Chorus —

What a bitter grief, O friends,
Agonized the mother's heart,
As Tobias — Raphael
His guide — at his father's word
Hastened to a foreign land!

With a thousand woes and sighs
Oft on her beloved she calls:
Come, ah come, and tarry not.
Light and comfort of my heart,
Come, return full soon again!

Ah, Tobias, dearest one!
Haste thee to mine arms again.
Dearest son! in thee alone
Can my heart again rejoice —
Joy in fairest happiness.

Comfortless it now laments,
Never of existence glad,
Till a bright and blissful hour
To his mother's breast once more
Her beloved son shall bring.

Second Tableau: The Lamenting Bride of the Canticles, with Eight Daughters of Jerusalem.

Chorus —

Whither is he gone, O whither?
Fairest of the sons of men!
Ah, mine eyes run down with tears —
Tears of tender love for him.

Come, O come, return again!
See my ever flowing tears:
What, beloved! thou dost delay
Me to thy dear heart to clasp?

Everywhere I look for thee,
Seek for thee in every place,
With the sun's first ray of light
Hastes my heart to meet thy steps.

Ah! what feel I! my beloved!
With what anguish breaks my heart!

Chorus of Daughters of Jerusalem —

Beloved companion, comfort take!
Thy friend again will come to thee.

O wait, dear maid, he quickly comes,
And clasps thee to his heart again: —
No cloud can ever darken more
The bliss of that reunion.

Both Choruses —

O come into my arms, O come!
And clasp me to thy heart again;
And no cloud ever darken more
The bliss of that reunion!

Scene I.

Christ *and the* Twelve Disciples.

Christ — Ye know, beloved disciples, that after two days is the feast of the Passover. Let us then now take our last rest with our friends at Bethany, and then go up to Jerusalem, where in these days all will be fulfilled, which is written in the Prophets concerning the Son of man.

Philip — Has the day then come at last when Thou wilt restore again the kingdom of Israel?

Christ — The Son of man shall be delivered up to the Gentiles, and shall be mocked and spitted upon, and they shall crucify Him, but on the third day He shall rise again.

John — Master, what dark, fearful words speakest Thou! How shall these things come to pass? Tell us plainly.

Christ — The hour is come that the Son of man should be glorified. Verily, verily, I say unto you, except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit. Now is the judgment of this world; now shall the prince of this world be cast out. And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me.

Thaddeus — What meaneth He by these words?

Simon — Wherefore doth He liken Himself to a corn of wheat?

Andrew — Lord, Thou speakest at once of shame and of victory. I know not how to reconcile these in my thoughts.

Christ — That which is dark as night to you will become clear as day. I have told you before that ye may not lose courage, whatever may happen. Believe and hope. When the tribulation is over, then shall ye see and understand.

Thomas — I cannot consent to that which Thou speakest of suffering and of death. What can Thine enemies do to Thee? One single word from Thee will grind them to powder.

Christ — Thomas, adore the secret counsel of God which thou canst not fathom. Yet a little while is the light with you. Walk while ye have the light, lest darkness come upon you.

Scene II.

Enter Simon, Lazarus, Martha, *and* Mary Magdalene.

Simon — Dearest Master, I greet thee.

Christ — Simon, for the last time, I, with my disciples, claim thy hospitality.

Simon — Not so, Lord. Often again shall Bethany secure to Thee a short repose.

Christ — Lo, Lazarus, our friend!

Lazarus [*embracing Him*] — My Lord, conqueror of death!

Magdalene — Rabbi!

Martha — Hail, Rabbi!

Christ — The blessing of God be upon you!

Martha — Shall I dare, O Lord, to serve thee?

Magdalene — Wilt Thou also not despise a token of love from me?

Christ — Do that which is in your heart to do, dear souls.

Simon — Dearest Master, enter under my roof and refresh Thyself and Thy disciples.

Scene III.

The guest-chamber in Simon's *house.*

Christ — Peace be to this house!

Disciples — And to all who dwell therein!

Simon — Lord, all is prepared.

Christ — Let us then, beloved disciples, with thankfulness enjoy the gifts which the Father from heaven vouchsafes to us through His servant Simon. O Jerusalem! O that my coming were as dear to thee as it is to these my friends! But thou art stricken with blindness.

Lazarus — Yea, Lord, the Pharisees and teachers of the law watch for Thy destruction.

Simon — Tarry here; here Thou art in safety.

Peter — Lord, it is good to be here. Tarry here till the storm which will gather has broken.

Christ — Get thee behind me, tempter! Thou savorest not the things that be of God, but those that be of men. Shall the reaper tarry in the shade when the fields are ripe unto harvest? The Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give His life a ransom for many.

Judas — But, Lord, what will become of us when Thou givest up Thy life?

An Apostle — Alas! all our hopes have, then, come to nothing.

Christ — Calm yourselves. I have the power to lay down my life, and I have power to take it again. This commandment have I received of my Father.

Magdalene [*advances and pours ointment upon the head of* CHRIST] — Rabbi!

Christ — Mary!

Thomas — What a costly odor!

Bartholomew — It is a costly, precious ointment of spikenard.

Judas — To what purpose is this waste? The cost of it might have been better laid out.

Thomas — To me also it seemeth thus.

[MAGDALENE *kneels and anoints the feet of* CHRIST.

Judas — To pour away such a costly ointment! What waste!

Christ — Friend Judas, look me in the face! Waste on Me, on thy Master?

Judas — I know that Thou lovest not useless expense. The ointment might have been sold and the poor thereby supported.

Christ — Judas, lay thy hand upon thy heart. Is it only sympathy for the poor which so greatly moves thee?

Judas — Three hundred pence at least could have been got for it. What a loss for the poor and for us!

Christ — The poor ye have always with you, but me ye have not always. Let her alone, she hath wrought a good work on me, for in that she poured this ointment on me she did it for my burial. Verily I say unto you: wheresoever this Gospel shall be preached throughout the whole world there shall also that which she hath done be told for a memorial of her. [*To* SIMON.] I thank thee, thou beneficent one, for thy hospitality. The Father will reward thee for it.

Simon — Master, speak not of thanks. I know what I owe to Thee.

Christ — It is time to go hence. Farewell to all, O dwellers in this hospitable house! Follow me, my disciples.

Peter — Lord, whithersoever Thou willest, only not to Jerusalem.

Christ — I go whither my Father calls me. Peter, if it please thee to remain here, do so.

Peter — Lord, where Thou abidest, there also will I abide, where Thou goest, there also will I go.

Christ — Come, then!

SCENE IV.

Christ [*to* MAGDALENE *and* MARTHA] — Tarry here, beloved! Once more, farewell! Beloved, peaceful Bethany! Never more shall I tarry amid thy still valleys.

Simon — Master, wilt Thou then indeed depart hence? Ah, fearful forebodings oppress me!

Christ — Stand up, Mary! The night cometh, and the storms of winter howl around! Yet — be comforted! In the early morning in the spring-garden thou shalt see me again.

Martha — Alas! dost Thou depart and never more return?

Christ — The Father wills it, my beloved ones! Where I am I bear you in my heart, and where ye are there will my blessing follow you. Farewell!

[*As He is going*, MARY *enters with her companions.*

SCENE V.

Mary — Jesus, most dear Son, with desire have I hastened to Thee with my friends to see Thee again before, alas! Thou goest hence.

Christ — Mother! I am on the way to Jerusalem.

Mary — To Jerusalem! There is the Temple of Jehovah, whither once I bore thee in my arms, to offer Thee to the Lord.

Christ — Mother, now has the hour come when I, according to the Father's will, shall offer Myself. I am ready to accomplish the sacrifice which the Father requires from me.

Mary — Ah, forebodings tell me what an offering this will be!

Magdalene — Oh, how greatly have we longed to keep back the Master with us!

Simon — His resolve is steadfast.

Christ — Mine hour is come. Now is my soul troubled, and what shall I say: Father, save me from this hour? But for this hour came I into the world.

Mary — O Simeon, venerable old man! now will that which thou didst prophesy to me be fulfilled: "A sword shall pierce through thine own soul."

Christ — Mother! the Father's will was ever sacred to thee also.

Mary — It is so to me. I am the handmaid of the Lord. Only for one thing, my Son, I pray Thee.

Christ — What desirest thou, my Mother?

Mary — That I may die with Thee.

John — What love!

Christ — Thou wilt suffer with me, beloved Mother, thou wilt combat with me, and then also rejoice with me in my victory. Therefore be comforted!

Mary — O God, give me strength!

Holy Women — Dearest Mother, we weep with thee.

Mary — I go, then, with Thee, my Son, to Jerusalem.

Women — Dearest Mother, we go with thee.

Christ — Later ye may go thither; but now abide with our friends at Bethany. I commend to you, O faithful souls, my beloved Mother, with those who have followed her hither.

Magdalene — There is none dearer to us after Thee than Thy Mother.

Lazarus — If Thou, O Master, couldst but tarry!

Christ — Comfort ye one another! But after two days ye may together take your way to Jerusalem in order to be there upon the great day of the feast.

Mary — As Thou willest, my Son.

Women — Alas, how sadly will the hours pass by far from Thee!

Christ — Mother! Mother! For the tender love and motherly care which thou hast shown to me during the thirty-three years of my life, receive the warmest gratitude of thy Son. The Father calls me. Farewell, dearest, dearest Mother!

Mary — My Son, where shall I see Thee again?

Christ — There, dearest Mother, where the Scripture shall be fulfilled: He was led as a lamb to the slaughter, and He opened not His mouth.

All — What affliction is before us all!

Christ — Be not overcome in the first struggle! Hold ye still in me. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

Christ's *Last Journey to Jerusalem.*

Prologue.

People of God! behold, thy Redeemer is at hand. The long-promised One has come. O hear Him! Follow His leading. Life and blessing will He bring thee, yet Jerusalem shows herself deaf and blind, and puts back the offered hand. Therefore the Highest turns away from her, and lets her sink into perdition. The pride of Vashti disdains the King's banquet, therefore the King, grievously provoked, banishes her from His Presence, and chooses a nobler soul as His consort. Thus will the synagogue be cast out, and the kingdom of God, taken from it, will be given to other nations, which shall bring forth the fruits of righteousness.

Chorus —

Awake, Jerusalem, awake!
And know what yet belongeth to thy peace:
But waverest thou — the hour of vengeance comes,
Unhappy one! with awful sound it strikes.

Jerusalem! Jerusalem!
Return thee to thy God!
Scorn not, with evil mockery,
The warning call of grace;
That not unhappy one, on thee
In measure full one day be poured
The anger of our God most High!

But ah, — alas! the prophet — murd'ress,
With evil mind she rushes on.
Therefore, thus saith the Lord,
This people I reject.

Tableau: VASHTI *rejected by* AHASUERUS, *and* ESTHER *chosen Queen.*

Chorus —

See Vashti — see the proud one is cast out!
Figuring God's purpose for the Synagogue.

"Remove thee now from off thy throne,
Proud Queen! deserving not the crown,"
Ahasuerus speaks in wrath.

"Thine, fairest Esther, thine it is
This day beside the king to reign,
Here chosen for the royal throne.

"The time of grace hath pass'd away;
I will cast out this nation proud,
Even as I live," thus saith the Lord.

"A better people I will choose —
Espouse to me for evermore,
As Esther Ahasuerus chose."

Jerusalem! Jerusalem!
Ye sinners! hear the word of God.
Even still would ye find grace.
Destroy from out your inmost hearts
The leaven of your sins.

Scene I.

CHRIST *and the* TWELVE *on the way to Jerusalem.*

John — Master, behold what a splendid outlook towards Jerusalem!

Matthew — And the majestic Temple. What a stately building!

Christ — Jerusalem, Jerusalem! O that thou hadst known, even in this thy day, the things that belong unto thy peace! But now they are hid from thine eyes. [*He weeps.*

Peter — Master, wherefore grievest thou so sorely?

Christ — My Peter! the fate of this unhappy city goes to my heart.

John — Master, tell us, what will be this fate?

Christ — The days will come when her enemies shall make a trench about her and close her in on every side, and they shall lay her even with the ground, and her children in her: and they shall not leave one stone upon another.

Andrew — Wherefore shall the city have so sad a fate?

Christ — Because she hath not known the day of her visitation. Alas! the murderers of the Prophets will kill the Messiah Himself.

All — What a fearful deed!

James the Great — God forbid that the city of God should lay such a curse upon itself!

John — Master, for the holy city's sake, for the Temple's sake, I pray Thee go not thither, so that the opportunity may be wanting to evil men to accomplish the worst.

Peter — Or go thither, and manifest Thyself to them in Thy full majesty, that the good may rejoice, and the evil tremble.

Philip — Strike down Thine enemies!

All — And set up the kingdom of God amongst men!

Christ — Children, what ye desire will come to pass in its time, but my ways are appointed unto me before of my Father, and thus saith the Lord: My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are my ways your ways. To-day is the first day of unleavened bread, on which the law commands that the paschal meal shall be held. Do ye both, Peter and John, go before, and prepare us the paschal lamb, that we may eat it in the evening.

Peter and John — Where wilt Thou, Lord, that we should prepare it?

Christ — When ye shall come unto the city, there shall a man meet you bearing a pitcher of water; follow him into the house whither he goeth, and say to the master of the house: The Master saith unto thee, Where is the guest-chamber where I shall eat the passover with my disciples? And he will show you a large upper room, furnished and prepared; there make it ready.

Peter — Thy blessing, dearest Master.

[PETER *and* JOHN *kneel.*

Christ — God's blessing be upon you!

[*Exeunt the* TWO APOSTLES.

SCENE II.

Christ — And ye — follow me for the last time to my Father's house! To-day ye still go thither with me. To-morrow —

Judas — But, Master, let me say, if in truth Thou wilt leave us, make at least some arrangement for our future sustenance. See here [*he shows the bag*], this is not sufficient for one day more.

Christ — Judas, be not more careful than is needful.

Judas — How well might the worth of that ointment be therein! Three hundred pence! How long we might have lived without anxiety!

Christ — Nothing has ever been wanting to thee, and, believe me, nothing will at any time be wanting to thee.

Judas — Yet, Master, when Thou art no longer with us our good friends will soon draw back, and then —

Christ — Friend Judas, see to it that the tempter overtake thee not!

All — Judas, trouble not then the Master so sorely.

Judas — Who will take thought if I do not? Have I not been appointed by the Master to carry the bag?

Christ — That thou art, but I fear —

Judas — I also fear that it will soon be empty, and will remain so.

Christ — Judas, forget not my warning! Now let us go on. I long to be in my Father's house.

[*Exit with the* DISCIPLES. JUDAS *remains behind.*

Scene III.

Judas [*alone*] — Wherefore should I follow Him? I have no pleasure therein. The Master's behavior is to me inexplicable. His great works give hope that He will again raise up the kingdom of Israel. But He seizes not the opportunities which offer themselves, and now He speaks of separation and death, and comforts us by mysterious words about a dim future. I am weary of believing and of hoping. There is nothing in prospect with Him, except approaching poverty and humiliation, and, instead of the expected participation in His kingdom, persecution, perchance, and prison. I will withdraw myself. Happily, I was always provident, and have laid aside a little here and there out of the bag, on the chance of distress. If that fool had put the worth of the ointment into the bag, now, when our company must, as it seems, break up, the three hundred pence would remain in my hands, then I should be secure for a long time. Now, however, I must think of means by which I may be able to make some profit.

Scene IV.

Judas *and the Trader* Dathan.

Dathan [*aside*] — Judas — the occasion is favorable, he is alone, he seems much perplexed. I must use all means to win him. Friend Judas!

Judas — Who calls?

Dathan — A friend. Has something sad happened to thee? Thou art so deep in thought.

Judas — Who art thou?

Dathan — Thy friend, thy brother.

Judas — Thou?

Dathan — At least I wish to become so. How is it with the Master? I also might enter His Society.

Judas — His Society? . . .

Dathan — Hast thou perchance left Him? Is it ill with Him? Tell me, that I may rule myself accordingly.

Judas — If thou canst be silent —

Dathan — Be assured of it.

Judas — Things no longer go well with Him. He says it

Himself, that His last hour is come. I will leave Him. I have charge of the bag — look and see how things are here.

Dathan — Friend, then I remain as I am.

Scene V.

Dathan's Companions *steal in.*

Judas — Who are these? I will say no more.

Traders — Stay, friend, you will not rue it.

Judas — Wherefore have ye come hither?

Traders — We desire to return to Jerusalem and bear thee company, if it please thee.

Judas — Will ye perchance go after the Master?

Traders — Has He gone to Jerusalem?

Judas — For the last time, as He says.

Traders — Will He then leave Judæa?

Judas — Why ask ye so eagerly? Will ye become His followers?

Traders — Wherefore not, if favorable prospects are in that quarter?

Judas — I see nothing of that sort. He ever says to us, take no thought for the morrow — but if to-day any mischance befall Him there, we are all beggars. Doth a master care thus for his own?

Traders — Truly the outlook is bad enough.

Judas [*relates the story of the ointment*].

Traders — And thou canst yet be friends with Him? Thou oughtest to take thought for thine own future, were it only now.

Judas — I am thinking of it even now. But how to find a good livelihood at once?

Dathan — Thou needst not long seek that: the fairest opportunity offers itself.

Judas — Where — how?

Traders — Hast thou heard nothing of the proclamation of the High Priest's Council? A fairer opportunity thou wilt not in thy whole life again find.

Judas — What proclamation?

Traders — Whosoever informs concerning the nightly resort of Jesus of Nazareth will receive a large reward.

Judas — A large reward!

Traders — Who can deserve it easier than thou?

Dathan [*aside*] — We are near our aim.

Traders — Brother, trifle not with thy fortune.

Judas [*aside*] — A fair opportunity — shall I let it slip from my hands?

Dathan — And consider: the reward is not all. The Council will take further thought for thee. Who knows what thou mayest become?

Traders — Make up your mind, friend!

Judas — Well, so be it!

Dathan — Come, Judas, we will bring thee at once to the Council.

Judas — Just now I must go after the Master. I will first get information, in order to act more securely. Report me beforehand to the Council. In three hours you will find me in the street of the Temple.

Dathan — Brother, one word —

Judas — A man! [*Exeunt the* TRADERS.

SCENE VI.

Judas [*alone*] — My word is given. I shall not rue it. Shall I, forsooth, go out of the way of this approaching good fortune? Yes, my future is made. I will do what I have promised; let me, however, reckon things up beforehand. If the Priest succeed in taking Him prisoner, then shall I have brought my net to land, and shall besides become famous, as one who has helped to save the law of Moses. But if the Master conquers . . . then will I cast myself repentant at His feet. He is indeed good: never have I seen him cast a penitent away from Him. He will receive me again, and then I shall have the merit of having brought things to a decision. Judas, thou art a prudent man . . . yet I am afraid to come before the Master. I shall not be able to bear His piercing glance, and my companions will see in my face that I am a — No! that I will not be, I am no traitor! What am I doing except showing the Jews where the Master is to be found? That is no betrayal; more is needed for that. Away with these fancies! Courage, Judas, thy livelihood is at stake!

ACT V.

The Last Supper.

PROLOGUE.

Before the Divine Friend, constrained by love, departs to His Passion, He gives Himself to His own as Food of the soul during their earthly pilgrimage. Ready to offer Himself, He consecrates a sacrificial Banquet, which, through a thousand years and on to the close of time, shall proclaim His love to rescued humanity. Once with manna in the wilderness the Lord mercifully satisfied the children of Israel, and made glad their hearts with clusters of grapes from Canaan. But a better Feast, from Heaven itself, doth Jesus offer us. From the mystery of His Body and Blood flow grace and blessedness to us.

Chorus—

The hour now draweth near,
  Fulfillment now begins
Of all which by His seers
  God to mankind made known.

"In this folk," saith the Lord,
"Have I no pleasure more,
  And sacrifice will I
  No more from them receive.

"A new feast I establish,"
Thus saith the Lord; "and it shall be
  Throughout the world's great circle
  An off'ring of this covenant."

First Tableau: The Manna in the Wilderness.

Chorus—

The miracle in the desert Sin
Points to the second covenant's Feast.
Good is the Lord, the Lord is good!
He satisfies the hungry souls
  With a new Food
  In wondrous wise.

But death all those hath swept away,
Who in the wilderness of Sin
  Did eat in fullness of that bread;

The second covenant's holy Bread
Spirit and soul preserves from death
When worthily enjoyed.

Second Tableau: The Grapes brought by the Spies from Canaan.

Chorus —

Good is the Lord, the Lord is good!
Once hath He to His people
The best juice of the vine
Given from Canaan's land.

Yet this, the growth of Nature
For needs of body only,
By God's Will was designed.
The second cov'nant's holy Wine
Will be itself the Son's own blood —
Thirst of the soul to quench.

The Lord is good, the Lord is good!
In the new covenant He gives
His Flesh and Blood at that high Feast
In Salem's upper room.

Scene I.

The upper chamber. Christ *and the* Twelve *at the table.*

Christ — With desire I have desired to eat this Passover with you before I suffer. For I say unto you, I will not any more eat thereof until it be fulfilled in the kingdom of God. Father, I thank Thee for this fruit of the vine. [*He drinks and gives the cup to the* Disciples.] Take this and divide it among yourselves; for I say unto you, I will not drink henceforth of the fruit of the vine until the kingdom of God shall come.

Apostles — Alas! Lord, is this, then, the last Passover?

Christ — There is a cup which I will drink with you in the kingdom of God, as it is written: Thou shalt make them drink of the river of Thy pleasures.

Peter — Master, when this kingdom shall appear, how then shall the places be portioned out?

James the Great — Which of us shall have the first place?

Christ — So long a time have I been with you, and ye are yet entangled in that which is of the earth! Verily, I appoint unto you which have continued with me in my temptations a

kingdom, as my Father hath appointed unto me, that ye may eat and drink with me at my table in my kingdom, and sit on thrones judging the twelve tribes of Israel. But consider well: the kings of the Gentiles exercise lordship over them, and they that exercise authority upon them are called benefactors. But it shall not be so among you; but he that is greatest among you let him be as the younger, and he that is chief as he that doth serve. For whether is greater, he that sitteth at meat, or he that serveth? Is not he that sitteth at meat? But I am among you as he that serveth. [*He lays aside His garment, girds himself with a white towel, and pours water into a basin.*] Now sit down, beloved disciples!

Apostles — What will He do?

Christ — Peter, give me thy foot!

Peter — Lord, dost Thou wash my feet!

Christ — What I do thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter.

Peter — Lord, thou shalt never wash my feet!

Christ — If I wash thee not thou hast no part with me.

Peter — Lord, if it be so, not my feet only, but also my hands and my head.

Christ — He that is washed needeth not save to wash his feet, but is clean every whit. [*He washes all the* DISCIPLES' *feet. After He has taken His garment again He stands looking round upon the circle.*] Ye are now clean — but not all! [*He sits down.*] Know ye what I have down to you? Ye call me Master and Lord; and ye say well, for so I am. If I, then, your Lord and Master, have washed your feet, ye also ought to wash one another's feet! For I have given you an example that ye should do as I have done to you. Verily, verily, I say unto you, the servant is not greater than he that sent him. If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them. [*He stands up.*] Children! but for a little while longer shall I be with you. That my remembrance may never perish from amongst you I will leave you an everlasting memorial, and so ever dwell with you and amongst you. The old covenant which my Father made with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob hath reached its end. And I say unto you: a new covenant begins, which I solemnly consecrate to-day in my blood, as the Father hath given the commandment — and this covenant will last till all be fulfilled. [*He takes bread, blesses, and breaks it.*] Take, eat; this is my Body, which is given for you. [*He gives a small portion to each*

of the DISCIPLES.] This do in remembrance of me. [*He takes the cup with wine and blesses it.*] Take this, and drink ye all of it; for this is the cup of the New Testament in my Blood, which is shed for you and for many for the remission of sins. [*He gives the cup to all.*] As often as ye do this, do it in remembrance of me. [*He sits down.*]

John — Dearest Master, never will I forget Thy love! Thou knowest that I love Thee! [*He leans on* JESUS' *breast.*

Apostles — O most loving One, ever will we remain united to Thee!

Peter — This holy supper of the new covenant shall ever be set forth amongst us according to Thine ordinance.

All — Most beloved Teacher!

Christ — My children, abide in me, and I in you. As the Father hath loved me, so have I loved you. Continue ye in my love. But, alas — must I say it? — the hand of him that betrayeth me is with me on the table!

Several Apostles — What! — a betrayer amongst us?

Peter — Is it possible?

Christ — Verily, verily, I say unto you, one of you shall betray me!

Andrew — Lord, one of us twelve?

Christ — Yea, one of the twelve! One who dippeth his hand with me in the dish shall betray me. The Scripture will be fulfilled: he that eateth bread with me hath lifted up his heel against me.

Thomas and Simon — Who shall this faithless one be?

The two Jameses — Name him openly, the infamous one!

Judas — Lord, is it I?

Thaddeus — Rather my life for Thee than such an act!

Christ [*to* JUDAS] — Thou hast said. [*To* ALL.] The Son of man indeed goeth as it is written of Him; but woe unto that man by whom the Son of man is betrayed! Good were it for that man if he had never been born!

Peter [*whispers to* JOHN] — Who is it of whom He speaks?

John [*whispers to* JESUS] — Lord, who is it?

Christ [*whispers to* JOHN] — He it is to whom I shall give a sop when I have dipped it.

Several Apostles — Who can it then be?

Christ [*after He has given the sop to* JUDAS] — That thou doest, do quickly.

[JUDAS *hastens out of the room.*

Thomas [*to* SIMON] — Wherefore goeth Judas away?
Simon — Probably the Master sends him to buy somewhat.
Thaddeus — Or to give alms to the poor.

SCENE II.

Christ — Now is the Son of man glorified, and God is glorified in Him. If God be glorified in Him, God shall also glorify Him in Himself, and shall straightway glorify Him. Little children, yet a little while I am with you. Ye shall seek me; and as I said unto the Jews, Whither I go, ye cannot come; so now I say to you.

Peter — Lord, whither goest Thou?

Christ — Whither I go thou canst not follow me now.

Peter — Why cannot I follow Thee now? I will lay down my life for Thy sake.

Christ — Wilt thou lay down thy life for my sake? Simon, Simon! Satan hath desired to have you, that he may sift you as wheat. But I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not; and when thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren. All ye shall be offended because of me this night, for it is written: I will smite the Shepherd, and the sheep of the flock shall be scattered abroad.

Peter — Although all shall be offended, yet will not I. Lord, I am ready to go with Thee both into prison and to death.

Christ — Verily, verily, I tell thee, Peter, that this day, even in this night, before the cock crow twice, thou shalt deny me thrice.

Peter — If I should die with Thee I will not deny Thee in any wise.

All — Master, we also will remain ever true to Thee! None of us will at any time deny Thee.

Christ — When I sent you without purse, and scrip. and shoes, lacked ye anything?

All — No! Nothing.

Christ — But now, he that hath a purse, let him take it, and likewise his scrip; and he that hath no sword, let him sell his garment and buy one. For the time of trial is beginning, and I say unto you that this that is written must yet be accomplished in me: and He was reckoned among the transgressors.

Peter and Philip — Lord, behold here are two swords.

Christ — It is enough. Let us stand up and say the prayer of thanksgiving. [*With the* DISCIPLES.] Praise the Lord, all ye people! Praise Him, all ye nations! For His merciful kindness is ever more and more towards us, and the truth of the Lord endureth forever! [*He advances to the foreground and stands there awhile with His eyes raised to heaven. The* APOSTLES *stand on either side sorrowful and gazing at Him.*] Children, why are ye so sad, and why look ye on me so sorrowfully? Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions; I go to prepare a place for you, and I will come again and receive you unto myself, that where I am there you may be also. I leave you not as orphans. Peace I leave with you; my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth give I unto you. Keep my commandment! This is my commandment: That ye love one another as I have loved you. By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another. Hereafter I will not talk much with you, for the Prince of this world cometh, although he hath nothing in me. But that the world may know that I love the Father, and as the Father gave the commandment, even so I do. [*Exeunt.*

ACT VI.

The Betrayal.

PROLOGUE.

Alas, the false friend joins himself to the open enemies, and a few pieces of silver destroy all love and truth in the heart of the fool! Remorseless, this most thankless one departs, to conclude a shameful bargaining in life; the best of Teachers is put up to sale by him for a contemptible traitor's reward. The like disposition hardened Jacob's sons so that they pitilessly sold their own brother for an accursed price to strange usurers. Where the heart worships the idol of gold, there all nobler dispositions are killed; honor and man's word and love and friendship become salable.

Chorus —

What shudders run through all my limbs!
Where go'st thou, Judas, full of rage?
Art thou the villain, who the Blood
Wilt sell? Just Vengeance, tarry not —

Ye thunders — lightnings cast him down —
Crush, rend this wretch in pieces.

"One amongst you shall Me betray!"
Three times this word the Master spake.
By greed seduced to blackest deed
One from the Supper quickly went;
And this one — O thou holy God! —
Is Judas, the Iscariot.

O Judas, Judas! what a crime!
Complete not, oh, that darkest deed!
But no — by greed made deaf and blind,
To the Sanhedrim Judas hastes;
With wicked heart he now repeats
What once was done in Dothan's field.

Tableau: JOSEPH *sold by his Brethren to the Ishmaelites.*

Chorus —

"What will ye offer for the lad? —
Answer us, brothers, — if we now
Deliver him for gold?"
They quickly give for the poor gain
Of twenty silver pieces told,
Their brother's blood and life.

"What give ye? how reward ye me?"
The Iscariot says, "If I
My Lord betray to you?"
For thirty silver coins he makes
The bloody bargain: — Jesus is
To the Sanhedrim sold.

What this sad scene to us sets forth
Of this world is an image true.
How often have ye by your deeds
Your God e'en thus betrayed and sold?
On Joseph's brethren ye pour
Curses, and on th' Iscariot,
And yet in the same paths ye tread;
For envy, greed, and brother's hate
Unceasingly exterminate
Man's peace and joy and blessedness.

Scene I.

The Sanhedrim.

Caiaphas — Assembled Fathers, I have joyful news to impart to you. The supposed Prophet of Galilee will soon, we hope, be in our hands. Dathan, the zealous Israelite, has won over one of the most trusted followers of the Galilæan, who consents to be employed as guide for the night attack. Both are ready here, and only await our summons. [*He sends a* Priest *to bring in* Dathan *and* Judas.] Now, however, I must take your advice as to the price which should be given for the deed.

Nathanael — The law of Moses instructs us concerning it. A slave is reckoned at thirty pieces of silver.

A Priest — Yes, yes, such a price for a slave is the worth of the false Messiah.

Scene II.

Dathan *and* Judas *before the Sanhedrim.*

Dathan — Most learned Council, here is the man who is determined for a suitable reward to deliver your and our enemy.

Caiaphas [*to* Judas] — Knowest thou the man whom the Council seeks?

Judas — I have been in His company now for a long time and know Him; and I know where He is wont to abide.

Caiaphas — What is thy name?

Judas — I am called Judas, and am one of the Twelve.

Priests — Yes, yes, we often saw thee with Him.

Caiaphas — Art thou now steadfastly resolved to do after our will?

Judas — Thereto I give thee my word.

Caiaphas — Wilt thou not repent of it?

Judas —The friendship between Him and me has for some time cooled, and now I have quite broken with Him.

Caiaphas — What has prompted thee to this?

Judas — It is no longer with Him — and — I am resolved to submit myself to lawful authority; that is always the best. What will ye give me if I deliver Him unto you?

Caiaphas — Thirty pieces of silver, and they shall at once be counted out to thee.

Dathan — Hearken, Judas, thirty pieces of silver! What a gain!

Nathanael — And observe also, Judas, that is not all. If thou carriest out thy work well, thou wilt be further cared for.

Priest — Thou mayest yet become a rich and illustrious man.

Judas — I am content. [*Aside.*] Now is my fortune made!

Caiaphas — Rabbi, bring the thirty pieces of silver out of the treasury, and reckon them in the presence of the Council. Is this as ye will?

Priests — Yea, it is so.

Nicodemus — How can ye conclude such a godless bargain? [*To* JUDAS.] And thou, vile creature, thou blushest not to sell thy Lord and Master, O forgetful of God — traitor, whom the earth shall swallow up! Is thy most loving Friend and Benefactor to be sold by thee for thirty pieces of silver?

Priests — Trouble not thyself, Judas, about the speech of this zealot. Let him be a disciple of the false Prophet; thou dost thy duty as a disciple of Moses whilst thou servest the rightful authorities.

Rabbi [*enters with the money*] — Come, Judas, take the thirty pieces of silver, and be a man! [*He reckons them to him on a small stone table, so that they fall with a sharp sound;* JUDAS *sweeps them eagerly into his bag.*]

Judas — Ye may depend upon my word.

Priests — But, besides, thou must carry out the work before the Feast.

Judas — Even now the fairest opportunity presents itself. Even in this night He will be in your hands. Give me armed men, that He may be duly surrounded.

Annas — Let us go forthwith, with the watch of the Temple.

Priests — Yea, yea, let us order them off.

Caiaphas — It would also be advisable to send some members of the holy Sanhedrim.

Priests — We are ready.

[CAIAPHAS *chooses out* FOUR DEPUTIES.

Caiaphas — But, Judas, how will the band know the Master in the darkness of the night?

Judas — They must come with torches and lanterns, and I will give them a sign.

Priests — Excellent, Judas!

Judas — Now I will hasten away to spy out everything. Then I will return to fetch the armed men.

Dathan — I will go with thee, Judas, and not leave thy side till thy work is accomplished.

Judas — At the gate of Bethphage I await your men.

[*Exeunt* JUDAS, DATHAN, *and the* FOUR DEPUTIES.

SCENE III.

The Sanhedrim.

Caiaphas — All goes on admirably, venerable fathers. But now our business is to look the great question in the face. What is to happen to this Man when God shall have given Him into our hands?

Priests — Let Him be buried alive in the deepest dungeon.

Caiaphas — Which of you will warrant that, in the tumult of an insurrection raised by them, His friends do not set Him free or bribe the guards? Or might He not, through His wicked magic, break His bonds? [*The* PRIESTS *are silent.*] I see well that ye know of no resource. Listen, then, to the High Priest. It is better that one man die, and that the whole nation perish not. He must DIE! Until He be dead there is no peace for Israel! No security for the law of Moses, no quiet hours for us.

Rabbi — God has spoken through His High Priest! through His death alone the people of Israel can and must be saved!

Nathanael — The word has long been upon my lips. Now is it spoken. Let Him die, the foe of our fathers!

Priests [*one to another*] — Yea, let Him die! In His death is our salvation.

Annas — By my gray hairs I swear I will not rest until our shame be effaced in the blood of this Seducer!

Nicodemus — So judgment is pronounced upon this Man before He Himself be heard, before any trial, or any hearing of witnesses has taken place? Is this a transaction worthy of the fathers of the people of Israel?

Priests — What need is there here of inquiry or of witnesses? Have we not ourselves been witnesses of his words and deeds against the law?

Nicodemus — Ye are in yourselves accusers, witnesses, and judges. I have listened to His lofty teaching, I have seen His

mighty works. They call for faith and for admiration, not for contempt and punishment.

Caiaphas — What, the wicked wretch deserves admiration! Thou wilt cleave to Moses, and yet defend that which condemns Moses?

Priests — Away with thee out of our assembly!

Joseph of Arimathea — I must agree with Nicodemus. No action has been imputed to Jesus of Nazareth which makes Him guilty of death. He has done nothing save good.

Caiaphas — Speakest thou also thus? Is it not everywhere known how He has violated the Sabbath, and how He has seduced the people with seditious words? Hath He not, as a Deceiver, wrought His pretended miracles through Beelzebub? Hath He not given Himself out as God?

Priests — Dost thou hear?

Joseph of Arimathea — Envy and malice have distorted His words and imputed evil motives to His noblest actions. And that He is God His divine works make manifest.

Nathanael — Ha, thou art known! For a long time already thou hast been a secret adherent of this Galilæan. Now hast thou fully revealed thyself.

Annas — So we have even in our midst a traitor to the holy laws, and even hither hath a seducer cast his nets?

Caiaphas — What doest thou here, thou rebel? Go after thy Prophet to see Him once more before His hour strike, for He must die! That is unalterably resolved.

Priests — Yea, He must die, that is our resolve!

Nicodemus — I execrate this resolution. I will have no part in this shameful and bloody judgment.

Joseph of Arimathea — I also will shun the spot where innocence is murdered. [*Exeunt* NICODEMUS *and* JOSEPH.

SCENE IV.

The Sanhedrim.

Priests — At length we are quit of those traitors; we can now speak out freely.

Caiaphas — It will above all be necessary that we should sit formally in judgment upon this man, hear Him, and bring witnesses against Him; otherwise the people will believe that we have only prosecuted Him out of envy and hatred.

Priest — Witnesses will not be wanting: I will provide them.

Pharisee — Our sentence stands. But in order that the weak do not take offense we will observe the forms of justice.

Second Pharisee — If these forms be not sufficient, then will the strength of our will supply the want.

Rabbi — A little more or less guilty is of small importance. The public welfare requires His immediate death.

Caiaphas — As to what further belongs to the execution of the judgment, it would be best if we could obtain our end through the Governor, so that *he* should condemn Him to death. Then we should be without responsibility.

Nathanael — We can attempt it. If it does not succeed it still remains open to us to cause our judgment to be carried out by our trusty agents in the tumult of an insurrection of the people, without openly taking part in it ourselves.

Rabbi — And in the last resort a hand will easily be found which in the stillness of the dungeon will deliver the holy Sanhedrim from its Enemy.

Caiaphas — Circumstances will teach us what must be done. For the present let us break up. But hold yourselves ready at every hour of the night. I may have you called. There is no time to lose. Our resolve is, He must die!

All [*tumultuously*] — Let Him die, the enemy of our holy law!

ACT VII.

Jesus *in the Garden of Gethsemane.*

Prologue.

As Adam strives with bitter heart-weariness, exhausted in strength, in the sweat of his face, in order, alas! to expiate his own guilt, so does the guilt of mankind press upon the Redeemer. Overwhelmed by an ocean of sadness, His head bowed to earth with a heavy burden, running down with the bloody sweat of anguish, He wages the hottest fight in the olive-garden. Already the faithless disciple, Iscariot, draws near, as leader of the band of men, using shamefully the seal of love as the token of betrayal. Thus basely, also, Joab dealt with Amasa; he presses at the same time, with hypocritical mien, the kiss of friendship upon his lips, and in his heart, alas! the dagger's point.

Chorus —

Judas, lo, ate hallowed Bread
At the Sacrament,
With unhallowed conscience —
Satan quickly to him entered —
"That thou doest," spake the Master,
"Judas! — see thou do it quickly."

From the guest-room went he out,
Hastened to the Synagogue,
And his Master there he sold.

Soon completed — soon is ended
The most horrible of deeds.
Alas! to-day, e'en in this night,
Judas his Master will betray.
O come ye all — come then, O come —
Behold with us the Sufferings.

In shadow first — and soon in light
Appeareth now
The mournfullest of histories,
Gethsemane!

First Tableau: ADAM *and* EVE *laboring.*

O what labor, O what heat
Must not Father Adam bear!
Ah! a stream of sweat runs down
Over brow and countenance.
This is the fruit of sin.
God's curse oppresseth Nature,
Therefore yields she for hard sweat
And for toilsome industry
Only sparingly her fruits.

Thus so hard it is to Jesu
(When 'mid olive shades He strives)
That a stream of bloody sweat
From each holy limb is forced.
This is the strife of sin;
In His own Blood combats He —
Trembles — reels — yet with high heart
Drinks the cup of suffering.

Second Tableau: The Murder of AMASA *by* JOAB.

Chorus —

The scene near Gibeon's rocks —
Judas repeateth — Simon's son.
Ye rocks of Gibeon!
Why stand ye thus unhonored —
Ye, late the land's proud boast —
As though with mourning veil wrapt round?
Say, I adjure thee, say — what deed was done?
What deed was done?
Fly, wanderer, with speed fly hence!
Accursed be this blood-stained spot!
Pierced by assassin's hand here fell
One Amasa,
In holy friendship's greeting trusting,
By Joab's false brother-kiss deceived.

With one voice cry with us, — Curse on thee!
The rocks complain of thee,
The blood-soaked earth takes vengeance.
Be silent, rocks of Gibeon! — Silent your voice,
And hear, and split yourselves with rage,
Ye rocks of Gibeon!
So betrays the Son of man,
Ah, with hypocrite's vile greeting,
And with false deceiving kiss,
As the leader of a band,
Judas the Iscariot.
Ye rocks of Gibeon!
Receive our oath,
And this monster of all Nature curse!

All Earth's circle curseth him,
Open thine abyss, O Earth!
Swallow him! — and let hell-fire
Consume this monster dire!

SCENE I.

A road near the Mount of Olives. JUDAS *and the* FOUR DEPUTIES *of the Sanhedrim. The* TRADERS. SELPHA, *the leader of the Band.* MALCHUS. A BAND OF MEN.

Judas — Now, be watchful. We are nearing the place whither the Master has withdrawn Himself, in order to pass the still night in this lonely region. Resistance need not be thought of, the surprise is too unexpected.

Soldier — Should they venture it, they will feel the strength of our arms.

Judas — Do not fear it. He will fall into your hands without a sword's stroke.

Traders — But how shall we know the Master in the darkness?

Judas — I will give you this as a sign. When we are in the garden — give heed — I will hasten to Him. Whomsoever I shall kiss, that same is He. Hold Him fast.

Priest — Good. This sign makes us go on more securely. Do ye hear? By the kiss ye shall know the Master.

Soldiers — We will give heed enough.

Judas — Now let us hasten. It is time. We are now not far from the garden.

Pharisee — Judas, if to-night brings us this happy chance, thy action will bring thee forth most excellent fruit.

Traders — From us also thou shalt receive a handsome recompense.

Soldiers — Come, now, Thou stirrer up of the people! Now shalt Thou receive Thy reward. [*Exeunt omnes.*

Scene II.

The Garden of Olives: Christ *and the* Disciples *advance together out of the background.*

Christ — Verily, verily, I say unto you, Ye shall weep and lament, but the world shall rejoice; ye shall be sorrowful, but your sorrow shall be turned into joy. For I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice, and your joy no man taketh from you. I came forth from the Father, and am come into the world: again I leave the world, and go to the Father.

Peter — Lo, now speakest Thou plainly, and speaketh no proverb.

James the Great — Now are we sure that Thou knowest all things.

Thomas — By this we believe that Thou camest forth from God.

Christ — Do ye now believe? Behold, the hour cometh, yea, is now come, that ye shall be scattered every man to his own, and shall leave me alone: and yet I am not alone, for the Father is with me. Yea, Father, the hour is come! Glorify Thy Son, that Thy Son also may glorify Thee. I have finished

the work which Thou gavest me to do; I have manifested Thy name unto the men which Thou gavest me out of the world. Holy Father, keep them through Thine own name. Sanctify them in the truth. Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also which shall believe on me through their word; that they all may be one, as Thou, Father, art in me, and I in Thee. Father, I will that they also whom Thou hast given me be with me where I am; that they may behold my glory which Thou hast given me; for Thou lovest me before the foundation of the world. [*To the* DISCIPLES, *entering the garden in visible sadness.*] Children, sit ye here while I go and pray yonder. Pray that ye enter not into temptation. But ye, Peter, James, and John, follow me.

[*He goes forward with the* THREE APOSTLES.

Disciples [*in the background*] — What has happened to our Master? We never yet saw Him so sorrowful. Not in vain has the Master prepared us for it beforehand.

Christ [*in the foreground*] — O beloved children! my soul is exceedingly sorrowful, even unto death: tarry ye here and watch with me. [*After a pause.*] I will go a little farther, in order to strengthen myself by communion with my Father. [*He goes to a rocky place with slow and tottering steps.*]

Peter [*gazes after Him*] — O most good and dear Master!

John — My soul suffers with the soul of our Teacher.

[*They sit down.*

Peter — I am full of fear! We were witnesses of His transfiguration on the mount. But now — what must we see?

Christ [*near the rocky ground*] — This hour must come upon me — the hour of darkness. But for this hour came I into the world. [*He falls upon His knees.*] Father! my Father! if it be possible — and all things are possible unto Thee — let this cup pass from me! [*He falls upon His face and remains so for a while, then again kneels.*] Yet, Father, not as I will, but as Thou wilt! [*He stands up, looks up to heaven, then goes to the* THREE DISCIPLES.] Simon!

Peter [*as in a dream*] — Alas, my Master!

Christ — Simon, sleepest thou?

Peter — Master, here am I!

Christ — Could ye not watch with me one hour?

Apostles — Rabbi, sleep has overmastered us.

Christ — Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation.

Apostles — Yea, Master, we will pray and watch.

Christ — The spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak. [*He returns to the rocky ground.*] My Father, Thy demand is righteous, Thy counsels are holy, Thou claimest this sacrifice! [*He falls upon His knees.*] Father! the struggle is fierce. [*He falls upon His face, then raises Himself.*] Yet if this cup may not pass away from me except I drink it, my Father, Thy will be done. [*He stands up.*] Most Holy! in holiness shall it be accomplished by me! [*He returns to the sleeping* DISCIPLES.] Are then your eyes so heavy that ye could not watch? O my most trusted ones! even among you I find none to comfort me! [*He goes towards the rocky ground, then pauses.*] Ah! how dark all around me becomes! The sorrows of death take hold upon me! The burden of divine justice lies upon me! O sinners! O sins of mankind! ye weigh me down! O fearful burden! O the bitterness of this cup! [*He comes to the rocky ground.*] My Father! [*He kneels.*] If it be not possible that these sins pass away from me, Thy will be done! Thy most holy will! Father! — Thy Son! — Hear Him!

SCENE III.

An ANGEL *appears.*

Angel — Son of man, sanctify the Father's will! Consider the blessedness which shall proceed from Thy struggle! The Father has laid upon Thee, and Thou hast of Thy free will taken upon Thee, to become the offering for sinful humanity: carry it through! The Father will glorify Thee.

Christ — Yea, most holy Father, I adore Thy providence, I will accomplish it — accomplish it! To reconcile, to save, to bring blessedness! [*He rises.*] Strengthened through Thy word, O Father, I go joyfully to meet that to which Thou hast called me, the substitute for sinful man! [*To the* THREE DISCIPLES.] Sleep on now and take your rest.

Peter — What is it, Master?

The Three Apostles — Behold, we are ready!

Christ — The hour is come. The Son of man is betrayed into the hands of sinners. Rise, let us be going.

Disciples — What tumult is that?

Philip — Come, let us gather around the Master.

[*The* DISCIPLES *hasten forward.*

Christ — Lo, he that betrayeth me is at hand.

[JUDAS *appears with the Band.*

Andrew — What does this multitude want?
All — Ah, all is over with us!
John — And see, Judas is at their head!

Scene IV.

Judas — Hail, Master! [*He kisses* Jesus.]
Christ — Friend, wherefore art thou come? Betrayest thou the Son of man with a kiss? [*He goes towards the* Band of Men.] Whom seek ye?
Soldiers — Jesus of Nazareth.
Christ — I am He.
Soldiers — Woe unto us! What is this? [*They fall to the ground.*]
Disciples — A single word from Him casts them to the ground!
Christ [*to the* Men] — Fear not, arise!
Disciples — Lord, cast them down that they rise not up again.
Christ — Whom seek ye?
Band of Men — Jesus of Nazareth.
Christ — I have told you that I am He. If, therefore, ye seek me, let these go their way.
Selpha — Seize Him! [*The servants approach* Jesus.
Peter and Philip — Lord, shall we smite with the sword?
[Peter *strikes* Malchus.
Malchus — Alas! I am wounded, mine ear is cut off!
Christ [*to the* Disciples] — Suffer ye thus far. [*To* Malchus.] Be not troubled, thou shalt be healed. [*He touches* Malchus' *ear. Then to* Peter.] Put up thy sword into the sheath; for all they that take the sword shall perish with the sword. The cup which my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it? Thinkest thou that I cannot now pray to my Father and He shall presently give me more than twelve legions of angels? But how then shall the Scriptures be fulfilled, that thus it must be? [*To the* Pharisees.] Are ye come out as against a thief with swords and staves for to take me? I sat daily with you teaching in the Temple and ye stretched forth no hands against me, and took me not. But this is your hour and the power of darkness. Behold, I am here!
Selpha — Take Him, and bind Him fast, that He escape not.

Nathanael — You are responsible for it to the Sanhedrim.

[*The* DISCIPLES *forsake Him.*

Band of Men — Out of our hands He escapes not.

Traders — Now will we cool our revenge.

Nathanael — First go we to Annas, the High Priest. Lead Him thither.

Trader [*to* JUDAS] — Judas, thou art a man! Thou knowest how to keep thy word.

Judas — Said I not to you that to-night He should be in your power?

Pharisee — Thou hast laid the whole Sanhedrim under obligation to thee.

Band of Men [*driving* JESUS *before them*] — On with Thee! At Jerusalem they will decide about Thee.

Selpha — Let us hasten; lead him away safely.

Band of Men — Ha! run now, as Thou hast run about the land of Judæa.

Selpha — Spare Him not! Urge Him on.

Band of Men — Forward, otherwise Thou shalt be driven with sticks!

Traders — Doth Beelzebub then aid Thee no longer?

[*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE V.

PETER *and* JOHN *coming out of their hiding-place.*

Peter — Alas, they have taken Him away, our good Master, John! [*Weeps upon his bosom.*] That which is incredible comes to pass.

John — O Friend, O best of Teachers! Is this then Thine end? Is this then the thanks for the goodness of which Thou hast been the author? The Benefactor of the people, the Friend of humanity, in chains!

Peter — John, I will go after our Master. I must see Him yet again. Whither have they dragged Him off?

John — Didst thou not hear? — to Annas. Come, we will go together. [*Exeunt.*

PART II.

FROM THE ARREST IN THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE TO THE CONDEMNATION UNDER PILATE.

ACT VIII.

JESUS *before* ANNAS.

PROLOGUE.

O fearful night! Behold the Redeemer! He is dragged from tribunal to tribunal, and everywhere encounters injury and ill treatment. A wretch repays Him for a sincere word, spoken to Annas, — strikes Him with rough hand on His blessed face in order to gain praise for himself. Such shameful reward was also the reward of Micaiah, when he revealed the truth to King Ahab; one of the lying prophets struck him on the cheek. Truth earns only hate and persecution; yet, though its light may be avoided and banished, at last it will conquer, and break through the darkness!

Chorus —

Pain's battle dread has now begun —
Begun Gethsemane.
O sinners! lay it to your hearts,
And ne'er forget this scene.

For your salvation, that befell
Which now we saw 'mid olive shades.
Sorrowful even unto death,
For you He sank upon the ground;
For you the sweat as blood was forced
From every agonized limb.
Pain's battle dread, etc.

Tableau: The Prophet MICAIAH *before* KING AHAB *smitten on the Cheek.*

Chorus —

Who boldly speaks the truth
Is smitten in the face.
Micaiah dared to speak the truth,
And on the cheek was struck.

"O King, thou wilt be conquered
Should Ramoth fight with thee:"
These words Micaiah spoke.

"Then to save thyself from mishap,
Of Baal's prophets trust not, King,
Falsehoods — flattering though they be."

But Micaiah's truthful message
Flatters not King Ahab's soul;
And the liar, Zedekiah,
Strikes him for it in the face.

Liars, flatt'rers, hypocrites,
Roses, laurels pluck with ease!
Truth alone must needs stoop low,
For truth never flatters men.

Jesus (touching His high teaching
And His works) to hear, the right
Annas to himself assumes.
"Wouldst thou know what I have taught,
Ask of those who heard my words,"
This will Jesu's answer be.

But the truthful words he hears
Flatter not the soul of Annas;
Innocence receives a blow —
Jesus in the face is smitten.

Scene I.

The High Priest Annas *with three* Priests *on the balcony of his house.*

Annas — I can find no rest this night until I know that this agitator is in our hands. Full of longing I await my trusty servants with the news that the enemy of the Sanhedrim is already in fetters.

Priests — They cannot long delay; it is a long time since they broke up.

Annas — In vain has my troubled gaze been fixed over and over upon the street of Kedron. [*The* Priests *try to tranquillize* Annas, *and two of them go out in different directions to see if the band of men be near; one hastens towards the Kedron*

gate and one towards the Siloa gate. At last one PRIEST *returns and announces that all has gone well.*]

Annas — Auspicious message, happy hour! A stone is taken from off my heart, and I feel as though new-born. Now, for the first time, I call myself with joy High Priest of the chosen people!

SCENE II.

The FOUR DEPUTIES *of the Sanhedrim appear with* JUDAS *upon the balcony.*

The Four Pharisees — Long live our High Priest!

Nathanael — The wish of the Sanhedrim is fulfilled!

Annas — Oh, I must embrace you for joy! Judas, thy name will take an honorable place in our records of the year. Even before the feast shall the Galilæan die!

Judas [*terrified*] — Die?

Annas — His death is resolved upon.

Judas — I will not be responsible for His life and for His blood.

Annas — That is not necessary: He is in our power.

Judas — I did not deliver Him to you for that end.

Pharisee — Thou hast delivered Him, the rest is our business.

Judas — Woe is me! What have I done? Shall He die? No! I did not desire that. I will not have it! [*He hastens away.*]

Pharisee [*jeering at him*] — Thou mayest wish it or not, but He must die.

SCENE III.

The same without JUDAS. *Directly after, enter upon the balcony* CHRIST, SELPHA, *the leader of the Band and the Temple Guard,* SERVANTS, MALCHUS, *and* BALBUS. *The Band remains underneath.*

Priest — High Priest, the Prisoner is on the threshold.

Annas — Let Him be brought before me.

SELPHA *appears with* CHRIST.

Annas — Have ye brought Him alone prisoner?

Balbus — His followers dispersed themselves like frightened sheep.

Selpha — We found it not worth the trouble of apprehending them. Nevertheless Malchus nearly lost his life.

Annas — What happened?

Selpha — One of His followers, with a drawn sword, smote him, and cut off his ear.

Annas — How? But there is no mark of it.

Balbus [*mocking*] — The magician has conjured it back upon him again.

Annas — What sayest thou about it, Malchus?

Malchus [*gravely*] — I cannot explain it. A wonderful thing has happened to me.

Annas — Has the Deceiver perchance also bewitched thee? [*To* JESUS.] Tell me, by what power hast Thou done this? [CHRIST *is silent.*]

Selpha — Speak, when Thy High Priest questions Thee!

Annas — Speak! Give an account of Thy disciples, and of Thy teaching, which Thou hast spread abroad in the whole of Judæa, and with which Thou hast seduced the people.

Christ — I spake openly to the world; I ever taught in the Synagogue and in the Temple, and in secret have I said nothing. Why askest thou me? Ask them which heard me, what I have said unto them: behold, they know what I said.

Balbus [*strikes* JESUS] — Answerest Thou the High Priest so?

Christ — If I have spoken evil, bear witness of the evil; but if well, why smitest thou me?

Annas — Wilt Thou still defy us, when Thy life and death are in our power? I am weary of this wicked wretch!

Balbus [*to* CHRIST *who is led away*] — Wait awhile, Thy obstinacy will give way.

Annas — I will betake myself for a while to repose, or rather to quiet reflection as to how that which is happily begun may be brought to an end. In any case I shall receive the summons to the Sanhedrim early in the morning. [*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE IV.

CHRIST *in the midst of the* BAND OF MEN.

Men [*to* SELPHA, *who leads* JESUS] — Ha! is His business already over?

Selpha — His defense went badly.

Balbus — It was, however, worth a good blow on the face to Him.

Selpha — Take Him now, and away with Him to the palace of Caiaphas.

Band of Men — Away with Him! March!

Balbus — Be joyful! from Caiaphas Thou wilt have a still better reception.

Band of Men — There will the ravens already sing about Thy ears.

Scene V.

Peter *and* John *before the house of* Annas.

Peter — How will it go with the dearest Master? O John, how sorrowful I am concerning Him!

John — Surely He will have had to suffer scorn and ill treatment here. I am very anxious to get near the house.

Peter — All around, however, is so quiet.

John — No noise is heard in the palace. Will they have led Him away again?

Priest [*coming out*] — What do you want here at the palace in the night-time?

John — Pardon, we saw from afar a crowd of people going here through the Kedron gate, and we went after them to see what had happened.

Priest — They brought a Prisoner, but He has already been sent to Caiaphas.

John — To Caiaphas? Then we will go away at once.

Priest — It will be as well for you, otherwise I would have you taken up as night brawlers.

Peter — We will raise no commotion and go away quietly.

[*Exeunt.*

Priest [*looking after them*] — Are they perchance followers of the Galilæan? If I only knew! However, they will not escape our people if they go to Caiaphas' palace. The whole following must be destroyed, otherwise the people will never be brought into subjection. [*Exit.*

ACT IX.

Jesus *before* Caiaphas.

Prologue.

Before enraged enemies, now His judges, stands the Lord, veiled in silence. Patiently He hears all the accusations and lies, even the sentence of death. As once Naboth, though innocent, was persecuted

and condemned through false witness as a blasphemer of God, so also He whose only fault is — Truth, Love, Beneficence. Soon shall ye see Him surrounded by inhuman servants, given up as a mark to the brutality of scorn, spitefully entreated amidst wild laughter. In patient Job, laden with reproach even by his friends in his deepest trouble, ye see foreshadowed the heavenly meekness of the beloved Saviour.

Chorus —

How sore my heart doth bleed!
'Fore judgment stands the Holiest.
The crimes of sinners He must bear;
Betrayed and scorned, smitten and bound.

Whose eyes will not be full of tears? —
From Annas, dragged to Caiaphas —
What must He suffer there, alas!
See here in type this suff'ring fresh.

First Tableau: The Death of NABOTH.

"Let Naboth die! To death with him!
He hath blasphemed thee, O King!
And God! — from Israel cast him out!"
Thus foaming cry the sland'rous tongues,
By Jezebel, the wicked Queen,
Paid for their false and evil oath.

Alas! with death they vengeance take
On that which Naboth ne'er had done;
The vineyard then upon the King
By wicked rogues is then bestowed.

Of this world 'tis an image true,
So goes it often e'en to-day
The poor and gentle lamb doth fall
To the strong wolf an easy prey.

Ye mighty gods of this poor earth —
For weal of men above them placed —
Forget not, 'mid your duties' round,
The invisible Judge of all.
Before Him all the sons of men
Are equal, be they poor or rich,
Noble or born of beggar race;
He cares for righteousness alone.

Second Tableau: The Affliction of JOB.

Behold the man! a skeleton,
A fright — of nature loathsomeness! —
To cheek and lips how fearfully
Only the withered skin adheres!

Behold the man! the putrid wounds
No whole part in his body leave.
Corruption flows from every sore,
And rottenness devours his bones.

Behold the man! A Job in pain,
Ah, whom doth he not move to tears?
His friends and e'en his wife make sport,
Before him mocking at his woe.

Behold the man!

Yet who may call him still a man?
From head to foot his body now
Despoiled of every grace is seen.

Behold the man!

O eyes! weep warmest tears of grief.
Ah, Jesu — *Thou* a man no more!
The scorn and jest of men is He.

Behold the man!

O all ye moved and grieved hearts!
Ah Jesu, Jesu, Son of God,
Becomes the scorn and jest of knaves
Amid His endless strife of pain.

Behold the man!

SCENE I.

BAND OF MEN. CHRIST *led through the streets.*

Band of Men [*making a noise*] — Thou wilt become a spectacle — a spectacle to the whole nation!

Balbus — Hurry Thyself! Thy followers are quite ready. They wish to proclaim Thee King of Israel.

Band of Men — Thou hast often dreamed of it, hast Thou not?

Selpha — Caiaphas the High Priest will now interpret this dream for him.

Balbus — Hearest Thou? Caiaphas will announce to Thee Thy exaltation.

Band of Men [*with laughter*] — Yes, Thine exaltation between heaven and earth!

Selpha — Look out, ye fellows! There, through Pilate's tower, lies our nearest way to the castle of Caiaphas. Station yourselves there in the outer court until further action.

Band of Men — Thy orders shall be carried out. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Caiaphas *in his sleeping-chamber.* *Enter* Priests *and* Pharisees.

Caiaphas — The happy beginning promises us speedy accomplishment of our wishes. I thank you, noble members of the Sanhedrim, for your zealous and prudent coöperation!

Priest — The highest thanks are due to our High Priest.

Caiaphas — Let us now pursue our path without delay! All is prepared beforehand. The Council will be immediately assembled, the necessary witnesses have been brought. I will now at once begin the trial of the Prisoner. Then judgment will be given and care taken for its execution. Trust me, my friends! I have conceived a plan for myself and hope to carry it out.

All — The God of our fathers bless every action of our High Priest!

Scene III.

The Band of Men *bring in* Christ. *The false* Witnesses.

Selpha [*the leader of the Band*] — Venerable High Priest, here is the Prisoner.

Caiaphas — Bring Him nearer, that I may look Him in the face.

Selpha — Stand forth, and show respect here to the House of the Sanhedrim.

Caiaphas — Thou art then He who hadst the fancy to wish to bring about the downfall of our synagogue and of the law of Moses? Thou art accused of stirring up the people to disobedience, of despising the holy traditions of the fathers, of many

times transgressing the Divine command of keeping the Sabbath holy, and of many blasphemous words and deeds against God. There are here worthy men, who are ready to uphold the truth of these complaints with their witness. Listen to them, and then Thou mayest defend Thyself if Thou canst.

First Witness — I can testify before God that this man has stirred up the people, while He has openly denounced the members of the Council and the Scribes as hypocrites, raging wolves in sheep's clothing, blind leaders of the blind, and has said that no one is to follow them.

Second Witness — I also witness to this, and can add besides that He has forbidden the people to pay tribute to Cæsar.

First Witness — Yea, at least He has let fall ambiguous words concerning it.

Caiaphas — What sayest Thou to that? Thou art silent?

Third Witness — I have often seen how He with His disciples has, in defiance of the law, gone to table with unwashen hands, how He was wont to have friendly intercourse with publicans and sinners, and went into their houses to eat with them.

Other Witnesses — This we also have often seen.

Third Witness — I have heard from trustworthy people that He even spake with Samaritans, and indeed dwelt with them a whole day.

First Witness — I was also an eye-witness of how He did on the Sabbath what by God's law is forbidden, and fearlessly healed the sick. He has enticed others to break the Sabbath. And He has also commanded a man to carry his bed to his house.

Caiaphas — What hast Thou to reply to this evidence? Hast Thou nothing to answer to it?

Third Witness — Thou hast (I was present) taken upon Thyself to forgive sins, which belongs only to God. Thou hast also blasphemed God!

First Witness — Thou hast called God Thy Father, and hast dared to declare that Thou art One with the Father. Thou hast also made Thyself equal to God.

Second Witness — Thou hast exalted Thyself above our forefather Abraham: Thou didst say that before Abraham was Thou already art.

Fourth Witness — Thou hast said, "I am able to destroy the Temple of God and to build it in three days."

Fifth Witness — I have heard Thee say, "I will destroy this

Temple, which is made with hands, and within three days I will build another, made without hands."

Caiaphas — Thou hast then extolled Thyself as a superhuman Divine authority! These are heavy accusations, and they are witnessed according to the law. Answer, if Thou canst! Thou thinkest to be able to save Thyself through silence. Thou darest not to acknowledge before the fathers of the people that which Thou hast taught before the people. Or darest Thou? Hear then: I, the High Priest, adjure Thee by the living God! say, art Thou the Messiah, the Son of the most High God!

Christ — Thou hast said it, I am. Nevertheless I say unto you, Hereafter ye shall see the Son of man sitting on the right hand of power, and coming in the clouds of heaven.

Caiaphas — He hath blasphemed God! What need we any further witnesses? Ye have heard the blasphemy! What think ye?

All — He is guilty of death!

Caiaphas — He has been unanimously declared guilty of death. Yet not I, and not the Sanhedrim, but the law of God itself declares the judgment of death upon Him. Ye teachers of the law, I require you to reply, what saith the holy law of him who is disobedient to the authority ordained of God?

First Priest [*reads*] — "The man that will do presumptuously, and will not hearken unto the priest that standeth to minister there before the Lord thy God, or unto the judge, even that man shall die: and thou shalt put away the evil from Israel."[1]

Caiaphas — What doth the law ordain concerning him who profaneth the Sabbath?

Second Priest [*reads*] — "Ye shall keep the Sabbath therefore, for it is holy unto you: every one that defileth it shall surely be put to death: for whosoever doeth any work therein, that soul shall be cut off from his people."[2]

Caiaphas — How doth the law punish a blasphemer?

Third Priest [*reads*] — "Speak unto the children of Israel, saying, Whosoever curseth his God shall bear his sin. And he that blasphemeth the name of the Lord he shall surely be put to death; all the congregation shall certainly stone him, as well the stranger as he that is born in the land."[3]

Caiaphas — Thus is judgment declared upon this Jesus of

[1] Deut. xvii. 12. [2] Ex. xxi. 14. [3] Lev. xxi. 15, 16.

Nazareth, declared according to the law, and it shall be carried out as soon as possible. Meanwhile I will have the Condemned safely kept. Lead Him away! Guard Him, and with the morning dawn bring Him to the great Sanhedrim.

Selpha — Come on then, Messiah! We will show Thee Thy palace.

Balbus — There Thou wilt receive due homage.

[*They lead Him away.*

Scene IV.

Caiaphas — We are near our end! Now, however, determined steps are necessary!

All — We will not rest till He be brought to death.

Caiaphas — With the break of day let us reassemble. Then shall the judgment be confirmed by the whole assembled Council, and the Prisoner shall be hereupon immediately brought before Pilate in order that he may enforce it, and so cause it to be carried out.

Priests — May God soon set us free from our Enemy!

[*Exeunt omnes.*

Scene V.

Judas — Fearful forebodings drive me hither and thither. That word in the house of Annas — He must die! Oh! that word pursues me everywhere! No! they will not carry it so far! It were horrible — and I — the guilt of it! Here in the house of Caiaphas I will inquire how matters stand. Shall I go in? I can no longer bear them, these uncertainties, and I am terrified of attaining certainty, but it must come some time! [*He goes in.*]

Scene VI.

Night. Hall in the house of Caiaphas. *The maids* Sarah *and* Hagar, *with a* Band of Men. *The* Servants *lie around a large brazier of coals.* John *and* Peter, *later* Selpha, *with* Christ.

Hagar [*to* John, *who stands at the entrance*] — John, comest thou also hither in the middle of the night? Come in, then.

Here canst thou warm thyself. Will not ye, men, willingly make a little room for this young man?

Band of Men — Yea, truly, come in, then!

John — Good Hagar, there is yet a companion with me; might he not also come in?

Hagar — Where is he? Let him come in. Wherefore should he stand without in the cold? [JOHN *goes to* PETER, *who is standing at one side, but returns alone.*] Now, where is he?

John — He is standing on the threshold, but dares not come in.

Hagar — Come in, good friend, be not afraid.

Band of Men — Friend, come thou also here to us. Warm thyself. [PETER *timidly approaches the fire.*

Servant — We still see and hear nothing of the Prisoner.

Band of Men — How much longer must we wait here?

Second Servant — Probably He will come from the audience as one condemned to death.

First Servant — I marvel if His disciples will not also be sought for.

Band of Men [*laughing*] — That were a fine piece of work, if they were all to be taken prisoners.

Second Servant — It would not be worth while. If the Master be once out of the way the Galilæans would take flight and no longer allow themselves to be seen in Jerusalem.

First Servant — But at least the one who in the garden took to his weapon and cut off Malchus' ear ought to receive sharp chastisement.

Band of Men — Yea, for it is said, "An ear for an ear!"

First Servant — Ha, ha, ha! but the rule does not apply here, for Malchus has got his ear back.

Hagar [*to* PETER] — I have been observing thee for some time. If I mistake not, thou art one of the disciples of the Galilæan? Yea, yea, thou art.

Peter — I? No — I am not. Woman, I know Him not, neither know I what thou sayest. [*He tries to slip away and passes near* SARAH.]

Sarah — Behold this fellow was also with Jesus of Nazareth!

Several — Art thou also one of His disciples?

Peter — I am not, on my soul! I know not the man.

[*The cock crows.*

Third Servant — Behold this man! of a truth he also was with Him!

Peter — I know not what ye have to do with me. What is this man to me?

Several — Surely thou art one of them, for thou art a Galilæan, and thy speech bewrayeth thee.

Peter — May God be my witness that I know not this man of whom ye speak! [*The cock crows the second time.*

Fourth Servant — What, did I not see thee in the garden with Him when my cousin Malchus had his ear struck off?

Band of Men [*at the fire*] — Make yourselves ready, they are bringing in the Prisoner.

SELPHA *appears with* CHRIST.

Second Servant — Now, how have things gone?

Selpha — He is condemned to death.

Band of Men [*mocking*] — Poor King!

[CHRIST *looks sorrowfully upon* PETER.

Selpha — Onwards, comrades, until the morning dawn we must watch Him.

Second Servant — Come, He will beguile the time for us.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Peter — Ah, dearest Master, how deeply have I fallen! O weak, O wretched man! Thee, my most loving Friend and Teacher, I have denied — three times have I denied Thee for whom I promised to die. Oh, I know not how I could so terribly have forgotten myself! Accursed be my shameful betrayal! May my heart be ever filled with sorrow for this despicable cowardice! Lord, my dearest Lord, if Thou hast still grace left for me, grace for a faithless one, O grant it, grant it even to me! even now hearken to the voice of my repentant heart. Alas, the sin has been committed; I can nevermore undo it, but ever, ever will I weep and repent over it; never, never more will I leave Thee! O Thou most full of goodness, Thou wilt not cast me out? Thou wilt not despise my bitter repentance? No; the gentle compassionate glance with which Thou didst look on me, thy deeply fallen disciple, assures me that Thou wilt forgive me. This hope I have in Thee, O best of Teachers. And the whole love of my heart shall from this moment belong to Thee, and keep me most closely united to Thee. Noth-

Denial of Christ by Peter

ing, nothing shall be able ever again to separate me from Thee! [*Exit.*

John — Where can Peter be gone? Hath any mischance befallen him? Perchance I shall light upon him on the road. I will now go to Bethany. But what will thy heart feel, most beloved Mother, when I shall relate all to thee! O Judas, what a fearful deed thou hast accomplished!

Scene VIII.

Christ *in the midst of the* Band of Men, *sitting upon a chair.*

Servants [*one after another*] — Is not this throne too mean for Thee, great King? — Hail to Thee, new-born ruler! But sit more firmly, else mightest Thou perchance fall down. [*He pushes* Jesus *down.*] Thou art verily also a Prophet. Then say, great Elias [*he strikes Him*], who is he that smote Thee? — Was it I? [*He also strikes Him.*] Hearest thou nothing? [*He shakes Him.*] Sleepest Thou? — He is deaf and dumb. A fine Prophet! [*He pushes Him down from the chair so that He falls at full length.*] Alas, alas, our King has tumbled from His throne! — What is to be done now? we have no King left! — Thou art really to be pitied, Thou great Miracle-worker! — Come, let us help Him up again upon His throne! [*They raise Him.*] Get up, mighty King! Receive anew our homage!

Messenger from Caiaphas [*entering*] — Now, how goes it with the new King?

Band of Men — He speaks and prophesies not; we can do nothing with Him.

Messenger — The High Priest and Pilate will soon make Him speak. Caiaphas sends me to bring Him before him.

Selpha — Up, comrades!

Servant [*takes* Jesus *by the cords*] — Get up; Thou hast been King long enough.

All — Away with Thee, Thy kingdom has come to an end!

Act X.

The Despair of Judas.

Prologue.

Wherefore wanders Judas thus madly abroad? Alas! he is tortured by the pain of an evil conscience. Blood-guiltiness lies upon his

soul, he roams about in fiery torment — the wages of sin. Weep, O Judas, for what thou hast committed! Oh, blot out thy guilt with tears of penitence! In lowly hope entreat for grace! Yet doth the door of salvation stand open to thee. Woe, alas! Bitterest remorse tortures him indeed, but through the darkness no ray of hope shines on him. "Too great! too great is my sin!" he exclaims with Cain, the fratricide. Like him, comfortless and unrepentant, wild despair and horror seize upon him. That is the last wages of sin. This fate doth it urge on.

Chorus —

"Woe to that man," so spake the Lord,
"By whom I am betrayed.
It had been better for that man
If he had ne'er been born."

And now this woe, which Jesus spake,
Follows on th' Iscariot's steps;
'Twill be poured out in measure full.
The blood he sold for vengeance cries

Aloud: — by gnawing conscience scourged,
Whipt by each Fury's frantic rage,
He now runs raving to and fro,
And finds no rest for evermore.
Till he, alas! torn by despair,
Casts from him in bewildered haste
The load intol'rable of life.

Tableau: The Death of ABEL.

Thus Cain, too, flies. Whither, alas!
Thou canst not from thyself escape.
Thou bear'st within thee pains of hell;
And hast'nest thou from place to place,
Unceasingly the scourge is plied.

Where'er thou art, the scourge is there;
Thou never canst outrun thy pain.
This shall the sinners' mirror be;
For if revenge come not to-day —
Yet Heaven on credit still can go;
So falls the double judgment sore
Upon their heads the morrow morn.

Scene I.

Judas [*alone*] — My fearful foreboding has then become a horrible certainty, Caiaphas has condemned the Master to death, and the Council has concurred in his judgment. It is over! no hope, no deliverance left. If the Master had willed to save Himself, He would have made them feel His might a second time in the garden. Now He will do it no more. And what can I do for Him, I, miserable I, who have delivered Him into their hands! They shall have the money again — the blood money: they must give me my Master back again! Yet — will He be saved thereby? O vain hope! They will scorn me, I know it! Accursed synagogue! thou hast seduced me through thy messengers, hast hidden thy bloody design from me until thou hadst Him in thy clutches. I will have no part in the blood of the Innocent! [*Exit.*

Scene II.

The Sanhedrim.

Caiaphas — I thought, O fathers, that I could not wait till morning to send the Enemy of the synagogue to His death.

Annas — I also could get not a moment's rest, for eagerness to hear the judgment pronounced.

All — It is pronounced. He shall and must die!

Caiaphas — I will now have the Criminal brought in again in order that ye may all be convinced of His being guilty of death.

Scene III.

Judas, *hastening in.*

Judas — Is it true? Have ye condemned my Master to death?

Rabbi — Why dost thou force thyself in here unsummoned? Be off! Thou wilt be called if thou art wanted.

Judas — I must know it. Have ye condemned Him?

All — He must die!

Judas — Woe, woe, I have sinned! I have betrayed the Righteous! O ye, ye bloodthirsty judges, ye condemn and murder the guiltless!

All — Peace, Judas, or —

Judas — No peace for me for evermore! No peace for you! The blood of the Innocent cries for vengeance!

Caiaphas — What makes thee crazy? Speak, but speak with reverence. Thou standest before the Sanhedrim.

Judas — Ye are resolved to give Him up to death who is pure from all guilt. Ye dare not! I protest against it! Ye have made me a traitor. Your accursed pieces of silver —

Annas — Thou didst thyself make the offer and conclude the bargain —

Priest — Recollect thyself, Judas! Thou hast received what thou didst desire. And if thou behavest thyself quietly, then mayest thou still —

Judas — I will have nothing more! I tear your shameful treaty in pieces! Give up the Innocent One!

Rabbi — Be off, madman!

Judas — I demand the Innocent One back again! My hand shall be pure from the blood —

Rabbi — What, thou infamous traitor, thou wilt prescribe laws to the Sanhedrim! Know this! Thy Master must die, and thou hast delivered Him to death.

All — He must die!

Judas [*with staring eyes*] — Die? I am a traitor! [*Breaking out wildly.*] Then may ten thousand devils from hell tear me in pieces! May they grind me to powder! Here, ye bloodhounds, take your curse, your blood money!

[*He throws down the bag.*

Caiaphas — Why didst thou let thyself be used for a transaction which thou hadst not weighed beforehand?

All — See thou to it.

Judas — Then my soul shall be damned, my body burst asunder, and ye —

All — Silence, and take thyself hence!

Judas — Ye shall be dragged with me into the abyss of hell! [*He rushes out.*

Scene IV.

Caiaphas [*after a pause*] — A fearful man!

Annas — I had some foreboding of it.

Priest — It is his own fault.

Caiaphas — He has betrayed his Friend, we prosecute our Enemy. I stand fast in my resolve, and if there be one here who is of another mind, let him stand up.

All — No! What is determined, let it be carried out!

Caiaphas — What shall we do with this money? As blood money it may not be put into the treasury of God.

Priest — A burying-place for strangers is wanted. With this money a field for it could be bought.

Caiaphas — Is there such a one on sale?

Priest — A potter in the city has offered a piece of ground for sale, for just this price.

Caiaphas — Go then and buy it. But now we will no longer delay to pronounce the last sentence upon the Prisoner.

Rabbi — I will have Him immediately brought in.

Annas — I shall see whether the scorn which He showed towards me has yet left Him. It will be a true satisfaction to me to have a voice in the sentence — Let Him die.

Scene V.

Christ *before the Sanhedrim.*

Selpha [*bringing in* Jesus] — Reverence the Council better than before.

Caiaphas — Lead Him into the midst.

Balbus — Stand forth! [*He pushes the Prisoner forward.*

Caiaphas — Jesus of Nazareth, dost Thou persist in the words which Thou this night hast spoken before Thy judges?

Annas — If Thou art the Christ, tell us.

Christ — If I tell you, ye will not believe: and if I also ask you, ye will not answer me, nor let me go. Hereafter shall the Son of man sit on the right hand of the power of God.

All — Art Thou then the Son of God?

Christ — Ye say that I am.

Annas — It is enough. What need we any further witness?

Priests and Pharisees [*who were not present at the night Council*] — We have now heard of His own mouth.

Caiaphas — Fathers of the people of Israel! it behooves you now to determine the final sentence as to the guilt and the punishment of this man.

All — He is guilty of blasphemy! He hath deserved death!

Caiaphas — We will accordingly lead Him before the judgment-seat of Pilate.

All — Yea, away with Him! Let Him die!

Caiaphas — Pilate must, however, be first informed about the matter in order that he may publish the sentence before the

feast. [*He sends a* RABBI *and two other members of the Council to* PILATE.] This day will indeed save the religion of our fathers and exalt the honor of the synagogue, so that the echo of our renown may resound to our latest descendants. Lead Him away, we follow!

All — Death to the Galilæan!

SCENE VI.

The THREE MESSENGERS *of the Sanhedrim before* PILATE'S *house.*

Rabbi — At length we breathe more freely, we have been insulted long enough.

First Priest — It was full time, His following is already very large.

Rabbi — Now there is nothing more to fear from Him. The traders have to-day shown the most praiseworthy activity, in order to gain for us a crowd of determined folk. Ye will see: if it comes to anything, these will give the tone decidedly. The weak-minded will consent with them, and the followers of the Nazarene will find it well to be silent and to withdraw themselves.

First Priest — How shall we bring our request before Pilate? We must not enter the house of the heathen to-day, else we shall be unclean to eat the Passover.

Rabbi — We will have the petition delivered through his people. [*Knocks at the door. To* PILATE'S Servant, *who comes out.*] The High Priest sends us to petition the sublime representative of Cæsar that he would permit the Council to appear before him, and to bring a Criminal before him for ratification of His sentence.

Servant — I will at once give the message. [*Exit.*

First Priest — It is sad that we must knock at a heathen's door in order to fulfill the claims of the holy law.

Rabbi — Courage! When once our domestic Enemy is out of the way, who knows if we shall soon get rid of this stranger?

Second Priest — O that I could see the day which will bring freedom to the children of Israel!

Servant [*returning*] — The Governor greets you. You are to announce to the High Priest that Pilate is ready to receive the petition of the Sanhedrim.

Rabbi — Accept our thanks.

Second Priest [*as they are going*] — Pilate will surely assent to the demand of the Sanhedrim?

Rabbi — He must! How can he stand out when the Sanhedrim and the whole people require the death of this man?

First Priest — What does the life of a Galilæan matter to the Governor? Even to please the High Priest, which is worth much to him, he will not hesitate to allow the execution.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene VII.

The end of Judas. *A woody scene.*

Judas — Whither shall I go to hide my infamy? No forest darkness is secret enough, no rocky cavern deep enough! Swallow me up, O earth! Alas, my Master, best of all men, have I sold — delivered Him up to ill treatment, to the most agonizing death! How gracious was He even towards me! How He comforted me when gloomy misery often oppressed my soul! How lovingly did He remind me and warn me, even when already I brooded over my treachery! Execrable covetousness, thou alone hast seduced me! Alas, now no longer a disciple, never dare I again come into the presence of one of the brethren! An outcast — everywhere hated and abhorred even by those who led me astray — I wander about alone with this glowing fire in my heart! Alas, if I could only dare again to behold His countenance, I might cling to Him, the only Anchor of hope! but He lies in prison, is perchance already put to death through the fury of His enemies — ah, no! through my guilt! Woe is me — me, the offscouring of mankind! For me there is no hope, my crime can no longer be repaired by any penitence! He is dead, and I am His murderer! Unhappy hour, when my mother bore me! Shall I any longer bear these tortures? No, I will not go a step further! Here will I breathe thee out, accursed life! Let the most miserable of all fruit hang on this tree! [*He tears off his girdle.*] Ha! come, thou serpent, twist round me! strangle the traitor! [*He prepares for suicide. The curtain falls.*

ACT XI.

Christ *before* Pilate.

Prologue.

Hardly were the words heard, "Death to Him, the Enemy of Moses!" than they are taken up by many voices. Thirsting with tiger-thirst

for the Gentile sentence, ye gather tumultuously together, take counsel unwearyingly, bring accusation upon accusation, impatiently expecting the sentence of condemnation. So once against Daniel the thousand-voiced cry arose: "He has destroyed Baal! Away with him to the lions' den! He shall be their prey!" Alas! when deceiving misconceptions have found entrance into the human heart, man is no longer himself. Injustice becomes to him virtue, whilst he hates and fights against virtue.

Chorus —

"He hath blasphemed God!
We need no witness more.
Condemned to death
By law is He;"—
So rages the Sanhedrim.
"Up! we will hence to Pilate,
Bring our complaints before him,
Sentence of death force from him."

Tableau: DANIEL *accused before* DARIUS.

Look well on this dumb picture:—
As Daniel erst at Babylon,
God's Son they falsely now accuse.

"Foe of the gods is Daniel!
O King, hear thou thy people's plaint:
Great Bel hath he destroyed—
The priests and dragon hath he slain.
Furious before thy throne
Appears all Babylon.

The people's wrath wilt thou escape?
Then give to death the gods' great foe.
Death to him! Death alone, O King,
Will reconcile our gods to us."

So hastes the wicked Sanhedrim
In furious rage to Pilate,
E'en as those wretches once had done;
And with wild tumult they make suit,
With tiger's rage and lion's wrath,
That Innocence to death be brought.

O Envy! Satan's offspring vile,
What wilt thou not begin—or dare,
To satisfy thy rancorous spite?

To thee naught holy is, or good;
All thou dost sacrifice to rage,
And to thy wicked will.

Woe to him whom this passion fierce
Draws to itself with serpent-chains!
'Gainst envious desires,
O brothers, be upon your guard!
Nor ever let this viper-brood
Nestle within your hearts.

Scene I.

Before Pilate's *House. On the left the Sanhedrim, the* Traders *and* Witnesses; *on the right the* Band of Men *with* Jesus.

Band of Men [*bringing* Jesus *forward*] — Away with Thee to death, false Prophet! — Ha! Doth it terrify Thee, that Thou wilt not come forward?

Selpha — Drive Him on!

Band of Men — Must we carry Thee in our arms? Get on! Thy journey will not last much longer! Only out to Calvary! There, on the Cross, canst thou comfortably rest!

Caiaphas — Be quiet! We wish to have ourselves announced. [*They are quiet.*] Ye members of the Sanhedrim! If the holy teaching inherited by us, if our honor, if the peace of the whole land be still dear to you, then consider well this moment! It decides between us and that Deceiver! If ye be men in whose veins still flows the blood of your fathers, then hear us! An imperishable monument will ye set up for yourselves. Be firm in your resolve!

The Sanhedrim — Long live our fathers! Death to the Enemy of our nation!

Caiaphas — Do not rest till He be blotted out of the number of the living!

All — We will not rest!

Band of Men — Hearest Thou, O King, O Prophet?

Scene II.

Pilate *appears with* Attendants *upon his balcony.*

Caiaphas [*bowing*] — Viceroy of the great Emperor of Rome!

All — Health and blessings attend thee!

Caiaphas — We have brought a man, by name Jesus, here before thy judgment-seat, that thou mayest have executed the sentence of death pronounced upon Him by the Sanhedrim.

Pilate — Bring Him forth. What accusations bring ye against this man?

Caiaphas — If He were not a malefactor, we would not have delivered Him up unto thee, but would have punished Him ourselves according to the order of our law.

Pilate — Now — what evil deeds hath He committed?

Caiaphas — He hath in manifold ways gravely offended against the holy law of Israel.

Pilate — Then take ye Him and judge Him according to your law.

Annas — He hath already been judged by the Sanhedrim and declared guilty of death.

All the Priests — For according to our law He hath deserved death.

Caiaphas — But it is not lawful for us to put any man to death. Therefore bring we the demand for the fulfillment of the sentence before the Viceroy of the Emperor.

Pilate — How can I deliver a man to death without I know his crime, and before I have convinced myself that the crime is worthy of death? What hath He done?

Rabbi — The judgment of the Council against this man was given with one voice, and grounded upon an exact examination of His crime. Therefore it does not seem necessary that the noble Governor should give himself the trouble of a second inquiry.

Pilate — What? Ye dare to suggest to me, who stand in the Emperor's place, that I should be a blind tool for the execution of your resolve? That be far from me! I must know what law He hath transgressed, and in what manner.

Caiaphas — We have a law, and by our law He ought to die, because He made Himself the Son of God.

Annas — Therefore must we insist that He suffer the lawful punishment of death.

Pilate — On account of such a speech, which at worst is only the dream of a fanciful imagination, a Roman can find no one guilty of death. Who knows, too, if this Man be not the Son of some god? If you have no other crime to lay to His charge, do not expect that I shall fulfill your desire.

Caiaphas — Not merely against our holy law, but also against

the Emperor himself has this man been guilty of grave crimes. We have found Him an insurgent and a deceiver of the people.

All — He stirreth up the people ; He is a rebel !

Pilate — I have indeed heard of One Jesus, who goeth about the land and teacheth and doeth marvelous works ; but never have I heard of any insurrection stirred up by Him. If anything of the sort had happened, I should have known it before you, since I am placed in this country for the administration of peace, and am perfectly informed concerning the doings and practices of the Jews. But say : when and where did He stir up an insurrection?

Nathanael — He brings troops of people in thousands around Him, and just a short time ago, surrounded by such a crowd, He made a solemn entry into Jerusalem itself.

Pilate — I know it, but nothing seditious was caused by it.

Caiaphas — Is it not sedition when He forbids the people to give tribute to Cæsar?

Pilate — Where is your proof?

Caiaphas — Proof sufficient, since He gives Himself out for the Messiah, the King of Israel ! Is not that a challenge for the downfall of the Emperor?

Pilate — I marvel at your suddenly aroused zeal for the authority of Cæsar. [*To* CHRIST.] Hearest Thou what heavy complaints these bring against Thee? What answerest Thou? [CHRIST *is silent.*]

Caiaphas — See ! He cannot deny it.

Priest — His silence is a confession of His crime.

All [*making a tumult*] — Sentence Him, then !

Pilate — Patience ! there is time enough for that. I will take Him apart for a private hearing. [*To his* ATTENDANTS.] Perchance, when He is no longer affrighted by the crowd and the fury of His accusers, He will speak and answer me. Let Him be brought into the porch. [*To the* SERVANT.] Go ; my soldiers will take charge of Him. [*To the* MEMBERS OF THE COUNCIL.] And ye — consider once again the ground, or want of ground, for your complaints, and examine well whether they do not perchance spring from an impure source. Let me then know your sentiments. [*Turns away from them.*]

Rabbi [*going away*] — This is a troublesome delay.

Caiaphas — Do not lose courage. Victory belongs to the steadfast !

Scene III.

CHRIST *is brought forth upon the balcony.*

Pilate [*to* CHRIST] — Thou hast heard the accusation of the Council against Thee. Give me an answer thereto! Thou hast, they say, called Thyself the Son of God. Whence art Thou? [CHRIST *is silent.*] Speakest Thou not unto me? Knowest Thou not that I have power to crucify Thee, and have power to release Thee?

Christ — Thou couldst have no power at all against me except it were given thee from above. Therefore he that deliv ered me unto thee hath the greater sin.

Pilate [*aside*] — Frankly spoken! [*To* CHRIST.] Art Thou the King of the Jews?

Christ — Sayest thou this thing of thyself, or did others tell it thee of me?

Pilate — Am I a Jew? Thine own nation and the chief Priests have delivered Thee unto me. They accuse Thee, that Thou hast desired to be the King of Israel. What hast Thou done?

Christ — My kingdom is not of this world. If my kingdom were of this world, then would my servants fight, that I should not be delivered to the Jews; but now is my kingdom not from hence.

Pilate — Art Thou a King, then?

Christ — Thou sayest it. I am a King. To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness unto the truth. Every one that is of the truth heareth my voice.

Pilate — What is truth?

Scene IV.

Enter SERVANT.

Servant — My lord, thy consort greeteth thee, and earnestly prays thee for the sake of thine own and her welfare that thou wouldst have nothing to do with that just man, who has been accused at thy judgment-seat. She has suffered anguish and terror this night in a fearful dream because of Him.

Pilate — Go hence and tell her that she may be without

anxiety. I will take no part in the attempts of the Jews, but rather do everything to save Him.

Scene V.

Pilate — [*to his* Attendants] — I would that I knew nothing of this matter. What think ye, my friends, of the complaints of the Jewish priests?

First Courtier — They are only impelled by envy and jealousy. The most passionate hatred expresses itself in their words and their mien.

Second Courtier — The hypocrites pose as though they had the authority of the Emperor much at heart, while there is no question except of their own authority, which they believe endangered through this famous Teacher of the people.

Pilate — I think as you do. I cannot believe that this man hath any criminal plans in His mind. There is something so noble in His features and His demeanor, — His words also exhibit such noble frankness and high endowments, that He appears to me to be far more a very wise man, perchance too wise, for these gloomy men to bear the light of His wisdom. And the sorrowful dream of my consort concerning Him? If perchance He were truly of a high origin? No! I will by no means permit myself to meet the wishes of the priesthood. [*To the* Servant] — Let the High Priest again appear here, — and let the Accused be again led from the judgment-hall.

[*Exit the* Servant.

Scene VI.

The Sanhedrim *under the balcony.*

Pilate — Here ye have your Prisoner again. He is without fault.

Annas — We have the Emperor's word that our law shall be uprightly maintained. How can He be found without guilt who trod under foot this same law?

All — He is guilty of death!

Caiaphas — Is He not also punishable by the Emperor when He has maliciously injured that which the Emperor's will has secured to us?

Pilate — I have told you already: if He hath committed anything against your law, then punish Him according to your

law, so far as ye are authorized thereto. I cannot pronounce the sentence of death upon Him because I find nothing in Him which, after the law by which I have to judge Him, deserveth death.

Caiaphas — If any one giveth himself out as a king, is he not a rebel? Doth he not deserve the punishment of high treason — the punishment of death?

Pilate — If this man hath called Himself a king, this ambiguous word merely doth not justify me in condemning Him. With us it is openly taught that every wise man is a king. But ye have brought forward no facts as to His usurping kingly power.

Nathanael — Is it not fact enough when He stirreth up the people, teaching throughout all Jewry, beginning from Galilee, where He first gathered followers together, to this place.

Pilate — Hath He come out of Galilee?

All — Yea, He is a Galilæan.

Rabbi — His home is Nazareth, in King Herod's jurisdiction.

Pilate — If that be so, I am spared the office of judge. Herod, the King of Galilee, has come hither to the Feast; he may now judge his subject. Take Him away, and bring Him to His King. He shall be conducted by my body-guard.

[*Exit with his* ATTENDANTS.

Caiaphas — Away, then, to Herod! With him who professes himself of the faith of our fathers shall we find better protection for our holy law.

All [*to* CHRIST] — An hour sooner or later! But Thou must come to it. To-day also! [*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT XII.

CHRIST *before* HEROD.

PROLOGUE.

He, the most loving, meets with fresh outrages before Herod, because He does not flatteringly exercise the gifts of a seer before that vain prince, or work miracles. Therefore is Wisdom itself by fools despised as a fool, and arrayed in a white garment set forth as a spectacle for a short time to the mocking servants of the king. Samson, the dread hero-youth, now bereft of eyesight and fettered, is laughed at and despised for his weakness by the Philistines. Yet, He who now seems weak will show forth strength. He who seems

cast down will shine forth in greatness. Above worthless scorn Virtue reigns sublime.

Chorus —

In vain within the judgment-hall shoots forth
Wild hate, the glowing flames of calumny.
To meet them comes the judge unwavering;
The foe's wrath breaks upon his steadfastness.
Yet rest they not! — Sadly we must follow Jesus to Herod.
There, ah, with mournful hearts we see
Fresh shame prepared for Him.

Tableau: SAMSON *making Sport for the* PHILISTINES.

Chorus —

See Samson: See how the strong hand
The chains of slavery must bear!
The hero, who a thousand slew,
Slave's garb of scorn he now must wear.

So dreadful once to enemies,
He serves as aim for all their scorn;
Philistines use him for their sport,
Rejoice themselves in his decay.

Thus also Jesu, God's Son, stands,
The gazing-stock of haughty fools,
Reviled, derided, in white robes,
And overwhelmed with spite and scorn.

SCENE I.

A hall: HEROD *and his Court.*

Herod — So they have the renowned magician Jesus of Nazareth as Prisoner with them. Of a long season have I been desirous to see Him of whose works so much is spoken. I will prove His miraculous power.

Courtier — He will surely be willingly ready, O King, to show forth His works to thee in order to gain thy favor against His accusers.

Herod — They may bring their accusations before Pilate; I have nothing to examine here, and nothing to pronounce.

Courtier — Perchance the Governor has sent them away, and now they seek to attain their end in another way.

Herod — I will not meddle with their pious squabbles, I will only see Him and prove His miraculous powers.

Scene II.

Christ *enters, led by* Soldiers.

Caiaphas — Most mighty king!

All the Priests — Hail and blessing!

Caiaphas — The Sanhedrim has seized a Seducer and brings Him before the king for confirmation of the lawful punishment.

Herod — How can I give judgment in a foreign territory? [*To* Christ.] Give us a proof of Thy learning: we will then, together with the people, honor Thee and believe on Thee.

Priests — O King, let not thyself be led astray! He is in covenant with Beelzebub.

Herod — It is the same to me. Tell me, what did I dream last night? [Christ *is silent.*] Perchance Thou canst interpret to me my dream. [*He relates it.* Christ *answers not.*] Thou art not well skilled in this line of business? Then cause that this hall may suddenly become dark, change that roll there, which contains Thy sentence, into a serpent! [*To his* Courtiers.] He knows nothing and can do nothing. He is a fool, whom the applause of the people has made crazy. [*To the* Priests.] Let Him go!

Caiaphas — O King, trust Him not! He only pretends to be a fool in order to get a mild sentence from thee by artifice.

Annas — Even the person of the King is in danger, for He has given Himself out as a king.

Herod — He! As a king? As a king of fools! As such He deserves homage, therefore will I give Him a king's robe and formally install Him as king of fools. [*He makes a sign to a* Servant.]

Priests — Not so, He hath deserved death!

Caiaphas — O King, think upon thy duty to punish the transgressor of the law!

Herod — What have ye exactly against Him?

Rabbi — He hath profaned the Sabbath!

Nathanael — He hath blasphemed God!

Priest — He hath declared that He will destroy the Temple, and in three days will build it up.

Herod — Well, He hath rightly proved Himself a king of fools.

Priest — He hath so far presumed, O King, as to call thee a fox.

Herod — Then has he laid to my door a quality which entirely suits Himself. [*A* Servant *comes with a robe.*] Array Him! Thus shall He play His part amongst the people.

Priests — He shall die!

Herod — No, I will not shed the blood of so exalted a king. Bring Him before the people, that they may marvel at Him to their heart's desire.

[*The* SOLDIERS *lead* JESUS *away amidst mocking words.*

SCENE III.

Caiaphas — Thou seest now, O King, that His mighty works are nothing but lies and deceit, by which He hath seduced the people; give then thy sentence.

Herod — My sentence is: He is a simple fellow, and not capable of the crime of which ye accuse Him.

Caiaphas — O King, give heed that thou deceive not thyself.

Herod — One must deal with fools as fools. My court of justice is over.

Rabbi — So this has come to pass concerning the law, Moses, and the prophets!

Herod — I hold by my sentence. I am weary, and will no longer meddle with the story. Pilate may decide according to the duty of his office. Offer him greeting and friendly salutation from King Herod. [*Exeunt the* PRIESTS.

SCENE IV.

Herod — I was mistaken. Instead of a worker of miracles, I found a quite ordinary man.

Courtier — How doth lying report know how to embellish things!

Herod — Friend, that is no John. John spake with a wisdom and power which one was forced to esteem, but this Man is as dumb as a fish.

Courtier — I am only surprised at the bitter hatred of the Priests against Him.

Herod — If Pilate had found Him a state criminal, he would not have sent Him to me; but enough of this wearisome matter: we will make amends for lost time by better entertainment.

ACT XIII.

The Scourging and Crown of Thorns.

PROLOGUE.

Alas! what a sight here presents itself to our eyes, ever to be contemplated by the disciples of Christ! The body of the Lord wounded all over with innumerable blows of scourge, His head crowned with a sharp, thorny wreath! His countenance scarcely recognizable, running down with blood! who would not here shed a tear of inmost pity? When our father Jacob beheld the bloody coat of his beloved, how did he tremble and weep, full of sorrow, giving way to heartrending cries of grief! Let us also weep when we see the Divine Friend of our soul endure such things, for ah! on account of our sins is He wounded and torn.

Chorus —

Not yet have they from raging ceased —
Their thirst for vengeance is not stilled;
Only on thoughts of murder broods
The band, with Satan's hatred filled.
Can naught e'er soften then these hearts?

Not e'en a body, torn by scourge-strokes,
Covered with wounds innum'rable?
Can sympathy by naught be waked?

First Tableau: JOSEPH'S BRETHREN *bringing his Bloody Coat to* JACOB.

Chorus —

Oh, what a scene of horrid dire!
The coat of Joseph stained with blood,
And Jacob's aged cheeks are wet
With bitter tears of deepest grief.

"Where is my Joseph? Where my joy,
In whose sweet eyes mine eyes find rest?
The blood is dripping from this coat,
"The blood of Joseph — of my son.

"A wild beast must have mangled him,
Torn him, my darling. Ah, alas!
Thee, Joseph, will I follow soon;
My pain no comfort can assuage."

Thus mourns he — thus doth he lament
For Joseph — that he is no more.
Thus Jesu's body will be torn
With wildest rage,
His Precious Blood
In streams from every wound will flow.

Second Tableau: The Sacrifice of ISAAC.

"Abraham! Abraham! slay him not
Thy faith hath" — thus saith
Jehovah — "giv'n up thine only son:
Thine now again — for nations' weal shall live."

Within the thicket Abr'am saw
A ram caught in the thorny shoots,
He took and quickly offered it,
Jehovah's chosen sacrifice.

This type shows a great mystery
Still veiled in holy twilight gloom.
As once Moriah's sacrifice,
With thorns crowned Christ will soon appear.

The Thorn-crowned will for us His life
An off'ring give — the Father's Will.
Where can we ever find a love
Which to this Love can equal be?

SCENE I.

CAIAPHAS, ANNAS, *the* COUNCIL, *the* TRADERS, *and the* WITNESSES *appear again, with* CHRIST *led by* SOLDIERS, *before* PILATE'S *house.*

Caiaphas — Now must we the more importunately challenge Pilate, and if he does not judge after our will, then shall the authority of the Emperor force the sentence from him.

Annas — Shall I now in my old age see the synagogue destroyed? But no! with stammering tongue will I call for blood and death upon this Criminal, and then descend to my father's sepulchre if I can see this Malefactor die upon the cross.

Rabbi — We will sooner allow ourselves to be buried beneath the ruins of the Temple than go back from our resolve.

Pharisees — We must not give it up until He be given up to death.

Caiaphas — He who does not stand by this resolution, let him be put out of the synagogue.

Annas — Let the curse of our fathers light upon him!

Caiaphas — Time presses, the day wears on, now must all means be employed that even to-day before the feast our will be accomplished.

Scene II.

Pilate *appears with attendants upon the balcony.*

Caiaphas — We bring the Prisoner once more before thy judgment-seat, and earnestly require His death.

Priests and Pharisees — We insist upon it! He must die!

Pilate — Ye have brought this man unto me as one that perverteth the people! and behold, I, having examined Him before you, have found no fault in this man touching those things whereof ye accuse Him.

Caiaphas — We stand by our accusation. He is a Criminal worthy of death!

Priests — A Criminal against our law and against the Emperor.

Pilate — Because He is a Galilæan, I have sent Him to Herod. Have ye then brought forward your accusations?

Caiaphas — Yea, Herod would decide nothing, because here thou art in authority.

Pilate — He also found nothing worthy of death in Him, therefore, in order to meet your demands, I will cause this man to be chastised with scourging; but then release Him.

Annas — That sufficeth not!

Caiaphas — The law doth not award to such a Criminal the punishment of scourging, but that of death.

Priests — To death with Him!

Pilate — Is your hatred against this man so deep and bitter that it cannot be satisfied by blood from His wounds? Ye force me to say openly to you that which I think. Moved by ignoble passion, ye persecute Him, because the people are better inclined to Him than to you. I have long enough heard your hateful accusations, I will now hear the voice of the people. A countless multitude will soon assemble here, in order, after ancient custom, to request the release of a prisoner

at the feast of the Passover. Then will it be shown whether your accusations are the expression of the people's mind or only of your personal hatred.

Caiaphas [*bowing*] — It will be shown, O Governor, that thou unjustly thinkest evil of us.

Priest — Truly, not hatred but holy zeal for the law of God is it which moves us to desire His death.

Pilate — Ye know of the murderer Barabbas, who lies in fetters, and of his evil deeds. I will give the people the choice between him and Jesus of Nazareth. Him whom they desire, him will I release.

All — Release Barabbas unto us and crucify Jesus.

Pilate — Ye are not the people, the people will speak for themselves, meanwhile I will chastise Him. [*To a* Servant.] Let the soldiers lead Him away and scourge Him after the Roman law. [*To those around him.*] Whatsoever He hath done amiss will thereby be sufficiently expiated, and perchance the sight of the Scourged One may mitigate the wrath of His enemies. [*Exit with attendants.*

Scene III.

The Priests, *etc., beneath the empty balcony.*

Caiaphas — Pilate appeals to the voice of the people. Good, we will appeal to the same. [*To the* Traders *and* Witnesses.] Now, gallant Israelites, your time has come. Go hence into the streets of Jerusalem and summon your friends to come hither. Bring them together in a close band! Inflame them with the most fiery hatred against the Enemy of Moses. Seek to win the weak-minded by the power of your words, and by promises. Terrify the followers of the Galilæan by a united outcry against them, by insult and storm, and, if it must be, through ill-treatment, so that none of them may dare to let themselves be seen here, much less to open their mouths.

Traders and Witnesses — We will hasten hence and quickly return, each one at the head of an inflamed troop.

Caiaphas — We will all assemble in the street of the Sanhedrim. [*Exeunt the* Traders. *The* Priests *call after them: Hail! true disciples of Moses!*]

Caiaphas — Let us not now delay a moment! Let us go to

meet the different bands to encourage them, and to inflame them!

Annas — From all the streets of Jerusalem we will then bring the assembled people before the judgment-hall.

Rabbi — Since Pilate wishes to hear the voice of the people, let him hear it!

Caiaphas — Let him hear the cry of the nation with one voice. Release unto us Barabbas, and crucify the Galilæan!

All — Release unto us Barabbas, and crucify the Galilæan!

[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

CHRIST *stripped of His garments, and His hands bound to a low pillar; around Him the* SOLDIERS.

Soldiers [*one after another*] — Now hath He enough, He is all running down with blood! — Thou poor King of the Jews! — But what a King is that? He bears no scepter in His hand, no crown upon His head? — That can be mended. I will at once fetch the ensigns of the Jewish kingdom. [*He brings a purple robe, the crown of thorns, and the reed.*] Here! that is truly a most fair adornment for the King of the Jews! Thou didst not expect such honor, didst Thou? — Come, let the purple robe fall around Thee; but sit down, a King must not stand. And here is a fine pointed crown! [*They put it on Him.*] Show Thyself! [*Laughter.*] In order, however, that it fall not from His head, it must be firmly set on. Here, brothers, help me! [*Four soldiers take hold of the ends of two staves and press down the crown.* CHRIST *shrinks in pain.*] Here is the scepter! — Now nothing more is wanting to thee. — What a King! [*They kneel before Him.*] Hail, mighty King of the Jews!

Servant of Pilate [*coming in*] — The Prisoner must immediately be brought to the judgment-hall.

Soldiers — Thou comest at a wrong time, thou hast disturbed us in the midst of our marks of reverence. Get up! They want to carry Thee about for a show. There will be rejoicing amongst the people of the Jews when their King appears before them in fullest pomp.

[*Exeunt with* JESUS.

ACT XIV.

JESUS *condemned to Death.*

PROLOGUE.

The Redeemer stands forth an image of sorrow. Himself moved with compassion, Pilate brings Him forth. Hast thou then no pity, O befooled, deceived people? No! Seized with madness, they cry, Crucify Him! They demand torture and death for the Holiest and pardon for the murderer Barabbas. O how differently did Joseph once stand before the people of Egypt! Songs of gladness and jubilation sounded in his ears; he was solemnly installed as the saviour of Egypt. But around Him, the Saviour of the world, rages a deceived people, who rest not and cease not until the judge unwillingly pronounces: Take ye Him and crucify Him.

Chorus —

O see the King! See Him in scorn
As monarch — crowned — with what a crown!
And with what scepter in His hand!
See Him in purple robe arrayed,
Yea, and with crimson rays bedecked.
Is that the festal garb of kings?
Where is in Him the Godhead's mark?
Behold the man!
A worm — the scorn of hangman now.

First Tableau: JOSEPH *made Governor over Egypt.*

Behold the man!
Joseph is called to dignity —
Behold the man!
Jesu brought forth for sympathy.

Loud shall it ring through Egypt's coasts:
"Live Joseph long! both high and great!"
A thousand times shall it resound:
"Father of Egypt! — friend to all!"
And all unite, both great and small,
In our triumphant jubilee.

Of Egypt thou the stay and joy,
And blessing, such as ne'er has been.
Joseph, to-day doth Egypt bring
Her homage full of joy to thee.
Loud shall it ring through Egypt's coasts, etc.

The country's second father, he
Now reigns within our realm and hearts!
E'en the perverse with blessing pays —
Hail to him! Egypt's pride and joy!
Loud shall it ring through Egypt's coasts, etc.

Second Tableau: The Goat sacrificed as a Sin-offering.

Chorus —

The ancient cov'nant's off'ring this,
As God ordained it should be brought,
Two goats before His altar placed,
And then on one the lot doth fall —
The one by God chos'n for Himself.
Jehovah! through blood-offering
Again be to Thy people good!

The blood of goats the Lord doth will
No more in the new covenant;
New sacrifice He doth require.
A Lamb from every blemish pure
Must of this cov'nant off'ring be.
His only Son the Lord demands;
He cometh quickly — falls — and bleeds.

A double CHORUS *now begins; the* SCHUTZGEISTER *singing alternately with the* PEOPLE *in the streets of Jerusalem, behind the scenes.*

Chorus —

A murderous cry e'en now I hear!

People —

Barabbas be
From fetters free!

Chorus —

No! Jesus be
From fetters free!
Wild rings, alas! the murderer's cry.

People —

To the Cross with Him!
To the Cross with Him!

Chorus —

Behold Him! ah! behold ye Him!
What evil ever hath He done?

People —

If thou release this wretched One,
Then art thou not great Cæsar's friend.

Chorus —

Jerusalem! Jerusalem!
The blood of His Son will the Lord yet avenge on you!

People —

His blood be on us, and on our children!

Chorus —

Be it then upon you, and on your children!

Scene I.

Three bands of the people, each headed by Priests *and* Pharisees, *enter from the three streets of Jerusalem.* Traders *and* Witnesses *in each band. The band advancing from the right is led by the priest* Nathanael, *that on the left, entering by* Pilate's *house, is led by* Ezekiel. *The middle band is preceded by* Caiaphas *and* Annas. *Each of the four leaders excites and inflames his band; even from afar their cry is heard. The four bands advance to the foreground, and unite in one mass, which acts, rages, and cries out as one man. For convenience the four bands of people are denoted by numbers.*

Nathanael — Moses, your prophet, calls upon you! His holy law calls you to vengeance!

First Band — We belong to Moses! We are and will remain followers of Moses and of his teaching.

Third Band — We hold fast by our priests and scribes. Away with Him who rises up against them!

Fourth Band — Ye are our fathers. We will answer for your honor.

Annas — Come, children, cast yourselves into the arms of the holy Sanhedrim; it will save you.

Ezekiel — Shake it off, shake it off, the yoke of the Deceiver!

Second Band — We will not know Him any longer, we follow you!

Third Band — The whole people applaud you!

Fourth Band — We will be free from the false Teacher, the Nazarene!

Four Leaders — Your fathers' God will again receive you, ye are once more a holy people unto Him!

The Whole Multitude — Ye are our true friends. Long live the great Sanhedrim! Long live our teachers and priests!

Annas — And death to the Galilæan!

Caiaphas — Up! let us hasten hence to Pilate! The Nazarene shall die!

The Leaders — He hath falsified the law! He hath despised Moses and the prophets!

The Whole Multitude — Death to the false Prophet!

Second Band — Crucify Him!

Second and Third Bands — Pilate must have Him crucified!

The Leaders — On the cross shall He expiate His crime!

Third and Fourth Bands — We will not rest till the sentence be pronounced. [*The whole crowd of people is now in the foreground.*]

Caiaphas [*dominating the people with glance and gesture*] — Hail, children of Israel! Yea, ye are still worthy descendants of your father Abraham! O rejoice that ye have escaped the unspeakable perdition which this Deceiver was fain to bring upon you and your children!

Annas [CAIAPHAS *at his side*] — Only the untiring efforts of your fathers have preserved the nation from the abyss!

The Whole Multitude — Long live the Council! Death to the Nazarene!

Priests and Pharisees — Cursed be he who doth not cry out for His death!

The People — We require His death!

Caiaphas — Let Him be cast out of the heritage of our fathers!

The People — Let Him be cast out!

Caiaphas — The Governor will give you the choice between this Blasphemer of God and Barabbas. Let us insist upon the release of Barabbas!

The People — Let Barabbas go free and the Nazarene perish!

Annas — We thank you, O fathers, ye have listened to our desire!

All — Pilate must consent, the whole nation demands it from him!

Caiaphas — Fairest day to the children of Israel! Children, be steadfast!

Priests and Pharisees — This day restores honor to the synagogue and peace to the people.

Caiaphas [*approaching* PILATE'S *house*] — Demand the sentence with tumult. Threaten a universal insurrection!

All [*tumultuously*] — We require the blood of our Enemy!

A Servant of Pilate [*rushing out of the house*] — Uproar! Insurrection!

People — The Nazarene must die!

Caiaphas — Show courage! Stand out unterrified; the righteous cause defends us.

All — Pilate, pronounce the sentence of death!

Servant [*from the balcony*] — Quiet! Peace!

All — No, we will not rest till Pilate consent!

Servant — Pilate will immediately appear. [*Exit.*

All — We demand the death of the Nazarene!

Caiaphas [*to the* PRIESTS] — Now may Pilate, as he desired, be able to learn the mind of the people.

SCENE II.

PILATE *with* ATTENDANTS *and with the thorn-crowned* CHRIST, *led by two* SOLDIERS, *upon the balcony.*

All — Give judgment! Sentence Him!

Pilate [*pointing to* JESUS] — Behold the man!

Priests and Pharisees — Crucify Him!

Pilate — Cannot even this pitiable sight win compassion from your hearts?

All — Let Him die! Crucify Him!

Caiaphas — Hear, O Governor, the voice of the people! it consents to our accusation, and demands His death.

People — Yea, we desire His death!

Pilate [*to the* SOLDIERS] — Lead Him below and let Barabbas be brought hither from the prison! Let the jailer deliver him up immediately to the chief lictor.

Annas — Let Barabbas live! Pronounce the sentence of death on the Nazarene!

People — Death to the Nazarene!

Pilate — I cannot comprehend this people. But a few days ago ye followed this man rejoicing and answering one another with shouts of triumph, through the streets of Jerusalem. Is it possible that to-day the same people should call out for His death and destruction? That is despicable fickleness.

Caiaphas — The good people have at last learnt to see that they were deceived by an Adventurer who pretended to call Himself the Messiah, the King of Israel.

Nathanael — Now the eyes of this people are fully opened,

so that they see how that He cannot help Himself, — He, who promised to bring freedom and prosperity to the nation.

Ezekiel — Israel will have no Messiah who lets Himself be taken and bound and treated with every kind of scorn!

The People — Let Him die, the false Messiah, the Deceiver!

Pilate — Men of the Jewish people! Ye have a custom that I should release a prisoner unto you at the feast. Look now upon these two! The One — of gentle countenance, of noble demeanor, the image of a wise Teacher, whom ye have long honored as such, convicted of no one evil deed, and already humiliated by the most severe chastisement! the other a vicious, savage man, a convicted robber and murderer, the horrible image of a finished scoundrel! I appeal to your reason, to your human feeling! Choose! Whom will ye that I release unto you, Barabbas, or Jesus, whom ye call Christ?

Priests and People — Let Barabbas go free!

Pilate — Will ye not that I release unto you the King of the Jews?

Priests and People — Away with this man, and release unto us Barabbas!

Caiaphas — Thou hast promised to release him whom the people should require.

Pilate [*to* CAIAPHAS] — I am accustomed to keep my promise without needing a reminder. [*To the* PEOPLE.] What shall I do, then, with the King of the Jews?

Priests and People — Crucify Him!

Pilate — What, shall I crucify your King?

The People — We have no king but Cæsar.

Pilate — I cannot condemn this man, for I find no fault in Him. He is sufficiently chastised. I will release Him.

Priest — If thou let this man go, thou art not Cæsar's friend.

Caiaphas — He hath given Himself out as a king.

Priest — And he who pretends to be a king is a rebel against Cæsar.

Nathanael — And this Rebel is to remain unpunished and to scatter abroad still further the seeds of insurrection?

People — It is the duty of the Governor to put Him out of the way.

Caiaphas — We have done our duty as subjects of Cæsar and deliver this Insurgent to thee. If thou dost not attend to our accusation and the demand of the people, then are we free

from guilt. Thou alone, O Governor, art responsible to Cæsar for the consequences!

Annas — If on this man's account universal tumult and rebellion arise, we shall know who must bear the blame of it, and Cæsar also will know.

People — The matter must be brought before Cæsar.

Ezekiel — With astonishment will it be heard in Rome that Cæsar's Governor protected one guilty of high treason, whose death the entire people demanded.

The People — Thou must cause Him to be condemned, else will there be no peace in the land.

Pilate — What evil hath He done? I cannot and dare not condemn the innocent to death!

Caiaphas — Permit me to ask a question. Wherefore judgest thou this man so anxiously, when lately thou didst through thy soldiers cause a hundred to be slaughtered without judgment or sentence on account of a rebellious outcry?

[PILATE *starts.*

The People — Thou canst not then show favor to this man if thou wilt be a true servant of Cæsar.

Pilate — Let water be brought!

Caiaphas — The people will not leave this place until the sentence of death be pronounced upon the Enemy of Cæsar.

The People — Yea, we will not again leave this spot until the sentence is pronounced.

Pilate — Then your violence forces me to comply with your desire. Take Him hence and crucify Him! Yet behold! [*He washes his hands.*] I wash my hands; I am innocent of the blood of the Righteous. Ye may answer for it!

Priests and People — We take it upon ourselves. His blood be upon us and upon our children!

Pilate — Let Barabbas, at the demand of the people, be released. Take him away — outside the city gate, so that he never again tread these streets.

[*The* SOLDIERS *lead away* BARABBAS.

Priests and People — Now hast thou justly judged!

Pilate — I have yielded to your violent pressure in order to keep off greater evil, but in this blood-guiltiness will I have no part. Let it happen as ye, with tumultuous voices, have called out; let it be upon you and upon your children!

Priests and People — It is good; let it be upon us and upon our children!

Annas — We and our children will bless this day, and with thankful joy pronounce the name of Pontius Pilate!

The People — Long live our Governor! Long live Pontius Pilate!

Pilate — Let the two murderers who are kept in prison be brought here. Let the chief lictor give them over without delay to the soldiers! They have deserved death — much more than the accused.

Priests and People — He hath deserved death more than any.

Pilate — The sentence of death must be committed to writing and openly announced before all the people.

[*The* SCRIBE *begins to write. In the street behind the scenes the* SOLDIERS *who are bringing in the thieves are heard driving them on: "Will ye get on, ye perverse ones! Have ye not long ago deserved it? Thrust them on, the offscouring of mankind!"*]

Rabbi [*pointing to the thieves*] — There is a worthy companionship for the false Messiah upon His last journey!

Pilate [*to the thieves*] — Of you and of your evil deeds shall the earth this day be quit. Ye shall be crucified. — Let the sentence of death be now read.

Scribe [*rises and reads*] — I, Pontius Pilate, Governor in Judæa of the mighty Emperor Claudius Tiberius, pronounce, at the importunate desire of the High Priests of the Sanhedrim, and of the assembled people of the Jews, the sentence of death upon a certain Jesus of Nazareth, who is accused of having stirred up the people to rebellion, of having forbidden to give tribute to Cæsar, and of having given Himself out as King of the Jews. The same shall outside the city, between two malefactors who for many robberies and murders are likewise condemned to death, be nailed to the Cross, and their death thus accomplished. Given at Jerusalem, on the eve of the Passover.

Pilate [*breaks his staff*] — Now take Him hence, and — crucify Him!

[*He turns hastily and almost rushes into the house.*

Caiaphas — Triumph! Victory is ours! The Enemy of the synagogue is destroyed!

Priests and People — Away with him to Golgotha!

The People — Long live the synagogue!

Priests and Pharisees — Long live the nation!

Annas — Make haste, that we may return home at the right time to eat the Passover lamb!

Priests and Pharisees — With joy shall we keep this feast of the Passover, even as our fathers in Egypt!

Caiaphas — Let our triumphal procession go through the midst of Jerusalem.

Rabbi — Where are His followers? They are invited to cry Hosanna!

The People [*going away*] — Up and away! To Golgotha! Come and see Him, how He will die upon the Cross! O day of joy, the Enemy of Moses is cast down! So let it be to him who despises the law! He deserves the death of the Cross! Auspicious Passover! Now doth joy return to Israel! There is an end of the Galilæan! [*Exeunt in a tumultuous procession.*

PART III.

ACT XV.

The Way of the Cross.

Prologue.

The extorted condemnation has been pronounced. Now we see Jesus fainting on the way to the Mount of Golgotha, laden with the beam of the Cross. Isaac also once bore willingly upon his own shoulders the wood for the offering to the mountain where he was to bleed as a sacrifice according to the word of Jehovah. Jesus also bears willingly the wood of the Cross, which through the offering of holy love will now soon become a Tree of Life rich in blessing. For as a glance at the brazen serpent set up in the wilderness brought healing, so comfort and blessing come to us from the Tree of the Cross.

Chorus —

Pray, and render heartfelt thanks!
He who drank the cup of pain
To the Cross of death now goes,
Reconciles the world with God.

First Tableau: Isaac *bearing the Wood up Mount Moriah.*

Chorus —

E'en as the wood for sacrifice
Isaac himself to Moriah bore,

With His Cross laden, Jesus faints,
Yet bears it on to Golgotha.
Pray, and render heartfelt thanks, etc.

Second Tableau: The Brazen Serpent.

Chorus —

Nailed, and raised upon the Cross
Soon will be the Son of man.
Here in Moses' serpent see
Type already of the Cross.
Pray, and render heartfelt thanks, etc.

Third Tableau: The Children of Israel around the Brazen Serpent.

Chorus —

From the pois'nous serpent's bite
Were the people healed through this!
So will from the Cross to us
Healing flow and blessedness.
Pray, and render heartfelt thanks, etc.

Scene I.

The Holy Women *with* John *and* Joseph *of Arimathea coming from Bethany.*

Mary [*to* John] — O beloved disciple, how has it gone with my Jesus?

John — If the priests could do as they willed, so were He surely already amongst the dead, but they dare not carry out the sentence without permission of the Governor, and Pilate, I hope, will not condemn Him, since He hath ever only done good.

Magdalene — The Lord guide the heart of the Governor!

Mary — O friends, whither shall we go, that I may again see my Son?

Joseph — There is no one to be seen from whom we could obtain tidings.

John — It will be best to go to Nicodemus, who surely knows how it is with the Master.

Mary — Yea, let us go thither. Every moment increases my anguish.

John — Be strong in faith, beloved Mother. [*Cries are heard, "On, on with Him!" It is the people urging on* Jesus, *who has fallen under His burden.*]

Joseph — What fearful tumult is that?

[*They stand still, listening.*

Scene II.

The procession of the Cross-bearing, Priests, Pharisees, People, Soldiers, *half in the "Street of Annas," turning slowly into the foreground. In front the* Centurion *with the staff of command, a horseman in the group with the Roman banner.* Christ *painfully dragging the Cross, nearest to Him the* Four Executioners.

People — Let Him die, and all who hold with Him!

First Executioner — Is the burden already too heavy for Thee?

People — Urge Him on with force that we may get to Calvary!

Second Executioner — Hold hard, He will come down again!

[*The group in the "Street of Pilate" know not yet what is going on.*

Joseph — What shall we do? With this crowd we cannot venture ourselves in the city.

Mary — What may this tumult signify? Can it possibly concern my Son?

Joseph — It seems as if an insurrection had broken out.

John — We will keep quiet here until the storm has blown over.

Simon of Cyrene [*comes hastily and anxiously from the middle street to the foreground, carrying a basket*] — I must hasten in order to get into the city. The eve of the feast is on the decline, and I must yet make purchases.

Priests and People [*still unseen by* Simon] — Let Him not rest! Urge Him on with blows!

Simon — What an outcry! I will keep myself quiet.

Third Executioner — Thy fainting avails Thee nothing. Thou must get out to Golgotha.

Ahasuerus [*coming quickly out of his house*] — Away from my house! This is no place for repose.

Simon — The tumult becomes greater. — Who comes there? I will await the event.

Scene III.

The procession with Christ *has at last come to the front. Meanwhile from the middle street* Veronica *and the* Women of Jerusalem *draw near.*

John — It seems that some one is led out to execution at Calvary.

Mary [*sees* Jesus] — It is He! O God, it is my Son! [*Those around* Jesus *push Him on.*]

Executioner — He delays us on the road.

Centurion [*to* Jesus, *who in uttermost weariness has again fallen fainting*] — Here, refresh Thyself! [*He hands Him a flask,* Jesus *takes it, but does not drink.*]

Mary — Ah, see Him thus led to death, like to a malefactor, between two malefactors!

John — Mother, it is the hour of which He spoke before; thus it is the Father's will.

Centurion — Wilt Thou not drink? Then force Him on.

Fourth Executioner [*shakes* Jesus] — Bestir Thyself, lazy King of the Jews.

Second Executioner — Up, pull Thyself together!

Third Executioner — Do not act so weakly, we must get on.

Mary — Oh, where is any sorrow like unto my sorrow!

Third Executioner — He is too much exhausted; some one must help, otherwise —

Rabbi [*pointing out* Simon] — Here, this stranger —

Pharisee — Lay hold on him!

Centurion — Come hither, thou hast broad shoulders.

Simon — I must —

Fourth Executioner — Indeed thou must, or there will be blows.

Pharisee — Beat him if he will not go.

Simon — I am indeed innocent, I have committed no crime.

Executioner — Silence!

Simon [*observing* Christ] — What do I see? that is the Holy Man of Nazareth!

Second Executioner — Thy shoulders here!

Simon — For love of Thee will I bear it. O that I could thereby make myself worthy in Thy sight!

Christ [*standing exhausted at one side*] — God's blessing upon thee and thine.

Executioner — Forward now, do Thou follow after with the beam of the Cross!

First Priest [*to* CHRIST] — Now canst Thou step on quickly.

Third Executioner [*seizing* JESUS *by the neck and shaking Him*] — See how we are kept back by Thee, even though the instrument of punishment be taken off Thee!

Second Executioner — Dost Thou need anything more?

Executioner — Let Him alone; we will wait a little longer yet that He may revive before we go up the hill.

[VERONICA *and the* WOMEN OF JERUSALEM *approach the procession.*

Caiaphas — Another stoppage already? When shall we get to Calvary?

Veronica [*kneeling before* JESUS *and offering Him a napkin*] — O Lord, how is Thy countenance covered with blood and sweat? Wilt Thou not wipe it?

Christ [*wipes His face and gives her back the cloth*] — Compassionate soul, the Father will recompense thee for it.

Women of Jerusalem [*kneeling with their little ones before the* LORD] — Thou good Master, never-to-be-forgotten Benefactor, noblest Friend of men, thus art Thou recompensed!

[*They weep.*

Christ — Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me, but weep for yourselves and for your children. For behold, the days are coming in the which they shall say, Blessed are the barren, and the wombs that never bare, and the paps that never gave suck. Then shall they begin to say to the mountains, Fall on us; and to the hills, Cover us. For if they do these things in a green tree, what shall be done in the dry?

Centurion — Now remove the women folk.

Third Executioner — What good are your women's tears? Back!

Second and Fourth Executioners — Away with Him to the hill of death!

People — Up briskly to Calvary!

Rabbi — Is the thing ever to go on?

Nathanael — The Centurion is quite too merciful.

Priest — He does not spare his soldiers so much.

[*The procession begins to move forward; the* SERVANT OF PILATE *appears.*

Scene IV.

Pilate's Servant — Hold! By the Governor's command the Centurion is immediately to appear before him and to receive further directions. [*The procession stops.*

Caiaphas — What is this? Wherefore any new directions? The sentence of death is pronounced and must be carried out without delay.

Centurion [*sternly*] — No, this cannot be, until I shall have received the orders of my lord. [*To the* Soldiers.] Keep ye watch meanwhile, and go on with the condemned towards Golgotha. Then dismiss this man [*pointing to* Simon] and await my arrival.

[*Exit with the* Servant. *The procession moves forward again towards the middle of the background.*

People [*wildly one to another*] — Up to Golgotha! Crucify Him! Hail to Israel, the Enemy is overcome! We are set free, long live the Sanhedrim!

John — Mother, shall we not return to Bethany? Thou wilt not be able to bear the sight.

Mary — How could a mother leave her child in the last bitterest need! I will suffer with Him, with Him bear scorn and shame — die with Him!

John — If only strength of body do not fail.

Mary — Fear not. I have prayed to God for strength, the Lord hath heard me. Let us follow after.

All — Dearest Mother, we follow thee. [*They slowly follow the procession.*]

ACT XVI.

Jesus *on Calvary.*

Prologue.

Chorus [*clothed in black*] —

Up, pious souls, arise and go
Full of remorse, of pain, and thanks,
With me to Golgotha, and see
What for your saving here befell.
There dies the Daysman between God
And sinners, the atoning death.

Ah! naked, only clothed with wounds
Here lies He on the Cross for thee;

The vengeance of the wicked gloats,
Malicious, o'er His nakedness,
And He, who thee, O sinner, loves,
Is silent, suffers, and forgives.

I hear His limbs already crack,
As they from out their joints are dragged;
Whose heart doth it not cause to quake
When he the hammer's stroke doth hear,
Whose ringing blows, through hands and feet,
Alas! the cruel nails must drive?

The blows of the hammer are heard behind the scenes. The curtain rises; CHRIST *lies upon the Cross.*

Choragus [*intones, accompanied by soft music*] —
Up, pious souls, draw near the Lamb
Who freely gives Himself for you.
Behold Him on the Tree of Doom,
See how He hangs 'twixt murderers,
He, Son of God, His life-blood gives.
And ye no tears give back to Him?

Himself His murderers to forgive,
We hear Him to the Father pray;
And soon, O soon, He ends His life,
That we eternal death may 'scape.
His side a spear doth pierce full sore,
And opes to us His heart still more.

Choragus [*sings*] —
O who can this high love conceive
Which loveth even unto death,
And blessing e'en the murd'rous band,
Instead of hating, pardons them?

The whole Chorus —
O bring to this great Love
But pious heart's emotion,
Upon the altar of the Cross
To the great offering there.

SCENE I.

The scene is in the middle of the stage. As the curtain rises, the two crosses with the malefactors are raised. CHRIST *lies, nailed to His Cross, on the ground.* LICTORS, EXECUTION-

ERS, HIGH PRIESTS, PHARISEES, PEOPLE; *in the background the* HOLY WOMEN, *with* JOHN, JOSEPH, *and* NICODEMUS.

The Executioners [*pointing to the* THIEVES] — We have already finished with these. Now must the King of the Jews be also raised on high upon His throne.

Priest — Not King! — Deceiver! Chief traitor!

Centurion — First, however, this writing must, according to the Governor's order, be fastened to the Cross. Faustus! fasten this escutcheon over the Cross.

Faustus — A shield exposed to public view! Ha, that is truly regal! [*He fastens on the writing.*]

Centurion — Now lay hold, and raise the Cross! only not carelessly!

Third Executioner — Come, redouble your efforts! [*They raise it.*]

Fourth Executioner — All right, the Cross stands firm!

Centurion — The painful act is accomplished.

Caiaphas — And truly admirably accomplished. Thanks and applause from us all.

Pharisee — Thanks and applause from us all.

Caiaphas — This day shall be forever a feast day.

Pharisee — Yea, it will be solemnly kept for all time to come.

Annas — And I will now willingly go down to my fathers, since I have lived to have the joy of seeing this wretch upon the Cross. But the writing upon the Cross seems to me to be very briefly composed.

Rabbi [*going closer*] — That is an affront to the Sanhedrim and to the people!

Caiaphas — What is written?

Rabbi — It reads thus: Jesus of Nazareth, the King of the Jews! [*The* FOUR EXECUTIONERS *lie down under the Cross.*

Caiaphas [*reads*] — Truly the honor of the nation is therein touched.

Priest — Let the writing be torn down.

Caiaphas — We dare not ourselves lay hands on it. [*To* TWO PRIESTS.] Go to the Governor and demand, in the name of the Sanhedrim and of the assembled people, the alteration of this writing. He should write that He *said*. — I am the King of the Jews. Then also present a petition that before the great

eve of the feast the bones of the crucified be broken and their bodies taken down. [*Exit the* TWO PRIESTS.

Third Executioner — Now, comrades, let us divide what has fallen to us. [*He takes up the coat and the mantle of* CHRIST.] See, the mantle makes just four parts. [*The* FOUR EXECUTIONERS *seize the mantle and tear it, with one pull, into four pieces.*] But the coat is not sewn together. Shall we cut it also in pieces?

Second Executioner — No; it is better that we cast lots for it.

First Executioner — Here are dice. I will at once try my luck. [*He throws.*] That is too little. I have lost.

Third Executioner [*looking up to* CHRIST] — What? If Thou canst work a miracle upon the Cross, then give luck to my throw. [*He throws.*]

The other Executioners — What does He know about us?

Fourth Executioner — I ought to be luckier. Fifteen! Very good. Now do thou try it!

Second Executioner — I must get it. [*He throws.*]

Third Executioner [*looking at the dice*] — Eighteen! That is the highest.

First Executioner — It is thine, take it away.

Fourth Executioner — Thou art not at all to be envied about it.

Rabbi [*returning from* PILATE] — Our embassy was fruitless. He would not listen to us.

Caiaphas — Did he give you no answer?

Rabbi — This only: "What I have written, I have written."

Annas [*aside*] — Intolerable!

Caiaphas — What answer did he give you concerning breaking the bones?

Rabbi — Concerning that, he said he would give his orders to the Centurion.

Priest [*to* CHRIST] — Therefore the writing remains: King of the Jews. Ah, if Thou art a King in Israel, come down now from the Cross, that we may see it and believe on Thee.

Second Priest — Thou that destroyest the Temple and buildest it in three days, save Thyself!

Caiaphas — Ah, Thou hast saved others, Thyself Thou canst not save.

The False Witnesses — Come down, for Thou art the Son of God!

Annas — He trusted in God: let Him deliver Him now if He will have Him.

Fourth Executioner — What! dost Thou not hear?

First and Third Executioners — Show Thy power, mighty King of the Jews!

Christ [*whose head during the whole time has hung motionless, now turns it painfully*] — Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!

The Thief on the left [*to* CHRIST] — Hearest Thou? If Thou art the Christ, save Thyself and us.

The Thief on the right [*to him on the left*] — Dost thou not fear God, seeing thou art in the same condemnation? And we indeed justly; for we receive the due rewards of our deeds; but this man hath done nothing amiss. Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom.

Christ — Verily I say unto thee, to-day shalt thou be with me in paradise. [MARY *and* JOHN *draw near to the Cross.*

Caiaphas — Listen, He still goes on as though it were His to command at the doors of paradise!

Rabbi — His presumption has not yet left Him, now that He hangs helpless upon the Cross!

Christ — Woman, behold thy Son! Son, behold Thy Mother!

Mary — Thus dying Thou carest still for Thy Mother!

John — Sacred to me be Thy last will! Thou my mother! And I thy son!

Christ [*with signs of the approaching end*] — I thirst.

Centurion — He suffers thirst and asks for drink.

Second Executioner — I will quickly reach it to Him. [*He takes the reed with the sponge, upon which the Centurion pours from his flask;* CHRIST *sips from the sponge.*] Here, drink!

Christ [*with the expression of deepest anguish*] — Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani?

Pharisee and People — See, He calleth Elias!

Caiaphas — Let be, let us see whether Elias will come to save Him.

Christ [*breathing heavily several times*] — It is finished! Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit. [*He slowly droops His head and dies. Thunder is heard; it becomes dark.*]

Priests and People — What a fearful earthquake! Hear ye the crash of the falling rocks? Woe to us!

Centurion — Certainly this was a righteous man!

Soldiers — The Godhead Himself bears Him witness through these terrors of nature!

Centurion — This patience in fiercest pains, this noble calm, this loud devout cry to Heaven in the moment before His departure — all makes one augurate something higher. Truly He is the Son of God!

People — Come, neighbors, I will remain no longer in this place of horrors. Let us return home. God be gracious to us!

Others [*smiting on their breasts*] — Almighty One! we have sinned! [*The* PEOPLE *disperse with signs of sorrow and remorse.*

Servant of the Temple [*enters hastily*] — High Priest and assembled Council! In the holy place a fearful event has happened! I tremble in every limb.

Caiaphas — What is it? not the Temple —

Annas — Thrown down?

Servant — Not that, but the veil of the Temple is rent in twain from the top to the bottom. It seemed as though the whole earth were split asunder.

Priests and Pharisees — Terrible!

Caiaphas [*pointing to the dead* JESUS] — This has that wretch done for us through His enchantments! It is well that He is out of the world, else would He bring all the elements into disorder.

Priests and Pharisees — Curse upon Him, who is in league with Beelzebub!

Caiaphas — Let us go home with haste and see what has happened; then will we immediately return hither again. For I have no rest until I have seen that the legs of this man be broken, and His Body thrown into the malefactor's grave!

[*Exeunt the* PRIESTS.

SCENE II.

Nicodemus [*to* JOSEPH *of Arimathea*] — Shall then the holy body of the God-sent be so fearfully dishonored as to be thrown into the malefactor's grave?

Joseph — Friend, hear my resolve. I will go straightway to Pilate and will earnestly beg of him that he will give me the Body of Jesus. This favor he will not deny me.

Nicodemus — Do so, friend! I will bring spices to embalm Him. [*Exeunt.*

Centurion [*to the* HOLY WOMEN] — Fear ye not, good women. No evil shall befall you.

Magdalene [*clasping the Cross*] — O most beloved Teacher, my heart hangs with Thee upon the Cross!

Servant of Pilate [*entering, to the* CENTURION] — By order of my lord, the crucified are to have their legs broken. And then their bodies are to be taken down. Before the beginning of the great eve all must be over.

Centurion — It will be done at once. Fellows, break first the bones of these two.

Third Executioner — Let us bring this heart-breaking business quickly to an end.

Second Executioner [*who has gone up a ladder to the* THIEF *on the right hand, and with four blows of a club broken his legs*] — He wakes no more!

Fourth Executioner [*goes up to the* THIEF *on the left hand*] — The other will I hasten out of the world.

Mary [*shuddering*] — Ah, Jesus, they will not surely deal so horribly with Thy Holy Body?

Fourth Executioner [*to the* THIEF *on the left hand*] — Movest thou not any more? No; he has his wages!

Magdalene [*as the* EXECUTIONER *with a club goes towards* CHRIST] — Ah, spare Him! spare Him!

Third Executioner [*looking up to* CHRIST] — He is already deceased. Breaking His legs is no longer necessary.

Second Executioner — In order that we may be quite sure of His death, I will open His heart with a spear. [*He pierces* JESUS *in the side; the blood flows out.*

The Holy Women — Ah!

Magdalene — O mother! This wound has also pierced thy heart!

Centurion — Now take the Body from the Cross!

First Executioner — Whither then with it?

Centurion — As it is ordered — into the criminal's grave.

Mary — What a fearful word!

Fourth Executioner — Ladders here! They will soon be taken down!

Magdalene [*to the* CENTURION] — May we not then once show the last honors to our Friend?

Centurion — Unhappily it lies not in my power to fulfill your wish.

Second Executioner [*to the* FIRST, *who stands upon the ladder*] — Go thou up, I will hold.

Third Executioner — And I will look after the others. [*He mounts the ladder.*]

Scene III.

The Priests *return to Golgotha.*

Caiaphas [*entering at the head of the* Priests] — It will be the more grateful to us to see the Body of the wretch thrown into the grave of shame, that we have beheld the destruction which He has brought to pass in the Temple.

Annas — It would rejoice mine eyes to see His limbs torn asunder by wild beasts!

Caiaphas — See, they have been already taken down. So we shall see our wish fulfilled at once.

Pilate's Servant [*entering with* Joseph *of Arimathea, to the* Centurion] — The Governor hath sent me to inquire of thee whether Jesus of Nazareth be indeed dead already, as this man here hath told him.

Centurion — It is so; see for thyself.

Servant — Then I am commissioned to announce to thee that His Body is to be delivered over to this man as a gift from the Governor. [*Exit.*

The Holy Women — O comfortable tidings!

Rabbi [*looking towards* Joseph *of Arimathea*] — The betrayer of the synagogue! So he has again worked secretly!

Annas — And destroyed our joy!

Caiaphas [*to the* Centurion] — Nevertheless, we will not consent that He be laid in any other place than with the malefactors.

Centurion — Since the Body is given to this man it goes without saying that he can bury it how and where he wishes. This allows of no objection. [*To the* Soldiers *and* Executioners.] Men! our business is ended, we will return home.

Annas [*to* Joseph *of Arimathea*] — Thou persistest, then, in thy stubbornness? Art thou not ashamed to honor, even in His corpse, a condemned Criminal?

Joseph — I honor the most virtuous of men, the God-sent Teacher, the innocent, murdered One!

Nicodemus — Envy and pride were the motives of His condemnation. The judge himself was forced to testify His innocence; he swore that he would have no part in His blood.

Caiaphas — The curse of the law will bring you to destruction, ye enemies of our fathers!

Rabbi — Do not excite thyself, High Priest; they are smitten with blindness!

Caiaphas — Cursed be ye by the whole Council! Bereft of your dignities, never more shall ye dare to appear in our midst!

Nicodemus — We also desire never more to do so.

Annas [*coming forward with the* PRIESTS] — As the Body is in the hands of His friends, we must be on our guard, since this Deceiver said in His lifetime that after three days He would rise again.

Rabbi — How easily could a new trick be played upon the people, and fresh embarrassment be prepared for us! His disciples could take Him away secretly and then spread abroad the saying that He had risen.

Caiaphas — Then were the last error worse than the first. Let us then go immediately to Pilate and ask from him a guard of soldiers, so that the grave may be watched until the third day.

Annas — A prudent thought!

Rabbi — Thus will their plans be brought to nothing.

[*Exeunt the* PRIESTS.

SCENE IV.

The taking down from the Cross, and the Burial.

Magdalene — At length they have gone, the madmen! Be comforted, beloved Mother! The mocking and the blasphemy are over, and a holy evening calm surrounds us.

Mary — He has finished it; He has departed into the rest of the Father.

Magdalene — He has not been torn from us forever; that is His own promise!

Mary [*to the men busied about the taking down from the Cross*] — Generous men! Bring quickly to me the Body of my beloved child!

Salome — Come, my companions, prepare this winding-sheet to receive it. [*They place* MARY *upon a stone and spread out the winding-sheet at her feet.*]

Joseph [*taking the Body of* JESUS *upon his shoulders*] — O sweet, O holy burden, rest upon my shoulders! [*He lifts the Body down.*]

Pilgrims to a Wonder-working Shrine

From the painting by Carl L. N. Bantzer

Nicodemus [*stretching out his arms to receive the Body*] — Come, Holy Body of my only Friend! Let me embrace Thee! How hath the fury of Thy enemies lacerated Thee! [*The Body is placed leaning on* MARY'S *breast.*]

John — Here shall the Best of sons rest once more in the bosom of the Best of mothers.

Mary — O my Son, how is Thy Body covered with wounds!

John — Mother, from these wounds flow healing and blessing for mankind.

Magdalene — Behold, Mother, Heaven's peace rests upon the dead countenance!

Nicodemus — Let us anoint Him and wrap Him in this new winding-sheet.

Joseph — He shall be laid in my new grave which I have prepared for myself in the rocky cave in my garden.

Salome — Best of Masters! One more loving tear upon Thy lifeless Body!

Magdalene — O let me kiss once more the hand which so often blessed me!

John — We shall see Him again!

Joseph [*to* NICODEMUS] — Do thou help me to bear Him into the garden.

Nicodemus — I am blessed, since I may lay to rest the remains of Him who was sent from God.

[*They bear the Body to the grave.*

John — Let us follow.

Mary — It is the last service which I can do to my Jesus.

[*They all follow. The grave is seen in the background.*

All — Friend, rest softly in the still grave hewn out in the rock!

John — Now will we return home. Come, dearest Mother!

[*Exit with the* WOMEN.

Joseph — Let us close up the grave with this stone; help me.

Nicodemus — After the feast day we will finish the work of love.

Joseph — Come now, O friend, to lament His death.

Nicodemus — Oh how can this man, full of grace and truth, have deserved such a fate! [*Exeunt.*

ACT XVII.

The Resurrection.

Prologue.

All is now accomplished. Peace and joy! His strife hath brought us freedom; His death hath brought us life. O let the heart of the redeemed glow with thankfulness and love! The holy One rests in the tomb. Yet for shortest rest. For the Anointed One cannot see corruption; alive again, He will arise. Jonas, God's prophet, after three days came out of the fish's belly. Israel went victoriously through the waves of the sea, which swallowed up the enemy that followed. So will the Lord mightily burst the gates of death, shining out of darkness in glorious light, and arise, to the confusion of His enemies, in exceeding majesty.

Chorus —

Love! O Love! in Thy dear blood
Thou didst strive with God's own pow'r
All Thy mighty combat through.
Love! Thou gav'st Thyself Thy life
For us sinners willingly:
Ever 'fore our eyes shall float
Higher sense of all Thy love.
Softly now, O Sacred Frame,
Rest in stillness of the grave,
All Thy bitter passion o'er!
In earth's lap, oh, softly rest
Till Thy glory be revealed.
Never shall corruption's worm
Touch or mar Thy holy flesh.

First Tableau: Jonah *cast by the Whale upon Dry Land.*

As Jonah once within the fish
So in earth's bosom now doth rest
The Son of man — But with one breath
He breaks His bonds and the sealed tomb.

Victory! vict'ry! He will rise,
As Jonah from the fish's maw,
So also will the Son of man
Go forth to life from out the grave.

Second Tableau: The EGYPTIANS *drowned in the Red Sea.*

Great is the Lord! His goodness great
Accepted hath He now His own.
He led once through the waters' midst
His Israel on the firm, dry ground.

Triumph, for He who died will rise;
Death's darkness covers Him no more,
New living, He through His own might
Will Victor from the grave go forth.

SCENE I.

The WATCH *sitting or lying about the grave.*

Watch [*one after another*] — Brother, how goes it with thee? I shall soon find it too wearisome to guard a dead body. — This tedious office of watching the dead, which the priests have put upon us! — Have patience, it is the last night. — But it is truly laughable how this people still fear even the dead. — The Man out of Nazareth must have said that He would rise again on the third day. Hence their anxiety! — If He is really a higher Being, who will then hinder His resurrection? Certainly we cannot! — Who could withstand the will of God, if He willed to permit any one to return from the underworld? They fear that His disciples will take away the Body, and that then they can say that He is risen; to prevent this are we sent to watch. — Then they may be without anxiety. They are not thinking of it. That would give us a fine hare-hunt! We have been told how bravely they behaved in the olive garden. — The glow of morning is beginning already. [*Earthquake.*] What a fearful earthquake! Ye gods! Away from the rock! it totters, it falls in! [*An* ANGEL *rolls away the stone.* CHRIST *arises.*] Immortal gods, what do I see! I am blinded! [*They fall to the ground.*] The appearance is gone! — I saw at the grave a Figure like that of a man, but His face was dazzling as the lightning. Higher powers are at work here. — The grave is open! I see no corpse. He must be risen! He has fulfilled His word. We will hasten to the high priests, and relate the whole occurrence to them.

Scene II.

The Holy Women *at the grave.*

Magdalene [*hastening on before the others*] — How does my heart rejoice to show even this honor to the Beloved!

The other Women — Who shall roll us away the stone?

Magdalene [*comes from the grave*] — O sisters, what have I seen! They have taken away the Lord out of the sepulchre!

Women — O God!

Magdalene — I will go at once to Peter and John and bring them these sorrowful tidings. [*Exit.*

Women — Alas, the last consolation is thus taken from us! — Perchance Joseph hath laid Him in another grave. — If only the enemies have not stolen Him away. — Let us see ourselves. [*They go to the grave.*] I see not the Sacred Body. Oh, I am affrighted!

Angel [*appearing at the door of the sepulchre*] — Fear not! Ye seek Jesus of Nazareth, who was crucified. He is risen, and is no longer here. Go and tell His disciples and Peter that the Lord goeth before you into Galilee. There shall ye see Him as He said unto you. [*Exit.*

Women [*departing hastily in terror, then recollecting themselves*] — What a heavenly message! He is risen! Let us hasten and bring the tidings to all the disciples which the Angel hath brought to us. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

The Priests *and the* Watch.

Caiaphas — It cannot possibly have happened as the watch declared. [*He goes quickly to the grave.*] It is true! The stone is rolled away, the sepulchre is empty! [*To the* Watch.] How did this happen? Confess, or the most fearful punishment awaits you!

Watch — We can say nothing different from what we have already reported.

Pharisees — Ye lie!

Watch — But how could any one have entered, when the door was closed and we sat around the sepulchre?

Caiaphas — Ye are yourselves in the plot.

Annas — Why did ye not at once raise an alarm?

Watch — When a thunderbolt had stricken us to earth!

Rabbi — Whither was the Body taken away?

Watch — That we know not. He is risen as ye feared. We are going to Pilate, who shall decide, and in the whole city will we make known what we have seen.

Caiaphas [*whispers to the* PRIESTS] — We must keep them back. [*To the* WATCH.] Believe what ye will. Meanwhile, it is our duty to see that the event remain in obscurity. Your silence shall bring you a rich reward.

Watch — But the thing will become known, and for such a deception Pilate would punish us severely.

Annas — For that leave us to take thought.

Caiaphas [*gives money to the* WATCH] — We will answer for you to Pilate.

Watch [*taking the money*] — But if we are questioned?

Caiaphas — Then say ye only: His disciples came while we slept and stole Him away.

Watch — Then take back your money! For such words Pilate would the most severely punish us.

Caiaphas — I will answer for it to you in the name of the whole Council, that ye shall come off unpunished.

Pharisee — Be without anxiety and be silent.

Watch — We will be silent. [*Exeunt.*

Caiaphas [*to his followers*] — Now seize every opportunity to spread abroad among the people that the Body was taken away by His followers. The victory is ours, the Enemy is dead. His Body may lie where it will! In a few years will the name of the Nazarene be forgotten, or only named with scorn. His work is at an end. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

JOHN, PETER, MAGDALENE, *then* CHRIST *and an* ANGEL.

John — I will convince myself whether Mary saw rightly. [*He looks into the sepulchre.*] It is empty! But to enter it I dare not.

Peter — We must, however, search more closely [*coming out of the grave*]. Behold thyself, John, how orderly the napkins are folded together by themselves. All is arranged in the grave as when one who arises from sleep lays his night-garments in the appointed place.

John — O Simon, what thoughts do thy words awaken in

me! Is the Lord perchance arisen from death as from a gentle sleep?

Peter — If that were true! But I never took that prophecy to the letter.

John — I doubt no longer!

Peter — God grant it! We will now hasten to our brethren and bring them this consolation. Mary, comest thou not with us?

Magdalene — Let me weep here alone!

John — Do not linger too long, Mary! [*Exit with* PETER.

Magdalene — Now flow down, O tears!

Angel [*appearing at the sepulchre*] — Woman, why weepest thou?

Magdalene — Alas, they have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid Him.

Christ [*appearing amongst the trees*] — Woman, why weepest thou?

Magdalene — Sir, if thou have borne Him hence, tell me where thou hast laid Him.

Christ — Mary!

Magdalene — Oh, that is His voice! Rabboni!

Christ — Touch me not, for I am not yet ascended to my Father. But go to my brethren, and say unto them: I ascend unto my Father and your Father, and to my God and your God! [*He disappears.*

Magdalene — O my Master! He hath vanished. But I have seen Him — hath heard the beloved voice! Now depart hence, sorrow and sadness! I will hasten as upon wings to the brethren, and will announce to them the greeting of the risen One! Oh that I could proclaim it throughout all worlds, that mountains and floods, heaven and earth, might reëcho. Hallelujah, He is risen!

THE LAST SCENE.

PROLOGUE.

He is risen! Rejoice, ye Heavens! He is risen! Rejoice, ye mortals! The Lion of the tribe of Judah! He hath bruised the serpent's head. Faith stands firm! The fore-image and pledge of our future resurrection awakes joyful hope in our heart. Cry with the voice of rejoicing, Hallelujah! We saw Him enter into Jerusalem in humility, and, ah! for the deepest humiliation. Now let us behold, before we separate, the victorious solemnity of the Conqueror! Now He ascends to the highest glory, full of majesty, to the New

Jerusalem, where He will gather to Himself all whom He hath purchased with His blood. Strengthened and full of joy at this sight, return to your homes, O friends, filled with inmost love for Him who loved you even unto death, and still in heaven everlastingly loves you — there, where the eternal song of triumph resounds: Praise be to the Lamb which was slain! There, reunited around our Saviour, we shall all meet again! Hallelujah!

Chorus —

Hallelujah!
The Hero hath conquered
The might of the foe!
Few hours in the grave —
In the gloom hath He slept!
Sing to Him in holy Psalms!
Strew before Him Conqu'ror's palms!
The Lord He hath risen!

Rejoice, O ye Heavens!
Sing, Earth, to the Victor!
To Thee who hast risen
Hallelujah!

Last Tableau: CHRIST *in Glory; His Enemies under His Feet.*

Chorus —

Praise Him, Conqueror of Death,
Once condemned on Gabbatha!
Praise Him, amidst sinners Holy,
Who for us on Calvary died!

Bring your praises to the Highest,
To the Lamb who once was slain!
Hallelujah!
Who victorious from the grave
Goes in triumph up on high.
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

Let our harps in concert ring,
Joy through every spirit thrill!
To the Victor crowns now bring,
Who arose and lives for aye.
Bring your praises to the Highest, etc.

Praises sing, all Heavenly hosts!
Praise and glory to the Lord!
Worship, might, and power and praise
Be to Him for evermore!
Bring your praises to the Highest, etc.

SAPPHO.

By FRANZ GRILLPARZER.

[Franz Grillparzer, the chief of Austrian dramatists, was the child of a union which has produced hosts of eminent men, and by rights ought always to produce them, — a stern and high-principled father with a sensitive and beauty-loving mother, giving power and continuity to sensibility and artistic feeling. Macaulay, Victor Hugo, and Henry Ward Beecher will be readily recalled. Grillparzer's father was a lawyer in Vienna, where the boy was born January 15, 1791; his mother was a musical devotee who finally took her own life. A tutor for two years, from 1813 to 1856, he was in the public service, becoming director of the archives, and retiring on a pension in 1856. But his real life was in his writings. He was born for literature, was drawn to the drama by nature and the great popularity of the "fate tragedies" of the time, and was especially enamored of Calderon, whose influence is plain in his work, one of his pieces being imitated even to the title from "Life is a Dream." He wrote tragedies when a mere boy: but the first of any moment, "The Ancestress," was published in 1816; its theme is a family curse as in the Greek tragedies. It was very popular, and in 1819 he published "Sappho," still ranked as his masterpiece: it was an attempt to charge ancient classic form with modern romantic feeling and richness of detail. It raised him at once to the front rank of European poets, Byron predicting immortality for it from reading an Italian translation of it. Another classical work, the trilogy "The Golden Fleece," came out in 1822. He next turned to national history, and in 1825 published "King Ottocar's Fortune and End," of the times of Rudolf I., the founder of the House of Hapsburg; and in 1830 "A Faithful Servant of His Lord," which had the odd fate of incensing the Liberals as too servile to the court and being prohibited by the court as incendiary. In 1840 he produced no less than three, which were his swan songs: "Love Billows and Sea Billows," on the story of Hero and Leander — second if not first, in real merit, among his works; "The Dream, a Life," inverted from Calderon; and a comedy, "Woe to Him who Lies," which was damned, and he wrote no more for the stage, though he left several to be published posthumously. He wrote also much lyric verse; several stories, the chief being "The Minstrel"; and an autobiography, written in 1853, but telling the story of his life only to 1836. After ceasing to write for the stage he had been nearly forgotten, when a Vienna manager revived some of his works: they had magnificent success, and he was loaded with honors as the great Austrian national poet; a magnificent ovation was given him on his eightieth birthday. He died in Vienna, January 21, 1872.]

Cast of Characters.

Sappho.
Phaon.
Eucharis, } servants of Sappho.
Melitta, }
Rhamnes, a slave, Sappho's steward.
A Countryman; Maidens, Servants, Country People.

ACT I.

Scene I.

An extensive plain. The sea forms the background, now crimsoned by the dawn. The shore, level in part, rises upon the left into rocky precipices. Near these, upon the shore, stands a white marble altar to the goddess Aphrodite. Upon the right of the foreground is the entrance to a grotto, wreathed with ivy and other climbing plants; beyond which a marble colonnade, with steps, forms the entrance to Sappho's *dwelling. On the left, rose trees, thickly laden with roses, overhang a bank of green turf. Flutes and timbrels, and a confused sound of voices and jubilees, are heard in the distance.*

Rhamnes *comes from the palace of* Sappho.

Rhamnes —
Awake! from sleep awake! She comes! she comes!
O that my wishes winged were, and bore
My aged feet, my beating heart, to hers!
Up, idle maidens! why do you delay?
It suits you not — for youth is ever active!

Eucharis, Melitta, *and* Sappho's *other* Maidens *enter.*

Melitta —
Why scold you thus? here are we all assembled!
Rhamnes —
Behold! she comes!
Melitta — Ye gods! who comes?
Rhamnes — Sappho
Draws near.
[*Shouts from within*] —
Hail! Sappho, hail! queen of our hearts!
Rhamnes [*from within*] —
Brave people, it is well! Hail! Sappho, hail!
Melitta [*coming forward*] —
What means this joy?
Rhamnes — Now, by the gods, you ask!
Thus coolly asks the maiden! Sappho returns!
Bearing the crown from High Olympus! There
Has she gained the wreath of victory!
In sight of all assembled Greece, to her
Was given the glorious prize, the prize
Of poesy; therefore the people hasten,
And joyously they send upon their wings,

Their jubilee's broad wings, the name of her,
Whose glory is their honor.
This was the hand,
And these the lips, that first unlocked the sounds,
And taught her youth the language of the lyre!
Taught her the freedom of her muse to bind
In bonds of flowery sweetness!

The People [*from without*] — Hail! Sappho!

Rhamnes [*to Melitta*] —
How they rejoice! See you the crown?

Melitta — Sappho
Alone I see. Let us to meet her there!

Rhamnes —
Remain, remain! What signifies your joy?
Her ears have heard sweeter applause than thine.
Prepare the dwelling for her gracious use.
By serving only, honors her the slave!

Melitta [*after a pause*] —
Ah! at her side! behold!

Rhamnes — What dost thou see?

Melitta —
A shining form stands by her side! Ah, thus
They paint Apollo, god of the bow and lyre.

Rhamnes —
I see! but go not yet.

Melitta — Ah, why delay?

Rhamnes —
Your duty, know you not, lies in your home;
Within the house expands the truest joy.
To greet the loved one with loud jubilee
Belongs to us, while quietly the slave
Toils in her home.

Melitta [*impatiently*] — Now let us go.

Rhamnes — Not yet —
[*After a pause*] —
Now forth! now forth! [*Female attendants rush out.*
Now they may forth. Their joy,
Their childish joy, disturbs not now the love,
The general jubilee of love!

SAPPHO, *splendidly dressed, approaches upon an open car drawn by white horses. She holds the golden lyre in her hand, and wears upon her head the crown of victory.* PHAON, *in the simple dress of a shepherd, stands by her side. The* People *surround, and press upon her with loud cries of joy.*

The People [*shouting*] —
Hail! Sappho, hail!
Rhamnes [*mingling with the people*] —
Hail! Sappho, dearest, hail!
Sappho —
Thanks! friends; my countrymen, my thanks!
Now first
This crown is dear. The laurel wreath adorns
The citizen's, but presses hard the poet's
Temples. *Here* first 'tis *mine;* here is its home;
Here, where awoke the dreaming youth of song,
Where first the muse breathed on my lyre, and joy
Inspired, entranced, and filled my raptured soul —
Here, where the cypresses around, whisper
Their spirits' greeting to the child, from out
The parents' grave — here, where their early glance
Dwelt first with looks of love upon the strivings
Of the muse, and blest its faintest efforts.
My countrymen! my *deeds* have crowned your care,
And in your circle, in the midst of love,
This crown is earned! Here first the wreath
Of glory is no crime!
One of the People — Happy are we!
We call your glory ours! We feel and prize
From you each faithful, truthful word!
More than assembled Greece, we prize your fame!
Rhamnes [*the old steward presses through the crowd*] —
Sappho beloved! welcome, my queen! my Sappho!
Sappho [*descends from the car and welcomes with warmth all those who are near*] —
My faithful Rhamnes, welcome! Antander,
Thou also here, spite of thy age's weakness?
Calista, Rhodope! dearest, you weep!
The eye pays richly, like the heart. Your tears!
Behold! they draw forth mine! O be they spared!
One of the People —
Thrice welcome, Sappho, to thy ancient home!
Thrice welcome to the circle of thy friends!
Sappho —
Ah, not in vain you greet your citizens!
She brings you one who merits *all!* Phaon
May boldly stand among the most renowned.
Although his years are few, and yet adorned
With graceful youth he stands, his words and deeds
Have long been ranked with boldest manhood!

Your contests — should they need the hero's sword,
The lip of eloquence, the poet's fire,
The friend's wise counsel, the protector's arm —
Then call for him, and seek no further aid.

Phaon [*embarrassed*] —
Thou sportest, Sappho! a youth, obscure,
Unknown, unsought, can I deserve so rich
Reward? Who will believe thy praise?

Sappho — Whoe'er
Beholds thy blushes, Phaon, my praises
Will be truth to them!

Phaon — O'erwhelmed with shame,
I'm silent and amazed!

Sappho — Assure thyself —
Howe'er thy heart disowns, silence and worth
Are sister virtues ever.
[*To her* Countrymen] —
Hear me, my friends!
Phaon's rich gifts, with gentle winning power,
Were formed to charm my soul, and from the misty
Pinnacles of fame to draw my wishes down,
Down to the blooming vale of life! Phaon!
I love him! he is my choice! at his side,
Willingly I change the laurel for the
Myrtle crown, and lead with you a simple life —
A shepherd's life; asking the meed alone
Of still domestic joys, to wake my lyre,
That hitherto with love and glory rang.
From it, my friends, you now shall learn to love!
Alone, to love!

The People — The gods reward thee, Sappho!
Hail! Sappho, hail!

Sappho — It is enough, my friends!
Have Sappho's thanks! Follow my servants;
Refreshed with food and wine, the joyous dance
Shall fill the measure of our jubilee,
And celebrate the union of our friends.
[*To the* Country People, *who greet her as they go out*] —
Farewell! and thou! and thou! to all, farewell!
[Sappho *and* Phaon *alone.*
Behold my friends! thus lives thy Sappho; thus,
For deeds of love, for friendship, gratitude — thus
Ever has been the measure of my life.
I was at peace, and now am deeply blest.

Bereavement and ill fortune I have felt!
Early the tomb closed o'er my parents' dust.
My brethren's faithful heart, their adverse fate
And self-inflicted wounds, to Acheron
Impelled too early.
Too soon I learned
The burning pain ingratitude inflicts
Upon the trusting heart; the bitter wound
Of falsehood; friendship's and love's illusions;
The broken arrow — these have I known; but *one*,
My Phaon, could I not survive! Of thee —
Thy love and friendship robbed, Sappho must die;
Therefore, beloved, thyself examine;
Prove thy own heart. Thou canst not know the love,
The depth, the infinite of love, that fills
This heart. O leave me never! Let me not learn
This full and beating heart that leans on thine
Can find it empty.

Phaon — Exalted woman!

Sappho —

Not so! Whispers thy heart no softer name?

Phaon —

Of what I speak, or how, I scarcely know.
From out my lowly life a beam of light
Has raised, and on the dazzling summit placed,
Where my vain wishes fruitless led. This joy,
Almost unhoped, in rapture I am lost.
The woods, the shores, fly swiftly from me!
The mountain heights, the lowly cabins, vanish!
Scarcely I feel that the firm ground is here!
That I alone am borne on fortune's car.

Sappho —

Sweetly thou flatterest, love! yet thou flatterest!

Phaon —

And Sappho art thou! Apollo's darling!
That from the farthest strand of Pelops' Isle,
To where the full-lifed Hellas knits itself
With the rough Thracian hills; in every isle
That Chronos' hand flung in the Grecian sea;
In Asia's rich transparent skies; in every clime
Where Grecian lips the language singing speaks —
The language of the gods! there Sappho's fame
Rises in anthems to the listening stars!
Sappho! how fell thine eye upon a youth,
Lowly, obscure, unknown to fame? Himself

Revering the glory only of the lyre,
Because thy hand had touched it.

Sappho — Not so —
Apollo's lyre! The ill-stringed lyre!
Repeats it then alone its *mistress'* praise?

Phaon —
Ah, since that hour, this trembling hand essayed
Itself, to touch the consecrated strings,
Thy image, goddess-like, arose before me!
When in the quiet circle of my brethren,
(And in their midst the shepherd fathers sat;)
Théone, my good sister, from her store
Sought out a song of thine; the sacred roll
Containing Sappho's songs; hushed were the tongues
Of the loud youths; the maidens prest together,
No kernel of the golden words to lose.
She read the songs of godlike youths aloud;
Of Aphrodite, the love-inspired! the dirge
Of lonely, wakeful nights; of Andromeda's,
And of Athe's sports. Suspended every breath,
And the high bosom swelled with joy, and all
Disturbing sounds were in deep silence hushed.
Then laid the silent Théone the roll
Aside; musing she sat, resting her head
And looking pale, in the uncertain darkness
Of our hut. "How may the *goddess* look," she said;
"Methinks, I see her now! By all the gods!
Among a thousand, I should know her well!"
Then were all tongues unloosed, and each upon
Imagination drawing, gave thee new charms!
Minerva's eye, and Juno's form, and Venus'
Charmed girdle!
I only, I stood silent
And went out. There, in the sacred stillness
Of solitary night, where nature's pulses
Through their enchanted circles slumbered,
I spread my arms to thee! There in the midst
Of the blue vault, the zephyr's breath, the moon's
Pale silver light, the mountain perfumes, blent
In one pervading sense of rapture, then,
Sappho, wert thou mine; I felt thee near me;
Thy image floated in the perfumed air —

Sappho —
Forbear! with thine own riches thou array'st me!
Never! alas! resume the borrowed charms!

Phaon —

Sent by my sire to high Olympus' games,
The chariot and the race's contest,
On the whole way 'twas borne along that thou —
That Sappho's lyre the poet's crown would win.
Impatient longings seized upon my heart;
The way half won, my courser sank o'erspent.
Still I prest on —
The chariot's flying course,
The wrestler's art, the discus' joyful shout
Touched not my thirsting sense. I asked not
Who had reached the highest place? the prize,
By whom 'twas won? "I shall see her," I said,
"Sappho! the woman crowned!" Now came the day,
The contests of the muse! Alcæus sang
In vain for me — Anacreon also!
The band that held my senses closed, for them
To unbind 'twas vain.
Then came the murmurs of the people loud,
Listen! The multitude divide. Behold,
Amid the waving crowds, appeared a goddess,
Bearing a golden lyre upon her hand.
Her tunic of pure white, flowing below,
Concealed her ankles. Of palm and laurel wrought,
The embroidered leaves were twined, showing
The poet's meed and his reward. Unbound,
The purple mantle floated the lovely form
Around, like the resplendent clouds of morn,
Veiling the sun.
Above her hair, dark as the raven's wing,
Rested the diadem, like the pale moon
Upon the brow of night, a silver crest.
A voice spake in my throbbing heart, "'Tis thou!"
Before I gave it sound, the jubilee
Deep, thousand-voiced, the people's jubilee,
Proclaimed thy name!
Sappho! How thou sang'st,
Surpassing all beside, and Sappho's lyre,
The hand that held it consecrating! alas!
I cannot tell. The timid unknown youth,
Struck by thy glance, rushed through the multitudes,
And at thy side stood shame-o'erwhelmed.
Sappho!
How much was real, how much I only dreamed,
Thou! only thou, canst tell.

Sappho — Ah, well I know!
Thou stood'st, the whole of life burning within
Thy eyes, that, scarcely raised, revealed beneath
The enkindled flame. *Thee* I called; and
Thou, o'erwhelmed with joy and timid doubt,
Followed, uncertain, trusting in thy fate.

Phaon —
Ah! who would trust, who could believe that Hellas'
Noblest muse, on Hellas' lowliest son would look?

Sappho —
Forbear! To fate and to thyself unjust,
Despise not thou the gifts th' impartial gods
At every birth shower on the child —
On cheek and brow, filling the soul with joy.
Beauty's a precious gift; courage and power
Are gifts divine, securing this life's good;
The sister fair of poesy, imagination,
Thus adorns of life the roughest paths, its
Highest aim is to live happy here! Ah,
Not in vain the Muse herself has sought
The bare, unfruitful laurel; perfumeless,
It presses on the brow; the heart repaying
But in vain, the sacrifice it asks from her,
Who, standing on the heights of fame, spreads out
Her arms, to ask from life its overflow of love.

Phaon —
Lovely enchantress! Whate'er thou say'st bears
From thy lips the pledge of truth.

Sappho — My friend!
Let us both crowns about our brows entwine.
From art's intoxicating cup but sparely sip,
And drink from life the sweetest draught of love.
Behold these shores, environed half with land,
And half embraced by ocean's stormy arms;
A simple charm reigns o'er the place. Within
These shades of roses, and these pillared halls,
Beneath these grottoes — here will we dwell,
And, like the immortals, live. Whate'er is mine
Is also thine! The highest joy, that thou
Wilt first possess the good. Look upon all —
'Tis thine! Thou standest in thy own estate!
My servants will regard thee as their Lord,
Their service will they learn from me. Maidens
And slaves! come near!

EUCHARIS, MELITTA, *and* RHAMNES *enter, with other* Servants *and* Slaves.

Rhamnes —
Called you, my mistress?
Sappho —
Yes, draw near. Here you behold your master.
Rhamnes [*much wounded, and half aloud*] — Master!
Sappho [*with imperious gesture and feeling, then more gently*] —
Who spoke? What wouldst thou say, my friend?
Rhamnes [*retreating*] — Nothing!
Sappho —
Say nothing then! you see your lord!
Whatever his desires may be, obedience
Demand, not less than mine. Alas for him
Whose disobedience on this brow traces
A cloud! Faults to myself I may forgive,
Never offense to him.
[*To* PHAON] —
Trust thyself to them,
Phaon; heavy upon thee lies the weight
Of this day's journey; of hospitality
Enjoy the sacred right, Sappho's first gift.
Phaon —
O, could I from me throw my lowly life,
As I my soiled dress exchange for new!
Freedom of thought with recollection win,
And be what I desire. Farewell!
Sappho —
I wait thee here.
Farewell! Remain, Melitta! [PHAON *goes out.*

SAPPHO. MELITTA.

Sappho [*after remaining silent a long time*] — Now, my Melitta!
Melitta —
What, O my mistress! what is your wish?
Sappho —
Rushes the blood alone in my warm breast,
And ice in every other frozen heart?
She saw him, heard his voice; the air that fanned
His brow was breathed by her — and the first sound
She utters is, "Your pleasure, mistress." Go!
Almost could I despise thee, my Melitta!

[MELITTA *goes out silently.* SAPPHO *throws herself upon the green bank, after a while calling* MELITTA *back.*

Know'st thou thy friend so little, my Melitta?
Couldst thou of gratulation nothing say?

You saw him! heard him! Saw you then nothing
Worthy of remark? Maiden! where were thy eyes?
Melitta —
Thou knowest full well what thou hast said, that in
The stranger's presence the maiden should be modest;
Her glances should restrain.
Sappho [*kissing her*] — And thou,
Poor, lonely child, cast down thy eyes. For thee
The lesson was not meant, but for thy elders.
[*Looks penetratingly at her*] —
Yet stay — once more — since I have left thy side,
How hast thou altered!
No longer as a child,
But as a maiden fair, I see thee. Ah!
Dear child, thou art right. The lesson reaches thee!
[*Rises to go, but turns to* MELITTA] —
Wherefore so silent and so timid now?
Thou wert not so before. Why dost thou tremble?
Sappho, the friend, not now the mistress, speaks;
The pride, the scorn, the sense of power,
And all that in thy friend was wrong, is past;
Not with her have returned her faults; sunk,
As she passed the bosom of the flood, below
Its stormy surface. The breath of love, that,
Like the golden beam of evening, turns
The thunder-cloud to gold, within my heart,
Has all it touched, ennobled. O, pardon
The rash reproof, the bitter word, that killed
Like the sword's point. Like sisters will we live,
Divided only by my love to Phaon —
In all things else, alike. I will be good —
Pious and good.
Melitta — *That* wert thou always.
Sappho —
What they *call* good — alas! not bad! but ah!
Too ill and poor my life, for such a high
Reward! Believest thou, Melitta, he will
Be happy?
Melitta — Who then's not happy with thy love?
Sappho —
What can I offer from my dearth? Phaon!
There in the fullness of his youth he stands,
With all life's fairest blossoms on his head.
Expands he but his wings, and like the bird
Of Jove, he's lifted to the sun. All

That is beautiful, and great, and high, is his.
The world's subdued by power.
And I!
O give me back, ye gods! my vanished youth!
Extinguish in this breast the stamp of years,
And all of sorrow's deeply woven trace.
The memory of all I've done and felt,
And suffered here — O, let it be as though
It ne'er had been! Let time return to that
Sweet age, the round and blooming cheek of youth,
When, undefined, the sense of a new world
Opened around me. Anticipation then,
And not the memory of pain, played
Tremblingly within the lyre, and moved
Its golden strings. Ah, then an unknown land,
Enchanting, strange, the magic land of hope,
Allured my steps, and in my numbers sang.

[*She reclines on the bosom of* MELITTA, *and is silent.*

Melitta [*alarmed*] —
Sappho, thou art ill! Thou faintest, Sappho!
Sappho —
I stand upon the margin of a cliff,
Wide gaping between him and me, and see
The land beyond, waving with golden grain!
My eyes can reach it — my weary footsteps,
Never!
Alas for her, whom glory's empty
Shadow from the low circle of her home
Allures. Her fragile bark is shipped alone
Upon a wild and stormy sea of waves.
There spreads no tree; no leaf nor flower there blooms
Upon the gray, immeasured space. The coast
Looms cheerful on her sight. The voice she loves
In faintest echoes meets her ear! wearied
She turns and seeks her home. Traces of love
So lightly left are lost. Spring is no more!
And ah! no flower is there!
[*She looks with melancholy at her crown*]. The dry
And faded leaf alone!
Melitta — The lovely crown!
The glorious wreath! sought by the God-inspired!
And by so many lost!
Sappho — Lost? 'Tis true!
Melitta, thou speak'st truth; by thousands sought,
And won by few. Ah, let not her who craves

Reproach its power. It is no empty
Sound. Its touch imparts the power of gods!
I'm not so poor in gifts. His wealth, with wealth
Of mind, to meet the gifts of beauty and
Of youth, I'll hold in this fair wreath. Herein
Shall blend the future and the past.
You gaze,
Melitta, and understand me not. Seek not
To learn, nor understand!

Melitta — Art thou then vexed?

Sappho —

Not with thee! with thee not, dearest child! Go,
And say, I'll meet them here.

ACT II.

Scene I.

A small open plain near the grotto, surrounded with rose trees. Phaon *comes in alone.*

Phaon —

Here, quiet dwells. The guest's wild joy is still;
The cymbals' noise, the flutes so wildly gay,
The sound of unchecked mirth, reaches not here.
These trees so softly whispering to the heart,
Invite its fevered pulses to repose.
How has my being changed! the tenor
Of my life how altered, since that fair morn
I left my parents' home, borne swiftly on
By winged courser to Olympian heights!
In cheerful thoughts, e'en then, could I unfold
The tangled thread of sensitive desire,
And clear as light it lay before me. Now,
Like a sultry summer's night, emotions,
Sweet and painful, mingling in misty doubt,
Lie like a cloud upon me. A heavy veil
Covers the past. The thoughts of yesterday
I scarcely can recall — the present
From the past divide. "Were it myself," I ask,
"That by her side, at fair Olympus stood,
Shared in her triumph? as an equal shared?
My name in chorus did the people shout?
Mingling with hers." Ah, was it thus? Scarcely
Can I believe. Ah, what a wretch is man,

That which, as hope inspired, fulfilled, lulls him
To sleep.
When fancy's slight-sketched image
Painted her form upon the floating mist,
Incited by a passing word, a glance
Of love, how easy had it been of life
The precious gift to cast away! And now —
Now, she is mine, and only mine! Now that
My wishes like the winter chrysalis
Expand, and all the golden butterflies
About me play, I question, pause, and tremble
To advance! Ah, I forget myself, my home,
My parents — all! my parents? must I now first
Remember you? alas! could I so long
Forget? No word, no sign — perhaps my death
You weep! perhaps the hundred tongues of fame
Already tell that he, your son, Phaon,
To you so dear — him to Olympus sent,
The prize to win. In Sappho's arms —
To scorn her,
Who shall dare? The ornament of women!
Who dare at her the poisoned arrow aim?
For her, against the world I'll stand. For her,
My father's anger I can brave. Saw he
Her now — the ancient pious disesteem
He felt at female poets, he'd lay aside.
Even him her lute would charm —
[PHAON *remains sunk in thought, and hears approaching footsteps*] — Who comes? The noise
Draws near! How retreat? where hide?
Ah, here!
[*He goes into the grotto.*

SCENE II.

EUCHARIS, MELITTA, *and* Female Slaves, *with flowers and wreaths.*

Eucharis —
Haste, maidens, haste! Gather more flowers!
Bring heaps of flowers. Adorn the porticoes,
The hall, the court, the vestibule and doors!
E'en the parterre wreathe high with flowers.
To leaf and bud add the imperial rose,
To celebrate the feast of love, Sappho
Prepares for Phaon!

Maidens [*displaying their flowers*] —
Behold! behold!
[*They begin to hang the pillars of the porticoes, and the trees around, with wreaths of roses and chains of flowers.*
Eucharis —
Ah, well! right well! And thou, Melitta!
Where, maiden, thy flowers!
Melitta [*showing her empty hands*] — Ah, where?
Eucharis —
Melitta! thine! thou comest with empty hands.
Melitta —
Spare me! I'll fetch them.
Eucharis — She moves not — dreamer!
And yet will bring them! Thou little muser,
What has come o'er thee? At the feast, to-day,
Sappho, so often smiling, looked at thee,
And then cast down her eyes. Blushing, confused,
You trembled, and forgot the fair routine.
And when the wine cup to present she called,
And ere it touched the stranger's lip, to thine
Was pressed; then cried she out, "The eyes cast down."
Melitta trembled, and half the contents
Of the wreathed cup were on the marble poured,
Then, even Sappho smiled. The cause, ah, tell us.
Lies will not help.
Melitta — Spare me!
Eucharis — A little tear
Comes there to help. Poor thing! I'll say no more.
Yet do not weep. I cannot chide, so often
Are you good, Melitta! Your flowers are those!
Come, I'll bring more. Stay here, and help to weave
The roses and their buds. But listen, child! weep not!
[Eucharis *and the* Maidens *go out.*

Scene III.

Melitta *alone. She sits upon the turf seat, and begins to form a wreath. After a few moments, she lays it by her side, and leans sorrowfully on her hand.*

Melitta —
I can no more! Alas, my head will burst!
Wildly my heart struggles within my breast.
Here must I sit, deserted and alone
In a strange land, far from my parents' hearth.

These hands, in vain, bound with the slave-wove chain,
I open to my own; implore in vain!
Ah! no one listens, no one heeds my tears!
Children and friends I see prest heart to heart;
For me none beats. The loved? they dwell far off!
Children I see, climbing the father's knee,
The pious brow and sacred locks to kiss.
Mine dwells far from me, o'er the desert sea!
Where no caress from his loved child can greet
Him more. They use me well, and fail not
Gentle words — alas, not love — pity alone
Vouchsafes the slave kind words. The flatt'ring lips
Too soon are filled with scorn and bitter jests.

[*She kneels.*

Ye gods! who oft have heard, when piously
I've turned beseechingly to you, and with
Rich hand have crowned my wishes. Listen
Once more, and turn a gracious ear! conduct
Me to my own! Let this hot brow, stricken
With grief, rest once again upon the tender
Breast of love. Ah! lead me to my own, or
Take me — take me to yourselves!

Scene IV.

Phaon, *who, while* Melitta *was thus complaining, stood at the entrance of the grotto, comes forward and lays his hand gently upon her shoulder.*

Phaon —

So young, and yet so sad? Maiden, so sad!

Melitta [*much frightened, draws herself together*] — Ah!

Phaon —

For a friend's breast, I heard thee ask the gods.
A friend is here! Sorrow unites as well as love;
The wide world o'er are brethren those that mourn.
I also weep my parents. Homesickness
Of the heart impels me to them. Our griefs
Let us confide, that each may be a balsam
For the other. Thou art silent. Wherefore?
Why art thou trustless? Look at me, my child!
Not ill are my intentions.

[*He raises her head upon his hand.*

Ah! I see —
Thou art indeed the little Hebe, the floor,

The polished floor, refreshing, not the guest.
But why so timid? the accident,
So innocent, the guest had charmed — the mistress also.

[*At the last word,* MELITTA *blushes deeply, raises her eyes and looks at* PHAON, *and then rises to go.*

Offend thee would I not, my lovely child!
Thy gentle eye, so earnest and so sad,
I marked it at the feast. (Do not mistake.)
Throughout the noisy joy, it, virgin pure,
Shone with a quiet, patient, tender light.
Who art thou? and what keeps thee here? serving
I saw thee. The domestic slaves
Called thee companion!

Melitta [*turns away and would go*] — That I am — I am —

Phaon [*holding her back*] —
Not yet!

Melitta —What wouldst thou of the slave, my lord?
Let a slave seek her!

[*Tears stifling her voice*] — And ye gods! *me* to yourselves!

Phaon [*caressingly*] —
Compose thyself! thou tremblest! thou art moved!
The slavish chain binds but the hands! the soul
Of servant and of lord are free and equal.
Be calm! Sappho is good and mild. A word
From me, and without ransom, thou art free!
Restored to friends and home — thy father's joy!
[*Melitta sorrowfully shakes her head.*
Believe me, it is certain. But how soon
Has that deep longing vanished — that homesickness
For thy fatherland, that seized thee first!

Melitta —
Where is my fatherland? Ah, tell me that!

Phaon —
Knowest thou not?

Melitta — In tender childhood's days,
From its protecting shelter was I torn —
Within my memory dwells its flowers, its fields,
But not its name. Beneath the sun it lay;
For there 'twas always light, and warm, and fair.

Phaon —
And lies it far from hence?

Melitta — Far, very far!
Foliage of other trees o'ershadowed me,
And different flowers perfumed the air;

In the blue vault shone lovelier stars; good,
Friendly men there dwelt, and fairer children.
Ah! and a good old man, with silver locks,
Caressed me. I called him father. Another —
O, so beautiful and bold — with eyes and hair
So brown — indeed — like thine —
Phaon — Thou'rt silent — He?
Melitta —
He also —
Phaon [*seizing her hand*] — Caressed thee? is it not so?
Melitta [*softly*] —
I was a child!
Phaon — I know it well — a sweet,
Unconscious, lovely child. Now further on?
Melitta —
Thus all went fair and well with me. One night
A loud shriek pierced my ear. Frightened, I woke!
On every side, they called. Alone, my nurse,
My faithful nurse, bore me alone far out
In the wild night. The flames I saw devour
Our cabins; saw wild fighting men; around,
Our neighbors fleeing and falling! Now drew near
A tyrant, and stretched out his hand for me.
Amid wild shrieks, sorrow, and battle cries,
I found myself upon a vessel's deck,
That, arrow-swift, through the dark water glided.
Maidens and children round about me wept —
As we receded from our native land,
By one and one, the number always lessening.
Days and nights, even whole moons, we sailed;
At last I was alone. Of all, remained
I only, by the wild men stolen. We neared,
At length, the strand of Lesbos — touched the land,
And Sappho saw the child — she proffered gold.
Melitta is her slave.
Phaon — In Sappho's hands
Is then thy lot so heavy?
Melitta — No. Friendly
And kind she took me to her heart. My eyes
Forgot to weep, my little heart to sigh.
Sappho with love sheltered and cared for me.
For she is good, though often rash and bitter.
Sappho is violent, though kind and good.
Phaon —
And yet thy home thou canst not yet forget.

Melitta —
Ah, all too soon the memory goes. The dance,
The childish play, and household cares efface
The early image of my childhood's home.
When grief and sorrow press, comes the sharp pain,
And memory, with trembling hand, withdraws
The shadowy veil from the long past. And thus
To-day my heart was heavy, and every
Lightly spoken word pierced like an arrow.
But now, I'm well and happy.
[*The maidens call* "MELITTA."
Phaon — Hark! they call!
Melitta —
I go — they call. [*Gathers up her flowers and wreath.*
Phaon [*taking the flowers*] —
What hast thou here?
Melitta — Roses.
Phaon —
For whom are they?
Melitta — For thee! for thee and Sappho.
Phaon —
Remain!
Melitta — They call! farewell!
Phaon — Thus shalt thou not —
In sorrow thus depart. Show me thy flowers.
[*Selects a rose and places it in her bosom*] —
This rose shall be the witness of this hour.
Remember, not alone in thy own home,
But in the stranger's land, are friends!
[MELITTA, *agitated by his emotion, stands with her arms hanging motionless, her head sunk, and eyes fixed on* PHAON, *who has removed some steps, and is looking intently at her. They call from within,* "MELITTA."
Melitta [*to* PHAON] —
Me didst thou call?
Phaon — I called not. 'Twas within.
Melitta [*gathering up her flowers*] —
I come.
Phaon — So avaricious art thou, then?
Deserve I not a gift, *one*, in return?
Melitta —
A gift! what then have I to give?
Phaon — The vain,
The proud give gold. Friendship and love bestow
Their all. A flower — *here* thou hast flowers.

Melitta [*throwing him her flowers*] —
How, *these?* that every wild girl plucks! for thee!
No, never!
Phaon — What else?
Melitta — So plundered are the stems,
There is no trace of flowers.
[*She tries to reach the high branches*] —
There hangs, indeed,
A rose on that high twig — but all too high —
I cannot reach it.
Phaon — I'll raise thee to it.
Melitta —
Ah, not so.
Phaon — Why not? I'll not resign my will!
Melitta [*steps upon the bank to reach the rose, hanging too high*] —
Now come — the twig I'll bend to thee.
Phaon — That's right.
Melitta [*standing on tiptoe, bends down the twig, upon which hangs a splendid rose*] —
Canst reach it?
Phaon [*without regarding the rose, looks at* MELITTA] —
Not yet.
Melitta — Alas! I slip — I fall —
[*The branch springs upward, and* MELITTA, *frightened, sinks into* PHAON'S *arms.*
Phaon —
No; I'll support thee!
Melitta — Ah, leave me! go!
Phaon [*holding her*] —
Melitta!
Melitta — Ah, leave me! go!
Phaon [*pressing a kiss upon her lips*] —
Melitta!

SAPPHO, *simply dressed, and without crown or lyre, enters.*

Sappho —
My friend, I seek thee! Ha! what do I see?
Melitta —
Listen! the mistress!
Phaon — How, Sappho! Thou art here!
[*He releases* MELITTA *from his arms; a silence.*
Sappho —
Melitta!
Melitta — Madam!
Sappho — What seek'st thou here?

Melitta —
Flowers!
Sappho — And not without good fortune —
Melitta —
Ah! the roses!
Sappho — They blush upon thy lips!
Melitta —
They hang too high —
Sappho — Perhaps not high enough!
Go!
Melitta — Madam! shall I — go?
Sappho — Go! *only* go!
[MELITTA *goes.*
[*After a long pause*] —
Phaon!
Phaon — Sappho!
Sappho — Phaon! you went too soon.
Your absence marred our festival of joy.
Phaon —
The wine-cup love I not — nor yet loud joy.
Sappho —
Not loud — that were indeed reproach!
Phaon — How so?
Sappho —
If it displeased thee thus — the festival
Of my return — I've erred indeed!
Phaon — Thus
Sappho to wound, was far from my intent.
Sappho —
In its wild joy the heart demands the sound
Of jubilee; while blest within itself
It dwells, all undisturbed, and seeks alone
The solitude of joy.
Phaon — Just so!
Sappho — To our
Good friends, my gratitude for all their love
Was due. Wine, as thou know'st, imparts to them
Its joy. No feast in future shall disturb
Our peace: I love them less than thou!
Phaon — Sappho!
I thank thee! [*He appears as though going.*
Sappho — Thou wouldst go?
Phaon — That I remain,
Wouldst thou?
Sappho — To go or to remain, thou'rt free!

Phaon —
Sappho! thou'rt angry.
Sappho [*much moved*] — Phaon!
Phaon — Sappho!
Wouldst thou — ?
Sappho — Nothing! yet something — I would say.
[*She appears calm.*
I saw thee, with Melitta — sporting.
Phaon —
Melitta! who? Ah, yes! go on! Melitta —
Sappho —
She is a lovely child.
Phaon — O yes! go on!
Sappho —
The dearest, might I call her, of my slaves.
Yes, of my children — for as a child
I love her. That yet the chain of slavery
Is unloosed, her orphanhood forbids. Nature
Denies to her the love of home and kindred;
Not yet her feeble youth can stand alone,
Unsheltered by maternal love and care.
In Mytilene's best ranks (this is my charge)
My maidens dwell, and all their happiness
Ascribe to Sappho's care.
Phaon [*musing*] — Most beautiful!
Sappho —
Of all the maidens a capricious fate
Has led to Sappho, none are more cherished
Than my Melitta, the little maiden
With the quiet mien. With moderate gifts
And uninspired for highest art, she yet
Is dearer than the rest. Most innocent
And unassuming, her deep and heart-felt love,
That, wounded, like the garden chrysalis,
Draws back, and trembles at the slightest touch;
Yet, where it fastens, dies!
Phaon — Beautiful! go on!
Most beautiful!
Sappho — I would not, — pardon,
My friend, — I would not that a passing joke,
An unreflective word, wishes or hopes
In this pure breast awake, that, unfulfilled,
Martyr the soul. This gentle heart I'd spare
That longing which consumes its life — and that
Rejected love that like the worm preys — my friend!

Phaon —
What saidst thou, Sappho?
Sappho — You do not listen.
Phaon —
Yes — I hear — the love that torments —
Sappho — It does
Indeed — but now you are not well — again
The subject we'll resume.
Phaon — Ah, yes — another time.
Sappho —
For this, farewell! This was the hour in Sappho's
Early days, sacred to meditation; now
I do not hope to find the muse in that
Still grotto. But yet, the hour is calm, and
Quiet soothes the soul. Meantime, farewell!
Phaon —
Thou also — wouldst thou leave me?
Sappho — Wouldst thou
I stay?
Phaon — Farewell!
[SAPPHO *turns quickly from him, and goes into the grotto.*
[PHAON, *after a long pause, and looking immovably on the ground*] —
And art thou really —
[*Looking around*] —
Indeed! she's gone. I am confused — my head
Is hot and heavy. Ah, here she sat —
[*He throws himself on the bank*] —
That lovely, blooming child! here will I rest,
Here shall my weary heart find peace.
[*He reclines with his head on the turf bank.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Same as the former. PHAON *lies slumbering upon the turf.* SAPPHO *enters from the grotto.*

Sappho —
It is in vain! my thoughts rove far from home,
But come, unlike the bee, all empty back.
Whate'er I do, whate'er I only think,
Ever before me dwells that hateful scene.
Ah, should I flee beyond the limits of this earth,
Where on my eye more lovely colors rise,

Still is it there! his arms around her thrown,
His lips upon hers prest! · I will not think!
Am I not frantic, mad? thus to torment
My soul, and to bewail what may not be!
Who knows? some fleeting mood, passing emotions,
Some evanescent wish, that fled as soon
As formed, lured him an instant to her arms.
Alas! the measure of his love cannot
Be found in this unfathomed breast! In man's
Unstable mind, changing with change, subjected
To its laws!
With joyful step, he enters free
The open path of life, all flooded with
The morning glow of hope. With shield and sword,
Courage and faith, prepared to strive and win
Of bright success the crown. For his wild wish
And restless hope, the quiet inner life
Of love is all too narrow. Love, indeed,
An humble flower, blooms at his feet. He bends
To pluck the lovely thing — places all cold
And bears aloft the trophy in his helm.
He never knows the deep and sacred flame
That dwells in woman's breast. Her all of life —
Her wishes and her hopes center and dwell
There only, like the young bird fluttering
Around the mother's nest — its cradle and
Its grave! Her whole of life, a diamond rare
She hangs upon the fate of her all newly
Risen love!
He loves! in his wide breast is room
Enough for many loves. What women deem
A grievous fault, with levity he acts;
And if he meet a kiss from other lips,
Deems it his right to take. Ah, it is so!
Alas —
[*She turns and perceives* PHAON *sleeping*]—
But see! there in the rose tree's shade,
He sleeps — the too dear traitor — there he sleeps,
And rest and quiet, soothing cheerfulness,
Have settled tenderly upon his brow.
Thus breathes in gentle slumber — innocence;
Thus rises gently the unsullied breast.
Dearest! thy slumber I'll believe, whate'er
Thy waking moments may disclose. Pardon,
Beloved! if the first moment of surprise

Thy honor wounded; if I could suspect
Falsehood its foul admission e'er could find
In that pure temple. He smiles, his lips are
Parted — a name seems hovering there. Awake!
And call thy Sappho, who stands near!

[*She presses a kiss upon his brow.*

Phaon [*awakes, opens his arms, and, with eyes half closed, calls out*] — Melitta!

Sappho [*steps back, surprised and shocked*] —
Ha!

Phaon — Ah, who has waked me? who, envious,
Has scared away the image of my dream?
Sappho! thou here? I knew it well — thy form,
The prototype, stood at my side; and thus
The dreaming image was so beautiful!
Thou art distressed! what has disturbed thee? say.
Ah, I am free and joyous. The burthen
That o'erweighed this anxious breast is gone;
Most wondrously it sank away; I breathe
Again, free and unfettered. The cheerful,
Golden sunlight, the caressing air, the sound
Of happy voices, that only fluttered
O'er my senses, are now most welcome.
I feel inspired with joy — most happy — blest —
And only wish more senses — to enjoy —

Sappho [*lost in thought, speaks low to herself*] —
Melitta!

Phaon — Dearest! be happy! cheerful
And happy. 'Tis here so beautiful! ah,
So heavenly fair! With weary pinion
Sinks the summer eve, so tenderly, so soft,
Upon the quiet sea. The sea, love-thirsting,
Gently swells to meet the bridal of the
God of day. A low breath whispers tremblingly
Within the slender pine, that bends caressing
To the virgin rose, soft greeting her with love.
Sappho! we love!

Sappho — This injured breast again
He'd fill! Too deeply I have read his heart!

Phaon —
The feverish joy, that many weary days
Consumed my life, has fled — I now am calm;
Believe me, Sappho! so truly good as now
I've rarely been. Let us be gay — cheerful
And calmly gay. But say, of dreams what think'st thou?

Sappho —
Dreams lie! and liars are my hatred.
Phaon —
Listen! I had e'en now, as here I slept,
A dream both wonderful and strange. I was
Exactly as before on high Olympus;
I saw thee in the contest, as before,
Secure the highest prize. In the loud cry,
The noise and rush of chariots and men,
A silver sound was heard, and all was hushed.
Thou sang of love's pure joys, and I — I
To my inmost heart was moved. I fell
Before thee! and thou, thou canst remember!
Again; a change came o'er my dream. Thee
I perceived no longer — yet there — there stood
The lovely form. Around the shoulders flowed
The purple robe; the lyre was in her hand;
The face alone was changed, as 'twere a mist,
Like that that floats upon the mountain top.
The laurel crown had vanished — vanished
With that deep sadness on thy brow. The lips,
So tuneful with the songs of gods, now smiled
A lovely, joy-inspiring smile. Thy face,
Stolen from Minerva, changed of itself —
A child's was there — in short, it was thyself,
And not thyself — Sappho sometimes, and then —
Again —
Sappho [*almost shrieking*] — Melitta!
Phaon [*much alarmed*] —
Who told thee that — that
It was her! myself — I scarcely knew it!
But thou art moved — and I —
[Sappho *motions with her hand for him to leave her.*
How! shall I go?
[Sappho *again signs him to leave her.*
Thou wilt not hear me, Sappho! Shall I go?
[Sappho *makes no answer. He goes.*

Scene II.

Sappho [*alone, after a long pause*] —
The quiver sounded!
[*Pressing both hands on her breast*] — Here is the arrow!
Who can doubt longer? Oh! 'tis clear, 'tis clear.
She dwells within his oath-forgetting heart;

She hovers o'er his shame-forgetting brow.
In sleep his dreams put on her form. He dreams
The false one near — and Sappho for her slave
Is scorned. Sappho! by Heaven! for whom?
Am I no longer Sappho? no longer her
Who at her feet saw kneeling heroes, kings —
And playing with her proffered crowns, proudly
She looked at them, and heard, and left them all
Am I the same that, with loud jubilee,
Was greeted as its jewel, by assembled Greece?
Why did I rush from that high place, gained
By the laurel, down to the narrow vale,
Where poverty and crime and treachery dwell?
My place was there on high — there on the clouds;
Here is no place for me! none but the grave!
When gods descend to earth, they mingle not
With men. The immortal and the human
In the same cup never unite. One, one
Only must thou choose; and hast thou chosen?
There's no return for thee! The golden fruit
Of fame, once tasted, like the fatal seed
Of death, from life forever draws thee —
From the quiet shades where humble pleasures
Dwell. No, never more may life, however dear,
Allure thee there, with flattering sounds of joy.
Friendship nor love no more can bless! forbear!
Unfortunate, forbear! Roses, wouldst thou pluck?
The thorn, e'en now, is in thy breast!
I'll see,
I'll look upon these charms, victorious
O'er Sappho's wealth of mind. Do I then dream?
For when I ask, a timid child, unformed,
With downcast eyes seeking the ground; with lips,
Whose only sounds are childish lispings! Thus
She comes before me; the love of play, the
Fear alone of anger, moving her soul.
How! did my eyes alone o'erlook the charms
That move his inmost being? Melitta!
Yes, her I will see. Melitta, come!

Scene III.

Enter Eucharis.

Eucharis —
Did Sappho call?

Sappho — I called Melitta;
The child, where is she?
Eucharis — Where? Within her room.
Sappho —
She seeks then solitude! What does she there?
Eucharis —
I know not. Strange is her being, wayward
And strange through the whole day. This morning
Was she quiet, but still in tears. This eve,
Laden with napkins, to the limpid brook,
That through the myrtle grove impetuous
Rushes, she hastened on. Anxious to learn
What there she sought, I followed after.
I found her there.
Sappho — With him?
Eucharis [*much surprised*] — With whom?
Sappho — Go on!
Eucharis —
In the clear brook I found her standing, bent,
Her tunic high tucked up (she feared no spy),
With little hands the water lading, and
Showering both arms and face. The sunbeams
Through the myrtle leaves, the glow of haste,
Had shed a lovely rose tint o'er her form.
A nymph of Dian, as she stood — ah, yes,
The youngest of her train she seemed.
Sappho — Not praise,
But knowledge did I seek.
Eucharis — When now the bath
And its long labors o'er, and breast and cheek
All dry, she hastened singing to the house,
In thought so deeply lost, that the green twigs
To frighten her I threw, she heeded not,
But closed her chamber; and what there she did
I know not. I heard her seeking her robes,
And singing cheerful songs between.
Sappho — She sings,
And Sappho — no, she does not weep. Bring her
To me.
Eucharis — Melitta?
Sappho — Yes; who else? Ah!
A sweet name! an ear-enchanting name!
Melitta! Sappho! Go! bring her to me.

Scene IV.

Sappho *alone. She sits upon the turf seat, and rests her head upon her hand.*

Sappho —
No! 'tis in vain — alas! I call on pride —
Love answers in its stead.

[*She sinks back in reverie.* Melitta *enters, simply but carefully dressed. A rose is on her bosom, and roses in her hair. She pauses at the entrance, but as* Sappho *does not move, she comes nearer.*

Melitta —
Sappho! I'm here!
[Sappho *turns quickly her head, and shuddering draws back.*
Sappho [*to herself*] — Ah! beautiful! Ah, gods,
She's beautiful!
[*She conceals her face with both hands. A pause.*
Melitta — Sappho! me didst thou call?
Sappho —
How carefully adorned! False as she is,
To meet the false one! How hard to check this
Inward anger, or to conceal my fears!
[*To* Melitta] —
What feast to-day demands this festal dress?
Melitta — A festival?
Sappho —
Why wear this dress and flowers?
Melitta —
Sappho! you've blamed me oft — the ornaments
So rarely worn, presented by your love.
But gala days, so niggardly they come;
I've spared them all — the jewels rare — but now
To-day I said, "So joyful 'tis to-day,
Myself more gayly I'll adorn."
Sappho —
A joyful day? Indeed I know not why!
Melitta —
Why? Because — ah — that thou art back returned —
That thou — indeed, I know not why I'm glad.
Sappho —
Ah, false, she's false!
Melitta — Say'st thou?
Sappho [*controlling her emotion*] — Melitta, come —
We will speak frankly with each other now,
How old art thou?

Melitta — Alas, thou knowest, Sappho!
Of my infancy the melancholy tale.
No mother counted carefully the suns
That on my birthday shone. Yet I believe
I number sixteen years.
Sappho — No! thou liest!
Melitta — Sappho! I?
Sappho — Dost thou speak truth?
Melitta — Sappho! I do!
Sappho —
To-day, you scarcely count your fifteenth year.
Melitta —
It may be so.
Sappho — So green in years, so ripe
In art — it cannot be; not thus does nature
Counterfeit her work. No! I'll believe it not.
Melitta — here — rememberest thou the day,
Now thirteen years, thou first saw'st Sappho?
Wild men, sea pirates, brought thee to my door.
You wept; deep sobs convulsed your little breast.
I pitied you, the orphan, homeless child;
Your tears besought me, and I paid the price.
Myself almost a child, I pressed thee warm
Upon my heart. They would divide us, but,
Thy little arms linking about my neck,
Thou slept, consoled! Rememberest thou that day?
Melitta —
Ah, can its memory ever pass away?
Sappho —
Soon after this, the fever's serpent wiles,
Breath-poisoning, upon thee seized. Melitta!
Whose was the breast that through the weary night
Pillowed thy head, all self-forgetting — death
Robbing of its prey, tearing the loved one
From his giant grasp?
Melitta — Sappho! it was thou!
What have I, then — what am I, that to thee
And to thy goodness, I owe not?
Sappho [*drawing her to her*] — Not so!
Here on my heart! Here is thy place. Ah, well
I know, thou wouldst not of thyself, not
With thy will, betray thy Sappho. Together,
Once again, our hearts shall beat together.
Our eyes, in sister eyes once more shall look;
The truthful words out of true hearts shall breathe;

Again; the same true heart, the faithful ear
(The separate sounds having one echo),
Scarcely can know from which true breast they part.

Melitta —

Sappho!

Sappho — Yes, I am right. Thee I may trust!
Is't true? Thou wouldst not, no! thou couldst not —

Melitta —

O Sappho! what?

Sappho — Thou knowest, Melitta! Go,
Lay off this vain and idle dress. Not thus
I love to see thee. Put on a simple robe;
These varied dyes offend the classic taste.
Melitta should be simply clad. Simplicity
Becomes her best, and modesty's her native garb.
Go — another dress — I say — Remain!
Hold, I say. Where wouldst thou go? Remain!
Look in my eyes. Why are thy own cast down,
Seeking the ground? Ah! not thus, not timid
Wert thou when Phaon —
Ha! now thou art red!
Traitor! thou art thyself betrayed! Deny
Thou canst not. Not the false tongue, the crimsoned
Cheek's the witness of thy guilt; it burns and
Pales, obedient to the traitor heart.
Unfortunate! 'twas this, that at the feast
So strangely moved, that I for timid
Innocence mistook. A snare it proved, that
Like the crafty spider's web inclosed its prey,
So young, and yet so artful! so seeming fair,
With poison in thy heart. Do words then fail?
Wilt answer not?

Melitta — I know not what thou mean'st.

Sappho —

Not? and tears? Tears are the sacred right of grief.
Answer with words, although from truth divorced.
Of innocence, the silent signs will not
Avail, while bridelike and seductively
Adorned. Take off the flowers. Scarcely
They serve to hide the serpent folds beneath.
Take off the wreath.

[MELITTA *silently removes the wreath from her head*

Give me the crown! In memory of thy truth
I'll keep the withered leaves. Faded, alas!
Like Sappho's hope, Melitta's gratitude!

Why sparest thou the rose upon thy breast?
Lay it away. [MELITTA *steps back.*
Is it a love pledge? speak!
[MELITTA *crosses her arms upon her breast, concealing the rose.*
In vain you strive! The rose, I say.
Melitta — Never!
My life — rather my life!
Sappho [*drawing her dagger*] — Ungrateful slave!
Thy life is mine! Give me the rose.
Melitta [*falling on her knees*] — Ye gods!
Oh! then protect the orphan! ye high gods!
Phaon [*enters*] —
Who calls? Melitta, thou! a dagger drawn!
[*A pause.*
What's here! thou, Sappho, here!
Sappho — Ask of the rest.
Phaon —
Melitta! what?
Melitta — The fault alone is mine.
The slave's obedience I refused.
Sappho — Forbear!
Load not thy soul with false deserts. Heavy,
Too heavy, lie the true upon thee.
[*To herself*] — Alas!
Does Sappho need the falsehood of her slave?
[*Aloud to* PHAON] —
The rose I ordered from her breast removed;
And she to obey my will refused.
Phaon —
And she was right. By all the gods, she's right.
No right hast thou to rob her of the flower.
I gave it for remembrance, a token sweet
Of a too happy hour; of my esteem
A sign; a proof that not in every breast
Compassion is extinguished, misfortune
Is forgot; a drop of honey in the cup
By stranger's pride prest to her lips; a pledge
Of my deep, inward faith, that innocence
Is woman's fairest crown — more prized
The humble wreath of love than glory's
Laurel crown. She weeps — weep not, Melitta!
[*To* SAPPHO] —
When slavery was bought, the price of tears
Thou didst not pay. The body only
Canst thou slay: no right hast thou to cause a tear.

[*To* MELITTA] —
Look not beseechingly at me! thy eyes
So mildly pleading for the pitiless.
Compassion! thou know'st her not.
Is not the dagger glancing from her hand?
Two others hidden by the sunken lids
Will pierce thee deeper still.

[*He takes up the dagger that* SAPPHO *had suffered to fall from her hand.*
This steel — I'll bear it here, on my warm heart,
By her betrayed! and when, in coming time,
I dwell with sad and tender grief on what
She was, one glance upon this steel my soul
Shall heal.

Sappho [*raises her eyes and looks at him*] —
Phaon!

Phaon — O listen not! the tears
Are false: they lure thee to the dagger's point!

Sappho [*still looking at him*] —
Phaon!

Phaon — Look not at her! False as her hand,
Her eye will kill.

Melitta — She weeps!

Phaon — Weeping, she weaves
New charms. Go forth!

Melitta — Shall I, thus suffering,
Leave her?

Phaon — Me will her tears infect! haste forth
Before her serpent charms enfold us both.
[*He leads* MELITTA *forth.*

Melitta [*returning*] —
Ah, no! I'll leave her not. Sappho!

Sappho [*with stifled voice*] — Call'st thou,
Melitta?

Melitta [*rushes to her and embraces her knees*] —
Sappho! the rose! my life! take it! take both!
Where is thy dagger?

Phaon [*hastens after, seizes the rose with both hands, and draws* MELITTA *away*] — 'Tis thine! 'tis thine! no god
Shall rob thee of it. Come quickly! hasten
From her presence forth!

[*He leads* MELITTA *off.* SAPPHO *stretches out her arms to them, and then falls fainting back.*

ACT IV.

Scene I.

The same open green near the grotto and the temple. Moonlight.

Sappho [*enters sunk in deep thought; after a pause*] —
Am I still here? Does the firm earth remain?
This living empire! In that tearful hour
Fell it not all in fragments? The brooding
Darkness that surrounds me! Is it the night,
And not the grave? They say a monstrous pain
Will kill. It is not so, for Sappho lives!
How still is all around! the air is mute!
Life's various tones are hushed! echoes
No sound from out the unstirred leaves!
And solitary, like a homeless child,
My weeping voice goes wandering through the night.
Ah! could I sleep! sleep like the birds so gently
Rocked, without alarm or fear, so safely
Cradled, lulled in a deep slumber, where
All — all sleeps, and even the pulse is still,
No fearful morning beam waking to pain.
No ingrate —
Ah, hold! touch not the serpent!
[*With stifled voice.*
Murder's a crime, and robbery, and lust,
The horrid brood of hydra-headed sin,
That from the deep abyss of flaming hell
Infect this world with poison-breathing breath.
Yet one I know, a crime, whose deadly stain
To lily fairness turns the others white.
Its name, ingratitude. Alone, it does
What all the others only singly do —
It robs, it lies, deceives; it swears false oaths,
Betrays and murders. Ah! ingratitude!
Ingratitude, ingratitude!
Protect
Me! O ye gods! Protect me from myself!
Him, only him from destiny I prayed;
Alone, selected him alone, from all
That pressed with homage at my feet. Him
Only on the summit would I place
Above the grave and death. On glory's wings
I'd borne him on to glory's deathless fame!

All crowns would I have wound around his head,
And asked one word alone from him. And he —
Do you then live? immortal gods!
[*After a pause,* SAPPHO *seems struck with a new thought*] —
Ye live!
From you the thought that lightened through my soul:
Let me it seize — that passing thought so fleet.
To Chios, say'st thou, shall Melitta go?
To Chios; there, divided from her crime,
Love's fault, love's torments shall atone. —
Rhamnes!
Thus let it be. — Rhamnes! In vain I call. —
Immortal gods! I thank thee for the thought.
Soon shall it be fulfilled!

Rhamnes [*enters*] —
You called. I wait. What wouldst thou, Sappho?

Sappho [*without observing* RHAMNES] —
She is my work! without me, what were she?
What can deprive the builder of his right
That to destroy, himself has formed, his own?
Destroy! can Sappho do it? Ah, her hope —
It stands too firm for my weak hand. To Chios
Should he follow, led by his love, more blest
Her fate amid the herd of slaves, than I —
Than Sappho in her golden, empty house.
How sweet it is to suffer for the loved,
When memory and hope, twin roses rare,
Together on one stem unite! O, then
The thorn's unknown! O banish me, ye gods!
Far in the sea's remotest isle, upon a rock
Washed by the surf, with only clouds and sky above,
My only friendly neighbors, from the paths
Of living men shut out. O then erase
From out the book of memory, the last few hours.
Alone — leave me alone, my faith in his
True love, and I will bless my fate. Ah!
Solitude is not where memory dwells!
At every thorn that pierced my naked foot,
At every want and loss of ease, I'd think,
"What would he give to spare and save me pain."
A balsam, cooling, poured o'er every wound.

Rhamnes —
Sappho! you called.

Sappho — O Phaon, Phaon!
What had I done? I stood so calm, alone,

With poet's lyre, upon the poet's open
Height, and saw beneath of life the joys and pains
That reached me not. Of flowers alone
Was wreathed the poet's crown. The silent hours
I counted not. Freely I gave my song;
It gave me back content, and ever living
Youth to crown my head. — Then, the traitor came.
With hasty hand he rent the golden veil
Of trust, and drew me to the weary desert
Down, where no footstep echoes, and no path
Expands. Within that desert space, his hand
Alone was near; that he withdrew, and fled!

Rhamnes —
Sappho! why alone the desert night thus
Wander? The ocean's chill betrays thy trust.

Sappho —
Betrays! Rhamnes! dost thou know a crime
So black and heavy as ingratitude?

Rhamnes —
Alas, not one!

Sappho — More vilely venomous?

Rhamnes —
Truly, I do not.

Sappho — Worthy of curses
And of punishment!

Rhamnes — In truth, it merits
Every curse.

Sappho — Oh, true, most true! open and bold
Are other vices. Hyenas, lions, tigers,
Wolves! a serpent is ingratitude, so
Fair and crafty, so beautiful and smooth,
The poisonous serpent! Oh, so fair!

Rhamnes —
Come in. Within thou art better. With care
And love thy dwelling is adorned! and Phaon
Waits thee in the hall.

Sappho — How! Phaon waits — for me?

Rhamnes —
Yes; I saw him musing and reflecting,
Walking to and fro; sometimes he rested
Motionless! spake softly to himself; then
Hastened to the window, and sent his sighs,
Thee seeking through the night.

Sappho — He waits
For me, for Sappho waits! Did he say that?

Rhamnes —
He said not that, but still he waits; for whom
Should Phaon wait, if not for Sappho?
Sappho — For whom?
For whom? Not for thy Sappho, Rhamnes. Yet
Shall he wait in vain. Rhamnes!
Rhamnes — Sappho! ah!
Sappho —
Thou know'st at Chios dwells my father's friend,
Erewhile a guest of mine.
Rhamnes — I know it well.
Sappho —
Loose quick the boat from the near shore. It rocks
So idly in the brook. This night thou must
To Chios.
Rhamnes — Alone?
Sappho — No, no. [*A pause.*
Rhamnes — Who then will go
With me there?
Sappho — What didst thou say?
Rhamnes — To Chios,
Who goes with me there?
Sappho [*leads* RHAMNES *to the other side of the stage*] —
Prudent and quiet
Must thou be. Attend! to Melitta's room
Proceed, and say, "that Sappho calls, she must
Obey;" but softly, that *he* hear her not.
Rhamnes —
Who?
Sappho — Phaon! yet should he follow thee — [*She stops.*
Rhamnes —
What then?
Sappho — Bring her, with force or mildness bring,
But softly, to the unmoored boat, and on
To Chios. Go instantly!
Rhamnes — And, when there?
Sappho —
There give her to my friend. For Sappho's love
He will protect her slave. Severe — no, not
Severe his treatment be. Ah! the very act
Of banishment is punishment enough.
Rhamnes! dost hear?
Rhamnes — I'm gone already.
Sappho —
Delay not! hasten!

Rhamnes — Sappho! farewell!
Before the morning dawns, I'm far from hence.
Sappho [*alone*] —
He goes! — yet, no, I'll call him back! Custom's
A weary thing. It fetters us to that
We hate.
[*She is lost in thought*] —
Listen! a footstep! no, the wind
Stirred through the leaves. How beats my heart
Within my storm-moved breast, as if it were
A guilty thing. Voices! hark! she comes! she
Follows willingly. She dreams not 'tis the last!
I will — I cannot see her. I must flee!
[SAPPHO *goes quickly off.*
Melitta —
Here, saidst thou, Sappho waited? She's not here!
Rhamnes [*looks round embarrassed*] —
Not here? Come on — not there? yet was she here
A moment since. Come on!
Melitta —
On where?
Rhamnes — She may indeed be at the sea;
She's wandered forth there to the brook.
Melitta — There goes
She never.
Rhamnes — Perhaps to-night —
Melitta — And why to-night?
Rhamnes —
And — why? Ei? Because even now she gave
The order thee to bring —
[*Aside, embarrassed*] — What shall I say?
Melitta —
Rhamnes! you are to-night so strange! Why turn
Your eyes embarrassed from my glance? tell me
Where Sappho waits, that I may seek her will;
But know'st thou not — so, let me then depart.
Rhamnes — Hold!
Thou darest not go.
Melitta — Why not?
Rhamnes — Thou must with me.
Melitta —
With thee! and where?
Rhamnes — Come to the boat. Thou'lt know.
Melitta —
Ye gods! what is it then?

Rhamnes — Come, maiden, come;
The hour is pressing — midnight is well past.
Forth must we now.
Melitta — What wouldst thou do? Go forth
To-night upon the great, far-lying deep?
Rhamnes —
Be tranquil, child! 'Tis not so far — Chios
Is not so far.
Melitta — To Chios! never!
Rhamnes — Thou must
Indeed! So Sappho orders.
Melitta — Sappho! say'st
Thou? Go! I will to her — yes, at her feet:
She'll hear and judge.
Rhamnes [*holds her*] — Stir not! not from this spot!
Melitta —
How, Rhamnes! thou!
Rhamnes — Eh, then! what can I do?
Thus ordered Sappho: Rhamnes must obey!
Melitta —
O let me move thee thus! Here will I kneel
Before thee, Rhamnes! Listen to my prayer.
And is there none, none that will lend an ear?
Rhamnes —
In vain you call. Come on!
Melitta — Never! never!
Will no one pity?
Phaon [*rushes in*] — Melitta's voice I hear!
Audacious man! dar'st thou thy hand 'gainst her
To raise?
[Rhamnes *lets* Melitta *go.*]
My fears deceived me not, when wolflike
Thou, spying around, crept near her chamber door.
Grim wolf! the shepherd watched to save the lamb.
Rhamnes —
Sir, I follow but the orders I receive.
Phaon —
How! Sappho's orders? Sappho orders this?
Sappho! Sappho! I know thee now too well,
And yet, alas! too late. Wherefore too late?
There yet is time the bondage to throw off
That binds us both. By heaven! I will!
[*To* Rhamnes] —
Wherefore, thou all too ready minister
Of crime! wherefore —
Melitta! thou art pale!

Melitta —
Oh, I am well.
Phaon — Go, slave! and thank the gods
No ready stone came to my hand! By Heaven!
For every tear, a death pang shouldst thou pay.
[*To* Melitta] —
Thou art weary. Lean upon me; firmer
Support thou'lt never find.
[*To* Rhamnes] — Look at her, slave!
Look at the lovely child. This, of the gods
The fairest work, thou'd injure.
Rhamnes — Injure!
The gods forbid!
Phaon — What then?
Rhamnes — Only —but pardon —
What I would do I cannot now betray.
Suffer me then to go.
Phaon — By all the gods!
Until I know the measure of your crime,
From hence you stir not.
Rhamnes — Melitta must with me —
Phaon —
Where?
Rhamnes — That is my Mistress' secret, 'tis safe
Within her servant's breast, and goes not forth.
Phaon [*draws the dagger*] —
I thank thee, Sappho! this point shall draw it forth.
Against thyself thou hast furnished arms.
Melitta —
Spare him! To Chios, were his orders.
Phaon — Chios!
Melitta —
Yes; there dwells a friend of Sappho's. Melitta
There would be well cared for.
Phaon — 'Tis o'er the sea!
Melitta —
A boat rocks in the brook.
Phaon — A boat, saidst thou?
Melitta —
Is't not, my father, so?
Rhamnes — Call me not father,
Ingrate! Sappho's betrayer!
Phaon — A boat! a boat!
Ye gods! the sign from you I take. From you
It comes. The truth too late I understood!

Melitta only — she or none else bears
In her breast the second half of this, that
Longing beats in mine. Yourselves, ye gods!
You point the way that I will follow. Melitta!
Yes, to Chios thou shalt go; but not alone.
With me, safe at my side.

Melitta — With him? with him?

Phaon —

Yes, we will leave this hostile land. Envy
And hate — revenge, with its Medusa head,
Follows thy steps, its death snare spreads. Come,
The boat is there, courage and strength are here.
To shield thee 'gainst the world.

[*He takes her in his arms.*

Melitta [*anxiously to* RHAMNES] — Rhamnes!

Rhamnes [*to* PHAON] — Reflect,
Bold man!

Phaon — Think of thyself. Within my hand
Rests thy vile life.

Rhamnes — Sir, she is Sappho's slave.

Phaon —

Liar! She is mine! dear as my life.
[*To* MELITTA] — Come!
Melitta, follow thou!

Rhamnes — The dwellers here,
Within this land, honor our Sappho's like
A crowned head. Ready they are to rise
At the first call, her rights to guard; in arms
Her threshold to protect. A word from me,
And hundreds rush together.

Phaon — I thank thee,
Slave; almost I had forgot with whom
And where I am. Thou goest with me.

Rhamnes — I — go —

Phaon —

Yes, thou! but only to the boat. Sappho
I envy not such slaves as thou. When once
Secure, thou may'st turn back and tell. Enough!
Thou goest —

Rhamnes — Never!

Phaon [*drawing the dagger*] — I have, I think, that
Will enforce thy duty.

[RHAMNES *retreats, and* PHAON *follows with the dagger.*

Melitta [*following*] —
Phaon! forbear!

Rhamnes [*has drawn himself far back to the other side*] —
Alas for age, that has the will, but not
The power to act.
Phaon [*draws near* MELITTA] — Now, maiden! Come! away!
Melitta —
Ah! where?
Phaon — On to the boat.
Melitta [*turns from him, hastening to the foreground, and kneels*] —
Ye gods! ah, shall I?
Phaon —
Come! the wide, protecting distance calls!
Her arms expand and open to thee — invite
Beyond the old gray sea, where dwells sweet peace,
Security, and love. Under the broad,
Deep roof, formed by the linden boughs, that
Shelter still the parent's home, Melitta!
Dearest, there vaults the temple of our love!
There — thou tremblest, bride! O tremble not, betrothed!
Thy bridegroom's hand holds thine, embraced. O come!
And wilt thou not? By all the gods, this hand
Shall bear thee hence; and on, and on, and forth,
Even to the ends of this wide earth.
Melitta — Phaon!
Phaon —
Come! the stars shine friendly down. Gently
The sea swells up to meet the breeze, and
Amphitrite is love itself.
Rhamnes — Sir, 'twill cost thy life.
[*They all go out.*
Eucharis [*appears on the steps*] —
Methinks I hear his voice — no, none is here!
Over this house bad spirits seem to rule;
No joy is here, Sappho's return to greet.
Anxious and timid all the people are.
I seek Melitta, and find her chamber void.
Our Sappho wanders, plaintive and alone,
Through the mirk night.
'Tis Rhamnes' voice! hush! listen!
Rhamnes [*at a distance*] —
I call for help. Ho! Sappho's slaves!
Eucharis — He calls!
He's wholly breathless! Rhamnes, what's happened?
Rhamnes [*hastily*] —
Up! up from your idle beds, good friends!
The fugitives pursue! your help I ask!

Eucharis —
What's happened?
Rhamnes — Ask not! call Sappho and her slaves!
Eucharis —
But wherefore?
Rhamnes — There is no time for words. Hasten!
Awake the house! hasten and save! I can
No more. Betrayer! slave! exult not yet!
The pious gods, the ocean deities —
They will revenge the rash, unworthy crime.
[*Many of the* People *with* SAPPHO's Servants *enter*] —
The people call! haste quickly to the shore!
Shout loud the cry, the help-beseeching cry!
Ask not for what, but let the tocsin sound.
Sappho [*enters to the former*] —
What frightful noise disturbs the quiet night,
And frights the weary sleep-destroyer, grief,
From her sad office? Who can complain near
Sappho's deeper pain?
Rhamnes — I, O my mistress!
Sappho —
Thou, Rhamnes! here! Where is Melitta?
Rhamnes —
Gone forth!
Sappho — Gone forth! and thou yet here!
Rhamnes — Escaped!
Sappho —
Forbear!
Rhamnes — Escaped with Phaon! My arm, and
My weak age he overpowered — fled with
His booty o'er the waves; and the same boat,
Our captive boat, now bears them both away.
Sappho —
Rhamnes, thou liest!
Rhamnes — Would that I did! would that
This time I lied!
Sappho — O where remain your
Lightnings, O ye gods? For Sappho's heart
Alone have ye reserved your curse? Deaf is
Your ear, and lame the vengeful arm? Send down
The thunder crash, the lightning's piercing shaft;
Crush the betrayer's head, as ye have crushed
The heart of Sappho.
In vain; no arrow swift
The air divides. The wind wooes lovingly

The bending leaves; the sea bears swiftly on —
On its broad breast the freight of love, and rocks
The boat to its far shore.
There is no help!
Sappho herself shall aid.

[*The plain becomes gradually filled with slaves bearing torches, and with crowds of* Country People.

Ah, friends! my thanks! you're true! I thank your love.
Go, go, my countrymen! and what the gods
Your Sappho now deny, your arms procure.
If ever ye have held her dear, revenge
Her now; now is the time to prove your love.
[*Goes round, addressing many of them*] —
Thou, Myron, oft has sworn; and thou, Terpander;
Think of our hymns, O Pheres, Lychas thou!
And thou, Zenarchos! All, all are my friends!
Haste to the strand! there man the boats, and follow,
Swift-winged, follow the betrayer's bark.
Think that I wait in torments here alone;
That every hour a hundred daggers pierce,
Till your return, this grief-torn breast. Who brings
Him back, whoe'er the joy creates that in
His eyes I look, and ask, "What have I done
That thou shouldst kill me thus?" —
[*She bursts into tears*] — Not that, not that!
Revenge alone! who brings me that shall have
My gold, my life! Upon the winds, swiftly
Upon the rushing winds, go forth!
A Countryman — Without him
We return not back!
Sappho — I thank you, friends!
Within your hands my life I lay. O may
My wishes give you wings, and my revenge
Nerve every arm! Haste only! only hasten!

[*The* People *and* Servants *go off.* SAPPHO *presses both hands upon her heart.*

They're gone! now I am well! now will I rest!
Eucharis —
Sappho, you tremble!
Rhamnes — Sappho, ah, you fail.
Sappho — [*sinks back into the arms of* EUCHARIS] —
O let me die! Why hold me from the grave?

ACT V.

Scene, the same. The day breaking with the beautiful crimson suffusion described in the beginning of the first act. SAPPHO *is half lying upon the turf bank, supported by* EUCHARIS. *In the distance are many* Servants *watching.*

RHAMNES *comes forward, and* EUCHARIS *places her finger on her lips in sign of silence.*

Eucharis —
Still, O still!
Rhamnes — She sleeps?
Eucharis — Her eyes are open.
The body wakes, the spirit seems to sleep.
Thus has she lain three hours, thus motionless.
Rhamnes —
You should have borne her to the house.
Eucharis — Alone,
I'd not the power. Is nothing seen?
Rhamnes — Not yet.
Far as the eye can reach, are sea and clouds,
But of a boat no trace appears.
Sappho [*starting up*] — A boat!
And where?
Rhamnes — None yet we see, O Sappho!
Sappho [*sinking again into the arms of* EUCHARIS] —
Not yet! not yet!
Rhamnes — The morning air blows fresh.
To lead you to your room, Sappho, I pray!
[SAPPHO *makes a sign of denial.*
O be persuaded! follow to the house.
[SAPPHO *refuses.*
Rhamnes [*retreating*] — Alas!
Your sorrow wounds; it cuts me to the heart.
Eucharis —
O see! Why throng the people thus? Up from
The shore they stream. Climb thou the rock and look.

[SAPPHO *springs up, and stands, bent forward, listening anxiously.*

Rhamnes —
The gods be thanked! they come upon the left.
That wooded point, far in the water thrust,
Conceals the welcome sight. A crowd of boats

With flashing oars fly past each other,
And near the shore.
Eucharis — The fugitives — are they with them?
Rhamnes —
The sun so blinds I know them not. Yet hold!
One nears the shore, a messenger. The prow,
It strikes. The shepherd from the vale it is.
He flourishes his staff. They prisoners
Are, 'tis certain. Here, my friends, here! approach!
Eucharis —
Sappho, be calm, be self-possessed.
Countryman [*enters*] —
Health, Sappho! health to thee!
Eucharis — A prisoner
Is he?
Countryman — Yes.
Rhamnes — Then where?
Eucharis — And how?
Countryman — Bravely on
They held. We, all unskilled in steering, to reach
Them was, I feared, in vain. In the broad sea
At last we spied his boat, and then the race
Began. Soon was he reached, and soon inclosed.
But he, with the left arm seizing the girl,
The dagger in his hand — Shall I go on?
[SAPPHO *hints that he shall proceed.*
Dagger in hand, he towards us rushed. A blow
Of force, aimed with the oar, the little
Maiden struck, and wounded on the brow.
[SAPPHO *conceals her eyes with her hands.*
She sank. Lifting, he bore her in his arms;
And we seizing that moment, our prisoner
He became. Already they are landing there.
Behold them both. The maiden wavers, faints.
Sappho —
Not here! not here!
Rhamnes — Where else? Already
Are they here.
Sappho — Who'll save me from this hour? Thou,
Aphrodite! thy votary protect!

[SAPPHO *hastens to the background, and ascends the steps of the altar. Her* Servants *and* People *throng around her.* PHAON *supporting* MELITTA. Country People. SAPPHO *with her* Servants *in the background.*

Phaon —
Forbear! To touch her let none venture now.
Although disarmed, not without arms am I.
Each limb in her defense becomes an arm.
Melitta, here! ah, tremble not! no ill,
While I have breath, shall touch thy life! Villains!
Look at that lovely head, so innocent!
Men are you, and could injure her? This
Only could a woman do! Revenge and
Cowardice belong to women.
[*Looking at one of the men*] — 'Twas thou
That raised the impious hand against her!
I know thee! Forth! lest I defraud the gods,
The avengers, of their prey.
[*To* MELITTA] — How art thou,
Love?
Melitta — Well.
Phaon — Thy glance denies it. Thou art pale,
Thou tremblest! 'Tis the first lie thy lips have
Ever spoken. Here, rest upon this bank,
Where first thy limpid, heaven-clear eye first
Opened for me, and with its beaming light,
Like morning's glow, chased sleep forever from me;
Here, where love began its gentle work — here
Shall it be fulfilled.
[*To the others*] — Speak! where is Sappho?
Melitta —
O Phaon, rouse her not!
Phaon — Be calm. Am I
Not free? Who gave the right my steps to hem?
From Hellas justice has not fled. This
Shall the proud one learn. Melitta, come;
To Sappho let us hasten.
A Countryman [*barring the way*] —
Thou must remain.
Phaon —
Who dares to hold me, who?
The People — All who are here!
Phaon —
I! a free man!
A Countryman — Thou wert, but now a
Penalty is due.
Phaon — A penalty, and why?
Countryman —
The robbery of a slave is held a crime.

Phaon —
Sappho demands a ransom, and were it
Crœsus' treasure, it should be paid!
Countryman — You,
It becomes to plead, and not to dictate.
Phaon —
Are you so abject, tame, to bend your heads,
Your manly hands to lend, to aid a woman's
Hate, to serve the changing humors of her love?
To stand by me I ask, and to avenge
My wrong.
Countryman — Of right or wrong, 'tis Sappho must
Decide.
Phaon — Thou ancient man! and dost not blush
Such abject words to speak. Who then is Sappho,
That on her tongue the scale of justice hangs?
Is she the umpire in this land?
Countryman — She is,
For love. Not that she orders, but we, we
Willingly obey.
Phaon — Her charms she's woven
Over all. How far the enchantment reaches
I will see. On, on to her presence.
[*He endeavors to go to the house.*
Countryman — Back!
Phaon —
In vain you threaten; Sappho I will see.
She trembles at my presence. There, at yon
Altar, her I see, her servants kneeling round.
[PHAON *presses through the crowd. The circle of* Slaves *opens, and* SAPPHO *is seen kneeling on the steps.*
What wouldst thou on the altar steps! The gods
Hear not the impious prayer!
[*He takes* SAPPHO'S *arm. At his touch she starts up, and hastens from the altar, without looking at him.* PHAON *follows her.*
Avoid me, wouldst thou? Thou must with me speak!
Ah, tremble, Sappho! 'Tis thy turn to
Tremble now. Know'st thou what thou hast done?
What right to venture hadst thou, to detain,
A freeman to detain, in shameful bonds?
Thy slaves, in unaccustomed arms, to send,
To make a prisoner of the free? Speak!
So silent now! The poet's lip is dumb!
Sappho —
Too much! it is too much!

Phaon — With anger glows
Thy eye. The blush of pride flames in thy cheek!
Thou'rt right. O throw away the mask, and be
Again thyself. Thou Circe! menace and kill!
Sappho —
It is too much! Up! arm thyself, my heart!
[*To* RHAMNES] —
Go! the slave Melitta bring. Her only
I detain. The rest are free.
Phaon — Back! and forbear!
Let no one venture to approach. Ransom
Dost thou seek? I am not rich, but parents
Have I, friends, who'll tax themselves to obtain
From avarice good fortune.
Sappho — I ask not gold;
Mine own I claim. Melitta must remain.
Phaon —
By all the gods, she stays not! no! Thyself
Hast canceled all thy rights when thou upon
Her life the dagger drew! Her service, not
Her life, thou hadst the right to use. Dost thou
Believe I'd leave it in thy hands? Once more,
Demand her price, and suffer us to go.
Sappho [*to* RHAMNES] —
Obey my order. Bring Melitta forth!
Phaon [*to* RHAMNES] — Forbear!
By touching her you touch upon your death!
[*To* SAPPHO] —
Is then thy bosom wholly savage now?
Melts it no more at human pain and grief?
The lyre destroy; the poisonous asp
Bear sway; nor song breathe longer from thy lips.
The poet's golden gifts thou hast betrayed;
No longer consecrates thy name the art!
Of this life's hopes no longer best, lifting
Its flower-crowned head to the bright stars;
A poisonous charm has been with thee,
Thy enemies to injure and confound.
Far other once, in earlier, fairer
Days, I painted Sappho! spotless her heart
And tender, like her song; her mind and song
Alike transparent. The tender sounds flowing
From her charmed lips awoke the melody
Within my breast, and all our life was
Harmony. What magic stroke has changed

Thee thus? Ah, look at me! turn not thine eyes
So timidly from mine! Let me thy face
Pursue; ah, let me know if 'tis thyself.
Are these the lips I've touched, and those the eyes
So heavenly smiled? Ah, Sappho, thou art
Sappho still!

[*He turns her toward him, and their eyes meet.*

Sappho [*shuddering*] —
Alas!

Phaon —
Yet art thou Sappho! that was Sappho's voice.
Whate'er I've said, the wind shall bear away;
No root of bitterness from either heart
Shall spring. Clear as the sun after the storm
Beams out, the memory of the past shall be.
Oh, welcome it, and be to me again
What once thou wert, ere I had seen thee thus,
But in my distant home adored unseen —
The image of the godlike; and, erring since,
Have for a human form mistaken. Be thou
Once more a goddess! bless once more!

Sappho — Deceiver!

Phaon —
No; that I am not. If love I swore, 'twas
Never to deceive. I loved thee as the gods
Are loved! as we adore the beautiful
And good. Descend we then to lower worlds
Unpunished, from the banquet of the gods?
The hand the golden lyre does consecrate,
Is severed from all meaner work.
Myself, wavering in empty frenzy
Of the mind, in contest with the world
And with myself, thee I beheld. Inexplicable,
With bands invisible, but strong, thou drew
Me from mine own, to thee. My dream of thee
Too humble was for scorn, too elevate
For love. Ah, happy only can the equal
Love!
Then saw I her, and the deep fount
Of joy sprang up towards heaven! till then,
The secret fountain of my life. Melitta!
Come! plead thou! O, be not timid. Sappho
Is mild and good. Unveil the liquid crystal
Of thine eye, that she within thy breast may look,
And all thy spotless innocence perceive!

Melitta [*approaches* SAPPHO *timidly*] —
Sappho! beloved!
Sappho [*rejecting her*] — Forth! leave me!
Melitta — Ah, she's displeased!
Phaon —
Ah, she is yet all that I feared to think.
Leave her, Melitta! return again to me.
Thou shalt not plead. The proud shall not before
My eyes reject and scorn thy prayer. She
Knows thee not, else she would kneel to thee;
The guilty to the just. Silence thy prayer;
Return to me!
Melitta — No; let me kneel. The child
It suits to kneel before its mother; to
Believe her chiding just. Never against
Her will, will I again rebel.
Phaon —
'Tis not thyself alone thou humblest. By
This humility you injure me. Means
May be found our wishes to fulfill.
Melitta —
O say not so. A gift alone, to me
Were freedom dear. Compelled, a burthen!
Here will I kneel; a gentle look alone,
A gracious word my pardon shall confirm!
How often, Sappho, at thy feet I've knelt,
How oft have risen joyfully in tears!
Thou wilt not leave me weeping now for grief!
Look down upon thy child, my Sappho!

[SAPPHO *remains with her head resting upon the shoulder of* EUCHARIS.

Phaon —
Canst thou thus cold and silent listen?
Melitta —
She is not cold — though silent are her lips,
I feel her heart speaking to mine. Sappho!
Decide 'twixt him and me. Commandeth thou
To follow Phaon, cheerfully I go!
And bidst thou stay, O gods! I stay. Sappho,
Thou tremblest! Dost thou hear thy child?
Phaon [*throws his arms around* MELITTA *and kneels with her*] —
Love give to men, and to the gods ambition.
Give us our own, and take thou mine, O Sappho!
Think who thou art, and what thou dost, O friend!

[SAPPHO, *at the last appeal, rises and looks intently at the kneeling lovers, then turns quickly and goes out without speaking.* EUCHARIS *and the* Servants *follow.*

Melitta —
Alas, she flies! She has her child denied!
Phaon —
Arise, my child! kneel not to men, nor pray —
The gods for us remain, and we ourselves!
Melitta —
I cannot live beneath her frown. The glass
In which I read my faults was always
Sappho's eye. It shows me now deformed. Alas!
How must she suffer — the injured one!
Phaon —
To her, thou lendest all thyself. Far other
Waves swell her proud breast!
Melitta — Is Sappho proud?
To me she ever was indulgent, good.
If sometimes harsh, the harsh outside concealed
The sweet and tender fruit. Alas, alas!
That I could e'er forget her tenderness!
Rhamnes —
Alas for thee indeed, that thou couldst e'er
Forget.
Phaon [*to* RHAMNES] —
Is Sappho then so good and mild?
Why tremble then?
Rhamnes — She angered as she went; and
Without limit, like her love, her anger
Ever burns.
Phaon — What can she threaten?
Rhamnes — A slave's
Escape is death!
Phaon — Who dare say that?
Rhamnes — The laws
Have so decreed.
Phaon — I will protect Melitta.
Rhamnes —
Thou? and who will then protect thyself?
Phaon —
And did the earth now gape; thundered the sea
To swallow all; the powers of air and earth
Could she combine; firm would I hold Melitta,
Herself and all her threats despise!

Rhamnes — Despise!
And Sappho? Who then art thou, thy voice
To raise against the voice of men! To speak
Where Greece has spoken? Madman and fool! thou
Hast no scale her worth to gauge, therefore to
Thee 'tis valueless. The jewel has no
Worth, because thy eyes are blind. She loved thee!
From the dust she raised thee up, unthankful
Serpent that thou art, that now thy venomed tooth
Hast fleshed within her heart. On thee
Her riches lavished; on thee, who had, to feel
Their worth, no heart! This only stain in all
Her precious life!
Speak not! the very pride
That rises now against her is not thine.
How from thy lowliness hast risen, thou
(Of the forgotten most forgot), to murmur
'Gainst the pearl of Greece, 'gainst Hellas' fairest
Jewel? She looked upon and gave thee pride,
That now thou darest rebel.

Phaon — The poet's fame
With her contest I not.

Rhamnes [*with scorn*] — Thou venturest not?
As though thou couldst! Her name upon the stars
She has traced with diamond-pointed letters,
And only with the stars 'twill fade away.
In distant lands, among strange men, 'twill
Echo, long after these our mortal frames
Have perished, our graves no more are found.
Then Sappho's soul will speak from out strange lips;
Her songs will live embalmed in unknown tongues,
And thine, thy name will live! Be proud of thy
Undying name! In distant lands, by men
Unknown, when centuries have passed away,
And time has swallowed all, 'twill echo then
From every mouth, "'Twas Sappho sang the song,
And Phaon caused her death."

Melitta — O Phaon, thou!

Phaon —
Peace! be still!

Rhamnes — Poor comforter thou art.
Thou callest peace with fear-compelled voice.
Thy crime thou knowest, and tremblest at revenge.
Sappho 'll not fail! The poet's fame with her
You'll venture not to contest. Her heart alone

You doubt. Observe, and look about thee well;
What is there here to thank but Sappho's heart?
Not one is here she has not blest; not one
Who owes not house or field to her; estate
Or goods by her mild rule improved. Others
Richer traces bear of Sappho's gentle
Sway. Not one, whose heart not higher beats,
Himself to name as man of Mytilene,
The countryman of Sappho. Ask the trembler
At thy side, companion she has been,
Far more than slave. What had she then to offer
Thee, which was not Sappho's work? Does she then
Charm? 'tis Sappho's mind speaks from her lips;
And from Melitta's eyes beams Sappho's soul.
Press not thy brows; in vain thou striv'st; in vain
Thy crime from memory to erase. What wouldst
Thou do? Where flee? For thee upon this earth
There's no asylum more! no refuge here
For thee! In every pious breast will rise
A witness 'gainst the false, the false to love;
To beauty treacherous. Before thy steps
Will go the rumor of thy crime. Fame,
Trumpet-tongued in human ears, will shriek,
"Behold the traitor to the gods, the false
To Sappho!" And shouldst thou free as air thus
Wander, with Melitta wander through the land;
With her, to whom protection is a crime,
No Greek for thee would open wide his door,
No temple gate would on its hinges turn;
Trembling thou'd flee from altar steps to altar,
Where the priest's sentence called thee "the profane."
Eumenides, avenging furies grim,
Shaking their serpent hair, would follow on,
And shriek within thy ears the injured
Sappho's name, till the grave yawned for thee —

Melitta —

Forbear! forbear!

Phaon — A maniac wouldst thou make me?

Rhamnes —

That wert thou when thou scorned the good.
Enjoy the fruit thou hast planted.

Melitta — Let us to her.

Phaon —

Who'll save me from this torment?

EUCHARIS *enters.*

Eucharis —
Rhamnes, thou art here! come! hasten!
Rhamnes — Whither?
Eucharis —
To Sappho. I fear she is ill.
Rhamnes — The gods
Forbid!
Eucharis — I followed her afar, till gained
The largest hall. Concealed, and with sharp eye,
Her motions all I watched. Leaning, and raised
Upon a pedestal, she looked far o'er
The distant sea, that raged and chafed upon
The rock-bound coast. With pallid cheek and eyes,
Veiled with their lids, all motionless she stood,
Among those marble statues, one of them.
Only she seized upon the altar flowers,
The gold and ornaments within her reach,
And cast them, musing, deep in the raging sea.
Their fall with longing eyes she seemed to follow.
I nearer drew; but now a sound I heard
That shook her inmost soul. Suspended from
On high, the sea breeze touched the lyre,
And pensive played within its untuned strings;
Deep sighing, she looked up, and all her being
Thrilled, shaken invisibly by higher
Powers. Her eyes with a strange fire illumed,
A lovely smile played o'er her mouth.
The firm-closed lips were parted now, and words
Came forth so solemn and profound they seemed
Not Sappho's words, but edicts of the gods!
"O friend!" she said, "thou dost admonish me
Of passing time; O thanks! I understand
Thee well." How the wall she gained, and how
The lyre high-hanging reached, I know not.
Her arm, a beam of light it seemed; and as
I looked she held the lyre and pressed the strings
Upon her storm-moved breast; while audibly
The breathing sounds came forth and passed away.
Suspended as a votive wreath upon
The domestic altar, hung her crown; she took
And wound it round her head; the purple robe,
A glowing veil, o'er her fair shoulders threw.
Who first had seen her now, with lyre in hand,

And look inspired, upraised, the altar steps
Ascending, with her whole light form enwrapped
In light, in prayer had bent his trembling knees,
And hailed her the immortal. Silent
And motionless she stood, yet through my limbs
Crept shuddering fear; I quailed beneath
Her piercing eye, and fled to thee.

Rhamnes — Left her?
Return! yet see, herself comes near!

[SAPPHO *enters richly dressed as in the first act: the purple mantle on her shoulders, the laurel crown upon her head, and the golden lyre in her hand. She is surrounded by her women, and descends the steps of the marble colonnade.*

Melitta —
Sappho! dearest mistress!

Sappho [*calm and earnest*] — What wouldst thou, then?

Melitta —
Rent is the bandage from my opened eyes.
Let me again become thy slave. Receive
Again what's thine, and pardon me.

Sappho — So ill
Advised believe me not. No gift from thee
Will Sappho take. That was my own, thou canst
Not give nor take.

Phaon [*kneeling*] — O listen, Sappho!

Sappho —
Beware! kneel not to me; devoted am I to the gods!

Phaon —
With gentle eye thou look'st at me, O Sappho!
Rememberest thou —

Sappho — Thou speakest of things long past,
Thee, Phaon, I sought! and found myself.
Thou understood me not. Farewell! on firmer
Ground my hopes must rest!

Phaon — Hatest thou me, then?

Sappho —
Hatred! Love! Is there no third? Worthy wert
Thou, and are so still, and ever will to me
Be so; like a dear chance companion
That accident awhile led in my boat. The goal
Once reached, we part, each wandering on
His path alone; yet often from the path,
The widening path, recall the friendly meeting.
[*Her voice fails.*

Phaon [*much moved*] —
O Sappho!
Sappho — Forbear! we part in peace!
[*To the others*] —
You, who have Sappho's weakness seen, O pardon!
To Sappho's weakness be ye reconciled!
The bow when bent first shows its power.
[*She points to the altar in the background*] — The flame
Is lit. To Aphrodite it mounts, clear as
The beam of coming day.
[*To her* Servants *and* PHAON] — And now remove!
Leave me to counsel with mine own — mine own!
Rhamnes —
Obey her will. Let all withdraw. [*They draw back.*
Sappho [*approaches the altar that stands close to the cliff*] —
Ye lofty gods! divine! With blessings rich
You've crowned my life. My hand the muses' lyre
Has touched; the poet's cup for me runs o'er.
A heart to feel, a mind to think, and power
To form my thought to music, you have given.
With rich blessings you have blessed me. I thank you!
With victory you've crowned my feeble brow,
And sowed in distant lands the poet's fame,
Of immortality the seed. Echoes
From strangers' tongues the song I struck upon
My golden lyre, and only with the earth
The fame of Sappho dies.
I thank you!
In life's unmingled cup, crowned high with sweets,
The poet only sips, but does not drink.
Obedient to your highest wish, the sweet,
Unemptied cup I place aside, and drink not.
What you decreed, all-powerful gods,
Has Sappho finished! Deny me not
The last reward within your power to grant —
No weakness, no decay, let Sappho know.
In her full strength, in nature's bloom, O take
Her quickly to yourselves!
Forbid that e'er a priestess of the gods
Should be the theme of god-denying foes!
The sport of fools, in their own folly wise!
You bruised the flower, break now the stem;
Perfect in truth what was begun in love,
And spare the conflict's bleeding struggle. Grant,
O grant the victory! the victor's weakness spare!

The flame is kindling while the sun ascends!
I feel I'm heard! Great gods, I thank you!
Melitta! Phaon! come nearer to me!
[*She kisses* PHAON *on the forehead*] —
A friend from distant worlds salutes thee thus!
[*Embracing* MELITTA] —
Thy mother, dead, sends thee this kiss! Farewell!
There, on the altar of love's goddess, love
Fulfills, of love, the melancholy fate!
[*She hastens to the altar.*

Rhamnes —
What means she? Inspired is all her being,
The splendor of immortals wraps her round.

[SAPPHO, *who has gradually approached the edge of the cliff, upon which the altar stands, stretches both hands over* MELITTA *and* PHAON.

Sappho —
To men give love! ambition to the gods!
What for you blooms, enjoy, and think of Sappho!
Of life the last debt I pay! The gods,
To you, grant blessings; and to me — themselves.
[*She springs from the cliff into the sea.*

Phaon —
Hold! Sappho! hold!
Melitta — Alas, she falls! she dies.
Phaon [*busied with* MELITTA] —
Quick! quick! she dies! Forth from the shore to save!
Rhamnes [*has climbed upon the rock*] —
The gods protect! There on that cliff she falls;
There is she crushed, destroyed! Bears she off?
Impossible! alas! too late!
Phaon — Why weep
You here? a boat! haste! haste to save her.
Rhamnes [*descending*] —
Forbear! it is too late! Grant her the grave
The gods decree. That she, disdaining this
False earth, within the sacred waves has
Chosen for her rest.
Phaon — Dead!
Rhamnes — Dead!
Phaon — Dead! alas!
Impossible! She is not dead! not dead!
Rhamnes —
Withered the laurel! broken are the strings;
Upon the earth there was no home for her;
To heaven has Sappho, to her own, returned!

THE WEAVERS.

A DRAMA OF THE FORTIES.

By GERHART HAUPTMANN.

Translated by Mary Morison.

[Gerhart Hauptmann, at present the most noted of German dramatists, was born at Ober-Salzbrunn in Silesia, November 15, 1862, son of a hotel owner. At about sixteen he went to an uncle to learn farming; but this being distasteful, he entered in 1879 an art school to learn sculpture, and in 1882 went to Jena to study. After an Italian journey the next year, and residence in Hamburg and Dresden, in 1884 he attended lectures and engaged in literary work at Berlin, and marrying the next year, removed to that city. He began dramatic production at this time (1885) with no didactic purpose, in "Promethidenlos"; but shortly after fell under Ibsen's influence, and with a disciple's usual zeal left the master far in the rear in pessimism and the exaggeration of minor social evils into the ruling forces of society. Most of his plays since, some utterly squalid and some poetic, set forth the doctrine of the survival of the least fit, the rule of unrighteousness and corruption which overwhelms the few righteous, the working of heredity purely for evil and apparently never for good, the necessarily stationary or retrograde character of bad environments, and the invariable turning of poverty into gross and hopeless brutalization. "Before Sunrise" (1889) was the first of this order; then came "The Festival of Peace," "A Family Catastrophe" (1890), "Recluses" (1891), "The Weavers" (1892, also written in a dialect form), which disgusted him by drawing for audience the rabble he depicted and not the upper class he wished to convict of guilt, "Crampton College" (1892), "Hannele," a dream drama of a little girl starved and abused to death, which created a tremendous sensation all through Europe, largely on account of its subject, "Florian Geyer" (1895), and his latest, "The Sunken Bell" (1896), more poetic and less squalid, and not deformed by the excessive playing to the gallery which makes "Hannele" almost nauseous in many parts. He has also written a comedy, "The Beaver Skin" (1893); and a couple of stories, "The Apostle" and "Signalman Thiele" (1892). He lived in the Riesengebirge, the mountain border of Silesia, 1891–1894, then removed to Dresden to educate his children.]

Cast of Characters.

Dreissiger, fustian manufacturer.
Mrs. Dreissiger.
Pfeifer, manager } in
Neumann, cashier } in
An Apprentice } Dreissiger's
John, coachman } employment.
A Maid }
Weinhold, tutor to Dreissiger's sons.
Pastor Kittelhaus.
Mrs. Kittelhaus.
Heide, police superintendent.
Kutsche, policeman.
Welzel, publican.
Mrs. Welzel.
Anna Welzel.
Wiegand, joiner.
A Commercial Traveller.
A Peasant.
A Forester.
Schmidt, surgeon.
Hornig, rag dealer.
Wittig, smith.

WEAVERS.

BECKER.
MORITZ JAEGER.
OLD BAUMERT.
MOTHER BAUMERT.
BERTHA } BAUMERT.
EMMA }
FRITZ, EMMA'S son (four years old).
AUGUST BAUMERT.
OLD ANSORGE.
MRS. HEINRICH.
OLD HILSE.
MOTHER HILSE.
GOTTLIEB HILSE.
LUISE, GOTTLIEB'S wife.
MIELCHEN, their daughter (six years old).
REIMANN, weaver.
HEIBER, weaver.
A WEAVER'S WIFE.
A number of Weavers, young and old, of both sexes.

The action passes in the Forties, at Kaschbach, Peterswaldau, and Langenbielau, in the Eulengebirge.

ACT I.

A large whitewashed room on the ground floor of DREISSIGER'S *house at Peterswaldau, where the weavers deliver their finished webs and the fustian is stored. To the left are uncurtained windows, in the back wall there is a glass door, and to the right another glass door, through which weavers, male and female, and children, are passing in and out. All three walls are lined with shelves for the storing of the fustian. Against the right wall stands a long bench, on which a number of weavers have already spread out their cloth. In the order of arrival each presents his piece to be examined by* PFEIFER, DREISSIGER'S *manager, who stands, with compass and magnifying glass, behind a large table, on which the web to be inspected is laid. When* PFEIFER *has satisfied himself, the weaver lays the fustian on the scale, and an office apprentice tests its weight. The same boy stores the accepted pieces on the shelves.* PFEIFER *calls out the payment due in each case to* NEUMANN, *the cashier, who is seated at a small table.*

It is a sultry day towards the end of May. The clock is on the stroke of twelve. Most of the waiting workpeople have the air of standing before the bar of justice, in torturing expectation of a decision that means life or death to them. They are marked, too, by the anxious timidity characteristic of the receiver of charity, who has suffered many humiliations, and, conscious that he is barely tolerated, has acquired the habit of self-effacement. Add to this an expression on every face that tells of constant, fruitless brooding. There is a general resemblance among the men. They have something about them of the dwarf, something of the schoolmaster. The majority are flat breasted, short winded, sallow, and poor looking — creatures of the loom, their knees bent with much sitting. At a first glance the women show fewer typical traits. They look over-driven, worried, reckless, whereas the men still make some show of a pitiful

self-respect; and their clothes are ragged, while the men's are patched and mended. Some of the young girls are not without a certain charm, consisting in a waxlike pallor, a slender figure, and large, projecting, melancholy eyes.

Neumann [*counting out money*] — Comes to one and sevenpence halfpenny.

Weaver's Wife [*about thirty, emaciated, takes up the money with trembling fingers*] — Thank you, sir.

Neumann [*seeing that she does not move on*] — Well, something wrong this time, too?

Weaver's Wife [*agitated, imploringly*] — Do you think I might have a few pence in advance, sir? I need it that bad.

Neumann — And I need a few pounds. If it was only a question of needing it — ! [*Already occupied in counting out another weaver's money, shortly.*] It's Mr. Dreissiger who settles about pay in advance.

Weaver's Wife — Couldn't I speak to Mr. Dreissiger himself, then, sir?

Pfeifer [*now manager, formerly weaver. The type is unmistakable, only he is well fed, well dressed, clean shaven; also takes snuff copiously. He calls out roughly*] — Mr. Dreissiger would have enough to do if he had to attend to every trifle himself. That's what we are here for. [*He measures, and then examines through the magnifying glass.*] Mercy on us! what a draught! [*Puts a thick muffler round his neck.*] Shut the door, whoever comes in.

Apprentice [*loudly to* PFEIFER] — You might as well talk to stocks and stones.

Pfeifer — That's done! — Weigh! [*The weaver places his web on the scales.*] If you only understood your business a little better! Full of lumps again — I hardly need to look at the cloth to see them. Call yourself a weaver, and "draw as long a bow" as you've done there!

BECKER *has entered. A young, exceptionally powerfully built weaver; offhand, almost bold in manner.* PFEIFER, NEUMANN, *and the* Apprentice *exchange looks of mutual understanding as he comes in.*

Becker — Devil take it! This is a sweating job, and no mistake.

First Weaver [*in a low voice*] — This blazing heat means rain.

OLD BAUMERT *forces his way in at the glass door on the right, through which the crowd of weavers can be seen, standing shoulder to shoulder, waiting their turn. The old man stumbles forward and lays his bundle on the bench beside* BECKER'S. *He sits down by it, and wipes the sweat from his face.*

Old Baumert — A man has a right to a rest after that.

Becker — Rest's better than money.

Old Baumert — Yes, but we *needs* the money too. Good mornin' to you, Becker!

Becker — Morning, Father Baumert! Goodness knows how long we'll have to stand here again.

First Weaver — And what does that matter? What's to hinder a weaver's waitin' for an hour, or for a day if need be? What else is he there for?

Pfeifer — Silence there! We can't hear our own voices.

Becker [*in a low voice*] — This is one of his bad days.

Pfeifer [*to the weaver standing before him*] — How often have I told you that you must bring cleaner cloth! What sort of mess is this? Knots, and straw, and all kinds of dirt.

Reimann — It's for want of a new picker, sir.

Apprentice [*has weighed the piece*] — Short weight, too.

Pfeifer — I never saw such weavers. I hate to give out the yarn to them. It was another story in my day! I'd have caught it finely from my master for work like that. The business was carried on in different style then. A man had to know his trade — that's the last thing that's thought of nowadays. Reimann, one shilling.

Reimann — But there's always a pound allowed for waste.

Pfeifer — I've no time. Next man! — What have you to show?

Heiber [*lays his web on the table. While* PFEIFER *is examining it, he goes close up to him; eagerly in a low tone*] — Beg pardon, Mr. Pfeifer, but I wanted to ask you, sir, if you would perhaps be so very kind as do me the favor an' not take my advance money off this week's pay.

Pfeifer [*measuring, and examining the texture; jeeringly*] — Well! What next, I wonder? This looks very much as if half the weft had stuck to the bobbins again.

Heiber [*continues*] — I'll be sure to make it all right next week, sir. But this last week I've had to put in two days' work on the estate. And my missus is ill in bed —

Pfeifer [*giving the web to be weighed*] — Another piece of real slop-work. [*Already examining a new web.*] What a selvage! Here it's broad, there it's narrow; here it's drawn in by the wefts goodness knows how tight, and there it's torn out again by the temples. And hardly seventy threads weft to the inch. What's come of the rest? Do you call this honest work? I never saw anything like it.

[HEIBER, *repressing tears, stands humiliated and helpless.*

Becker [*in a low voice to* BAUMERT] — To please that brute you would have to pay for extra yarn out of your own pocket.

[*The* WEAVER'S WIFE, *who has remained standing near the cashier's table, from time to time looking round appealingly, takes courage and once more comes forward.*

Weaver's Wife [*to* Cashier *imploringly*] — I don't know what's to come of me, sir, if you won't give me a little advance this time — O Lord, O Lord!

Pfeifer [*calls across*] — It's no good whining, or dragging the Lord's name into the matter. You're not so anxious about Him at other times. You look after your husband and see that he's not to be found so often lounging in the public-house. We can give no pay in advance. We have to account for every penny. It's not our money. People that are industrious, and understand their work, and do it in the fear of God, never need their pay in advance. So now you know.

Neumann — If a Bielau weaver got four times as much pay, he would squander it four times over and be in debt into the bargain.

Weaver's Wife [*in a loud voice, as if appealing to the general sense of justice*] — No one can't call me idle, but I'm not fit now for what I once was. I've twice had a miscarriage. And as to John, he's but a poor creature. He's been to the shepherd at Zerlau, but he couldn't do him no good, and — you can't do more than you've strength for. — We works as hard as ever we can. This many a week I've been at it till far on into the night. An' we'll keep our heads above water right enough if I can just get a bit of strength into me. But you must have pity on us, Mr. Pfeifer, sir. [*Eagerly, coaxingly.*] You'll please be so very kind as to let me have a few pence on the next job, sir?

Pfeifer [*paying no attention*] — Fiedler, one and twopence.

Weaver's Wife — Only a few pence, to buy bread with. We can't get no more credit. We've a lot of little ones.

Neumann [*half aside to the* Apprentice, *in a serio-comic tone*] — "Every year brings a child to the linen-weaver's wife, heigh-ho, heigh-ho, heigh."

Apprentice [*takes up the rhyme, half singing*] — "And the little brat it's blind the first weeks of its life, heigh-ho, heigh-ho, heigh."

Reimann [*not touching the money which the cashier has counted out to him*] — We've always got one and fourpence for the web.

Pfeifer [*calls across*] — If our terms don't suit you, Reimann, you have only to say so. There's no scarcity of weavers — especially of your sort. For full weight we give full pay.

Reimann — How anything can be wrong with the weight is past —

Pfeifer — You bring a piece of fustian with no faults in it, and there will be no fault in the pay.

Reimann — It's not possible that there's too many knots in this web.

Pfeifer [*examining*] — If you want to live well, then be sure you weave well.

Heiber [*has remained standing near* PFEIFER, *so as to seize on any favorable opportunity. He laughs at* PFEIFER'S *little witticism, then steps forward and again addresses him*] — I wanted to ask you, sir, if you would perhaps have the great kindness not to take my advance of sixpence off to-day's pay? My missus has been bedridden since February. She can't do a hand's turn for me, an' I've to pay a bobbin girl. And so —

Pfeifer [*takes a pinch of snuff*] — Heiber, do you think I have no one to attend to but you? The others must have their turn.

Reimann — As the warp was given me I took it home and fastened it to the beam. I can't bring back better yarn than I get.

Pfeifer — If you are not satisfied, you need come for no more. There are plenty ready to tramp the soles off their shoes to get it.

Neumann [*to* REIMANN] — Do you not want your money?

Reimann — I can't bring myself to take such pay.

Neumann [*paying no further attention to* REIMANN] — Heiber, one shilling. Deduct sixpence for pay in advance. Leaves sixpence.

Heiber [*goes up to the table, looks at the money, stands shaking his head as if unable to believe his eyes, then slowly takes it up*] — Well, I never! — [*Sighing.*] Oh dear, oh dear!

Old Baumert [*looking into* HEIBER'S *face*] — Yes, Franz, that's so! There's matter enough for sighing.

Heiber [*speaking with difficulty*] — I've a girl lying sick at home too, an' she needs a bottle of medicine.

Old Baumert — What's wrong with her?

Heiber — Well, you see, she's always been a sickly bit of a thing. I don't know — I needn't mind tellin' you — she brought her trouble with her. It's in her blood, and it breaks out here, there, and everywhere.

Old Baumert — It's always the way. Let folks be poor, and one trouble comes to them on the top of another. There's no help for it and there's no end to it.

Heiber — What are you carryin' in that cloth, Father Baumert?

Old Baumert — We haven't so much as a bite in the house, and so I've had the little dog killed. There's not much on him, for the poor beast was half starved. A nice little dog he was! I couldn't kill him myself. I hadn't the heart to do it.

Pfeifer [*has inspected* BECKER'S *web; calls*] — Becker, one and threepence.

Becker — That's what you might give to a beggar; it's not pay.

Pfeifer — Every one who has been attended to must clear out. We haven't room to turn round in.

Becker [*to those standing near, without lowering his voice*] — It's a beggarly pittance, nothing else. A man works his treadle from early morning till late at night, an' when he has bent over his loom for days an' days, tired to death every evening, sick with the dust and the heat, he finds he's made a beggarly one and threepence!

Pfeifer — No impudence allowed here.

Becker — If you think I'll hold my tongue for your telling, you're much mistaken.

Pfeifer [*exclaims*] — We'll see about that! [*Rushes to the glass door and calls into the office.*] Mr. Dreissiger, Mr. Dreissiger, will you be good enough to come here?

Enter DREISSIGER. *About forty, full bodied, asthmatic. Looks severe.*

Dreissiger — What is it, Pfeifer?

Pfeifer [*spitefully*] — Becker says he won't be told to hold his tongue.

Dreissiger [*draws himself up, throws back his head, stares at* BECKER; *his nostrils tremble*] — Oh, indeed! — Becker. [*To* PFEIFER.] Is he the man? — [*The clerks nod.*

Becker [*insolently*] — Yes, Mr. Dreissiger, yes! [*Pointing to himself.*] This is the man. [*Pointing to* DREISSIGER.] And that's a man too!

Dreissiger [*angrily*] — Fellow, how dare you?

Pfeifer — He's too well off. He'll go dancing on the ice once too often, though.

Becker [*recklessly*] — You shut up, you Jack-in-the-box. Your mother must have gone dancing once too often with Satan to have got such a devil for a son.

Dreissiger [*now in a violent passion, roars*] — Hold your tongue this moment, sir, or — [*He trembles and takes a few steps forward.*]

Becker [*holding his ground steadily*] — I'm not deaf. My hearing's quite good yet.

Dreissiger [*controls himself, asks in an apparently cool business tone*] — Was this fellow not one of the pack —?

Pfeifer — He's a Bielau weaver. When there's any mischief going, they are sure to be in it.

Dreissiger [*trembling*] — Well, I give you all warning: if the same thing happens again as last night — a troop of half-drunken cubs marching past my windows singing that low song —

Becker — Is it "Bloody Justice" you mean?

Dreissiger — You know well enough what I mean. I tell you that if I hear it again, I'll get hold of one of you, and — mind, I'm not joking — before the justice he shall go. And if I can find out who it was that made up that vile doggerel —

Becker — It's a beautiful song, that's what it is!

Dreissiger — Another word and I send for the police on the spot, without more ado. I'll make short work with you young fellows. I've got the better of very different men before now.

Becker — I believe you there. A real thoroughbred manufacturer will get the better of two or three hundred weavers in

the time it takes you to turn round — swallow them up, and not leave as much as a bone. He's got four stomachs, like a cow, and teeth like a wolf. That's nothing to him at all!

Dreissiger [*to his clerks*] — That man gets no more work from us.

Becker — It's all the same to me whether I starve at my loom or by the roadside.

Dreissiger — Out you go, then, this moment!

Becker [*determinedly*] — Not without my pay.

Dreissiger — How much is owing to the fellow, Neumann?

Neumann — One and threepence.

Dreissiger [*takes the money hurriedly out of the cashier's hand, and flings it on the table so that some of the coins roll off on to the floor*] — There you are, then; and now, out of my sight with you!

Becker — Not without my pay.

Dreissiger — Do you not see it lying there? If you don't take it and go — It's exactly twelve now — The dyers are coming out for their dinner —

Becker — I get my pay into my hand — here. [*Points with the fingers of his right hand at the palm of his left.*]

Dreissiger [*to the* Apprentice] — Pick up the money, Tilgner.

[*The* Apprentice *lifts the money and puts it into* Becker's *hand.*

Becker — Everything in proper order. [*Deliberately takes an old purse out of his pocket and puts the money into it.*]

Dreissiger [*as* Becker *still does not move away*] — Well? Do you want me to come and help you?

[*Signs of agitation are observable among the crowd of weavers. A long, loud sigh is heard, and then a fall. General interest is at once diverted to this new event.*

Dreissiger — What's the matter there?

Chorus of Weavers and Women — "Some one's fainted." — "It's a little sickly boy." — "Is it a fit, or what?"

Dreissiger — What do you say? Fainted? [*He goes nearer.*

Old Weaver — There he lies, anyway.

[*They make room. A boy of about eight is seen lying on the floor as if dead.*

Dreissiger — Does any one know the boy?

Old Weaver — He's not from our village.

Old Baumert — He's like one of Weaver Heinrich's boys. [*Looks at him more closely.*] Yes, that's Heinrich's little Philip.

Dreissiger — Where do they live?

Old Baumert — Up near us in Kaschbach, sir. He goes round playin' music in the evenings, and all day he's at the loom. They've nine children an' a tenth a-coming.

Chorus of Weavers and Women — "They're terrible put to it." — "The rain comes through their roof." — "The woman hasn't two shirts among the nine."

Old Baumert [*taking the boy by the arm*] — Now then, lad, what's wrong with you? Wake up, lad.

Dreissiger — Some of you help me, and we'll get him up. It's disgraceful to send a sickly child this distance. Bring some water, Pfeifer.

Woman [*helping to lift the boy*] — Surely you're not going to die, lad!

Dreissiger — Brandy, Pfeifer, brandy will be better.

Becker [*forgotten by all, has stood looking on. With his hand on the door latch, he now calls loudly and tauntingly*] — Give him something to eat, an' he'll soon be all right. [*Goes out.*

Dreissiger — That fellow will come to a bad end. — Take him under the arm, Neumann. Easy now, easy; we'll get him into my room. What?

Neumann — He said something, Mr. Dreissiger. His lips are moving.

Dreissiger — What — what is it, boy?

Boy [*whispers*] — I'm h—hungry!

Woman — I think he says —

Dreissiger — We'll find out. Don't stop. Let us get him into my room. He can lie on the sofa there. We'll hear what the doctor says.

[Dreissiger, Neumann, *and the* Woman *lead the boy into the office. The weavers begin to behave like school children when their master has left the classroom. They stretch themselves, whisper, move from one foot to the other, and in the course of a few moments are conversing loudly.*

Old Baumert — I believe as how Becker was right.

Chorus of Weavers and Women — "He did say something like that." — "It's nothing new here to fall down from hunger." — "God knows what's to come of them in winter if this cutting down of wages goes on." — "An' this year the potatoes aren't no good at all." — "Things 'll get worse and worse till we're all done for together."

Old Baumert — The best thing a man could do would be to put a rope round his neck and hang hisself on his own loom, like Weaver Nentwich. [*To another old weaver.*] Here, take a pinch. I was at Neurode yesterday. My brother in law, he works in the snuff factory there, and he give me a grain or two. Have you anything good in your handkercher?

Old Weaver — Only a little pearl barley. I was coming along behind Ulbrich the miller's cart, and there was a slit in one of the sacks. I can tell you we'll be glad of it.

Old Baumert — There's twenty-two mills in Peterswaldau, but of all they grind, there's never nothing comes our way.

Old Weaver — We must keep up heart. There's always something comes to help us on again.

Heiber — Yes, when we're hungry, we can pray to all the saints to help us, and if that don't fill our bellies we can put a pebble in our mouths and suck it. Eh, Baumert!

Reënter Dreissiger, Pfeifer, *and* Neumann.

Dreissiger — It was nothing serious. The boy is all right again. [*Walks about excitedly, panting.*] But all the same it's a disgrace. The child's so weak that a puff of wind would blow him over. How people, how any parents can be so thoughtless is what passes my comprehension. Loading him with two heavy pieces of fustian to carry good six miles! No one would believe it that hadn't seen it. It simply means that I shall have to make a rule that no goods brought by children will be taken over. [*He walks up and down silently for a few moments.*] I sincerely trust such a thing will not occur again. — Who gets all the blame for it? Why, of course the manufacturer. It's entirely our fault. If some poor little fellow sticks in the snow in winter and goes to sleep, a special correspondent arrives post-haste, and in two days we have a blood-curdling story served up in all the papers. Is any blame laid on the father, the parents, that send such a child? — Not a bit of it. How should they be to blame? It's all the manufacturer's fault — he's made the scapegoat. They flatter the weaver, and give the manufacturer nothing but abuse — he's a cruel man, with a heart like a stone, a wicked fellow, at whose calves every cur of a journalist may take a bite. He lives on the fat of the land, and pays the poor weavers starvation wages. In the flow of his eloquence the writer forgets to mention that such a man has his cares too and his sleepless

nights; that he runs risks of which the workman never dreams; that he is often driven distracted by all the calculations he has to make, and all the different things he has to take into account; that he has to struggle for his very life against competition; and that no day passes without some annoyance or some loss. And think of the manufacturer's responsibilities, think of the numbers that depend on him, that look to him for their daily bread. No, no! none of you need wish yourselves in my shoes — you would soon have enough of it. [*After a moment's reflection.*] You all saw how that fellow, that scoundrel Becker, behaved. Now he'll go and spread about all sorts of tales of my hard-heartedness, of how my weavers are turned off for a mere trifle, without a moment's notice. Is that true? Am I so very unmerciful?

Chorus of Voices — No, sir!

Dreissiger — It doesn't seem to me that I am. And yet these ne'er-do-wells come round singing low songs about us manufacturers — prating about hunger, with enough in their pockets to pay for quarts of bad brandy. If they would like to know what want is, let them go and ask the linen weavers: they can tell something about it. But you here, you fustian weavers, have every reason to thank God that things are no worse than they are. And I put it to all the old industrious weavers present: Is a good workman able to gain a living in my employment, or is he not?

Many Voices — Yes, sir; he is, sir.

Dreissiger — There now! You see! Of course such a fellow as that Becker can't. I advise you to keep these young lads in check. If there's much more of this sort of thing, I'll shut up shop — give up the business altogether, and then you can shift for yourselves, get work where you like — perhaps Mr. Becker will provide it.

First Weaver's Wife [*has come close to* DREISSIGER, *obsequiously removes a little dust from his coat*] — You've been an' rubbed agin something, sir.

Dreissiger — Business is as bad as it can be just now, you know that yourselves. Instead of making money, I am losing it every day. If, in spite of this, I take care that my weavers are kept in work, I look for some little gratitude from them. I have thousands of pieces of cloth in stock, and don't know if I'll ever be able to sell them. Well now, I've heard how many weavers hereabouts are out of work, and — I'll leave Pfeifer to

give the particulars — but this much I'll tell you, just to show you my good will: I can't deal out charity all round; I'm not rich enough for that; but I can give the people who are out of work the chance of earning at any rate a little. It's a great business risk I run by doing it, but that's my affair. I say to myself: Better that a man should work for a bite of bread than that he should starve altogether. Am I not right?

Chorus of Voices — Yes, yes, sir.

Dreissiger — And therefore I am ready to give employment to two hundred more weavers. Pfeifer will tell you on what conditions. [*He turns to go.*

First Weaver's Wife [*comes between him and the door, speaks hurriedly, eagerly, imploringly*] — Oh, if you please, sir, will you let me ask you if you'll be so good — I've been twice laid up for —

Dreissiger [*hastily*] — Speak to Pfeifer, good woman. I'm too late as it is. [*Passes on, leaving her standing.*

Reimann [*stops him again. In an injured, complaining tone*] — I have a complaint to make, if you please, sir. Mr. Feifer refuses to — I've always got one and twopence for a web —

Dreissiger [*interrupts him*] — Mr. Pfeifer's my manager. There he is. Apply to him.

Heiber [*detaining* DREISSIGER; *hurriedly and confusedly*] — O sir, I wanted to ask if you would p'r'aps, if I might p'r'aps — if Mr. Feifer might — might —

Dreissiger — What is it you want?

Heiber — That advance pay I had last time, sir; I thought p'r'aps you would kindly —

Dreissiger — I have no idea what you are talking about.

Heiber — I'm awful hard up, sir, because —

Dreissiger — These are things Pfeifer must look into — I really have not the time. Arrange the matter with Pfeifer. [*He escapes into the office. The supplicants look helplessly at one another, sigh, and take their places again among the others.*

Pfeifer [*resuming his task of inspection*] — Well, Annie, let us see what yours is like.

Old Baumert — How much are we to get for the web, then, Mr. Pfeifer?

Pfeifer — One shilling a web.

Old Baumert — Has it come to that!

[*Excited whispering and murmuring among the weavers.*

ACT II.

A small room in the house of WILHELM ANSORGE, *weaver and house-owner in the village of Kaschbach, in the Eulengebirge.*

In this room, which does not measure six feet from the dilapidated wooden floor to the smoke-blackened rafters, sit four people. Two young girls, EMMA *and* BERTHA BAUMERT, *are working at their looms ;* MOTHER BAUMERT, *a decrepit old woman, sits on a stool beside the bed, with a winding-wheel in front of her ; her idiot son* AUGUST *sits on a footstool, also winding. He is twenty, has a small body and head, and long, spider-like legs and arms.*

Faint, rosy evening light makes its way through two small windows in the right wall, which have their broken panes pasted over with paper or stuffed with straw. It lights up the flaxen hair of the girls, which falls loose on their slender white necks and thin bare shoulders, and their coarse chemises. These, with a short petticoat of the roughest linen, form their whole attire. The warm glow falls on the old woman's face, neck, and breast — a face worn away to a skeleton, with shriveled skin and sunken eyes, red and watery with smoke, dust, and working by lamplight — a long goître neck, wrinkled and sinewy — a hollow breast covered with faded, ragged shawls.

Part of the right wall is also lighted up, with stove, stove-bench, bedstead, and one or two gaudily colored sacred prints. On the stove rail rags are hanging to dry, and behind the stove is a collection of worthless lumber. On the bench stand some old pots and cooking utensils, and potato parings are laid out on it, on paper, to dry. Hanks of yarn and reels hang from the rafters ; baskets of bobbins stand beside the looms. In the back wall there is a low door without fastening. Beside it a bundle of willow wands is set up against the wall, and beyond them lie some damaged quarter-bushel baskets.

The room is full of sound — the rhythmic thud of the looms, shaking floor and walls, the click and rattle of the shuttles passing back and forward, and the steady whirr of the winding-wheels, like the hum of gigantic bees.

Mother Baumert [*in a querulous, feeble voice, as the girls stop weaving and bend over their webs*] — Got to make knots again already, have you ?

Emma [*the elder of the two girls, about twenty-two, tying a broken thread*] — It's the plagueyest web, this !

Bertha [*fifteen*] — Yes, it's real bad yarn they've given us this time.

Emma — What can have happened to father ? He's been away since nine.

Mother Baumert — You may well ask. Where in the wide world can he be?

Bertha — Don't you worry yourself, mother.

Mother Baumert — I can't help it, Bertha lass.

[EMMA *begins to weave again.*

Bertha — Stop a minute, Emma!

Emma — What is it?

Bertha — I thought I heard some one.

Emma — It'll be Ansorge coming home.

Enter FRITZ, *a little, barefooted, ragged boy of four.*

Fritz [*whimpering*] — I'm hungry, mother.

Emma — Wait, Fritzel, wait a bit! Gran'father will be here very soon, an' he's bringin' bread along with him, an' coffee too.

Fritz — But I'm awful hungry, mother.

Emma — Be a good boy now, Fritz. Listen to what I'm tellin' you. He'll be here this minute. He's bringin' nice bread an' nice corn-coffee; an' when we stop working mother 'll take the tater peelin's and carry them to the farmer, and the farmer 'll give her a drop o' good skim milk for her little boy.

Fritz — Where's grandfather gone?

Emma — To the manufacturer, Fritz, with a web.

Fritz — To the manufacturer?

Emma — Yes, yes, Fritz, down to Dreissiger's at Peterswaldau.

Fritz — Is it there he gets the bread?

Emma — Yes; Dreissiger gives him money, and then he buys the bread.

Fritz — Does he give him a heap of money?

Emma [*impatiently*] — Oh, stop that chatter, boy.

[*She and* BERTHA *go on weaving for a time, and then both stop again.*

Bertha — August, go and ask Ansorge if he'll give us a light. [AUGUST *goes out, accompanied by* FRITZ.

Mother Baumert [*overcome by her childish apprehension, whimpers*] — Emma! Bertha! where can father be?

Bertha — He'll have looked in to see Hauffen.

Mother Baumert [*crying*] — What if he's sittin' drinkin' in the public-house?

Emma — Don't cry, mother! You know well enough father's not the man to do that.

Mother Baumert [*half distracted by a multitude of gloomy forebodings*] — What — what — what's to become of us if he doesn't come home? if he drinks the money, and brings us nothin' at all? There's not so much as a handful of salt in the house — not a bite o' bread, nor a bit o' wood for the fire.

Bertha — Wait a bit, mother! It's moonlight just now. We'll take August with us and go into the wood and get some sticks.

Mother Baumert — Yes, an' be caught by the forester.

ANSORGE, *an old weaver of gigantic stature, who has to bend down to get into the room, puts his head and shoulders in at the door. Long, unkempt hair and beard.*

Ansorge — What's wanted?

Bertha — Light, if you please.

Ansorge [*in a muffled voice, as if speaking in a sick-room*] — There's good daylight yet.

Mother Baumert — Are we to sit in the dark next?

Ansorge — I've to do the same myself. [*Goes out.*

Bertha — It's easy to see that he's a miser.

Emma — Well, there's nothin' for it but to sit an' wait his pleasure.

Enter MRS. HEINRICH, *a woman of thirty, enceinte; an expression of torturing anxiety and apprehension on her worn face.*

Mrs. Heinrich — Good evenin' t'you all.

Mother Baumert — Well, Jenny, and what's your news?

Mrs. Heinrich [*who limps*] — I've got a piece o' glass into my foot.

Bertha — Come an' sit down, then, an' I'll see if I can get it out. [MRS. HEINRICH *seats herself.* BERTHA *kneels down in front of her, and examines her foot.*]

Mother Baumert — How are you all at home, Jenny?

Mrs. Heinrich [*breaks out despairingly*] — Things is in a terrible way with us! [*She struggles in vain against a rush of tears; then weeps silently.*]

Mother Baumert — The best thing as could happen to the likes of us, Jenny, would be if God had pity on us an' took us away out o' this weary world.

Mrs. Heinrich [*no longer able to control herself, screams, still crying*] — My children's starvin'. [*Sobs and moans.*] I'm at my wits' end. Let me work till I fall down — I'm more dead than alive — it's all no use. Am I able to fill nine hungry mouths? We got a bit o' bread last night, but it wasn't enough

even for the two smallest ones. Who was I to give it to, eh? They all cried: Me, me, mother! give it to me! — An' if it's like this while I'm still on my feet, what'll it be when I've to take to bed? Our few taters was washed away. We haven't a thing to put in our mouths.

Bertha [*has removed the bit of glass and washed the wound*] — We'll put a rag round it. Emma, see if you can find one.

Mother Baumert — We're no better off than you, Jenny.

Mrs. Heinrich — You have your girls, anyway. You've a husband as can work. Mine was taken with one of his fits last week again — so bad that I didn't know what to do with him, and was half out o' my mind with fright. And when he's had a turn like that, he can't stir out of bed under a week.

Mother Baumert — Mine's no better. His breathin's bad now as well as his back. An' there's not a farthin' nor a farthin's worth in the house. If he don't bring a few pence with him to-day, I don't know what we're to do.

Emma — It's the truth she's tellin' you, Jenny. We had to let father take the little dog with him to-day, to have him killed, that we might get a bite into our stomachs again!

Mrs. Heinrich — Have you not got as much as a handful of flour to spare?

Mother Baumert — And that we have not, Jenny. There's not as much as a grain of salt in the house.

Mrs. Heinrich — Oh, whatever am I to do! [*Rises, stands still, brooding.*] I don't know what'll be the end of this! It's more nor I can bear. [*Screams in rage and despair.*] I would be contented if it was nothin' but pigs' food! — But I can't go home again empty-handed — that I can't. God forgive me, I see no other way out of it. [*She limps quickly out.*

Mother Baumert [*calls after her in a warning voice*] — Jenny, Jenny! don't you be doin' anything foolish, now!

Bertha — She'll do herself no harm, mother. You needn't be afraid.

Emma — That's the way she always goes on. [*Seats herself at the loom and weaves for a few seconds.*]

[August *enters, carrying a tallow candle, and lighting his father,* Old Baumert, *who follows close behind him, staggering under a heavy bundle of yarn.*

Mother Baumert — Oh, father, where have you been all this long time? Where have you been?

Old Baumert — Come now, mother, don't fall on a man like that. Give me time to get my breath first. An' look who I've brought with me.

[MORITZ JAEGER *comes stooping in at the low door. Reserve soldier, newly discharged. Middle height, rosy cheeked, military carriage. His cap on the side of his head, hussar fashion, whole clothes and shoes, a clean shirt without collar. Draws himself up and salutes.*

Jaeger [*in a hearty voice*] — Good evening, Auntie Baumert!

Mother Baumert — Well, well now! and to think you've got back! An' you've not forgotten us? Take a chair, then, lad.

Emma [*wiping a wooden chair with her apron, and pushing it towards* MORITZ] — An' so you've come to see what poor folks are like again, Moritz?

Jaeger — I say, Emma, is it true that you've got a boy nearly old enough to be a soldier? Where did you get hold of him, eh?

[BERTHA, *having taken the small supply of provisions which her father has brought, puts meat into a saucepan, and shoves it into the oven, while* AUGUST *lights the fire.*

Bertha — You knew Weaver Finger, didn't you?

Mother Baumert — We had him here in the house with us. He was ready enough to marry her; but he was too far gone in consumption; he was as good as a dead man. It didn't happen for want of warning from me. But do you think she would listen? Not she. Now he's dead an' forgotten long ago, an' she's left with the boy to provide for as best she can. But now tell us how you've been gettin' on, Moritz.

Old Baumert — You've only to look at him, mother, to know that. He's had luck. It'll be about as much as he can do to speak to the likes of us. He's got clothes like a prince, an' a silver watch, an' thirty shillings in his pocket into the bargain.

Jaeger [*stretching himself consequentially, a knowing smile on his face*] — I can't complain. I didn't get on at all badly in the regiment.

Old Baumert — He was the major's own servant. Just listen to him — he speaks like a gentleman.

Jaeger — I've got so accustomed to it that I can't help it.

Mother Baumert — Well, now, to think that such a good-for-nothing as you were should have come to be a rich man. For there wasn't nothing to be made of you. You would never sit still to wind more than a hank of yarn at a time, that you

wouldn't. Off you went to your tomtit boxes an' your robin redbreast snares — they was all you cared about. Is it not the truth I'm telling?

Jaeger — Yes, yes, auntie, it's true enough. It wasn't only redbreasts. I went after swallows too.

Emma — Though we were always tellin' you that swallows were poison.

Jaeger — What did I care? — But how have you all been getting on, Auntie Baumert?

Mother Baumert — Oh, badly, lad, badly these last four years. I've had the rheumatics — just look at them hands. And it's more than likely as I've had a stroke o' some kind too, I'm that helpless. I can hardly move a limb, an' nobody knows the pains I suffers.

Old Baumert — She's in a bad way, she is. She'll not hold out long.

Bertha — We've to dress her in the mornin' an' undress her at night, an' to feed her like a baby.

Mother Baumert [*speaking in a complaining, tearful voice*] — Not a thing can I do for myself. It's far worse than bein' ill. For it's not only a burden to myself I am, but to every one else. Often and often do I pray to God to take me. For oh! mine's a weary life. I don't know — p'r'aps they think — but I'm one that's been a hard worker all my days. An' I've always been able to do my turn too; but now, all at once [*she vainly attempts to rise*], I can't do nothing. — I've a good husband an' good children, but to have to sit here and see them —! Look at the girls! There's hardly any blood left in them — faces the color of a sheet. But on they must work at these weary looms whether they earn enough to keep theirselves or not. What sort o' life is it they lead? Their feet never off the treadle from year's end to year's end. An' with it all they can't scrape together as much as 'll buy them clothes that they can let theirselves be seen in; never a step can they go to church, to hear a word of comfort. They're liker scarecrows than young girls of fifteen and twenty.

Bertha [*at the stove*] — It's beginnin' to smoke again!

Old Baumert — There now; look at that smoke. And we can't do nothin' for it. The whole stove's goin' to pieces. We must let it fall, and swallow the soot. We're coughing already, one worse than the other. We may cough till we choke, or till we cough our lungs up — nobody cares.

Jaeger — But this here is Ansorge's business; he must see to the stove.

Bertha — He'll see us out of the house first; he has plenty against us without that.

Mother Baumert — We've only been in his way this long time past.

Old Baumert — One word of a complaint an' out we go. He's had no rent from us this last half-year.

Mother Baumert — A well-off man like him needn't be so hard.

Old Baumert — He's no better off than we are, mother. He's hard put to it too, for all he holds his tongue about it.

Mother Baumert — He's got his house.

Old Baumert — What are you talking about, mother? Not one stone in the wall is the man's own.

Jaeger [*has seated himself, and taken a short pipe with gay tassels out of one coat-pocket, and a quart bottle of brandy out of another*] — Things can't go on like this. I'm dumfoundered when I see the life the people live here. The very dogs in the towns live better.

Old Baumert [*eagerly*] — That's what I say! Eh? eh? You know it too! But if you say that here, they'll tell you that it's only bad times.

Enter ANSORGE, *an earthenware pan with soup in one hand, in the other a half-finished quarter-bushel basket.*

Ansorge — Glad to see you again, Moritz!

Jaeger — Thank you, Father Ansorge — same to you!

Ansorge [*shoving his pan into the oven*] — Why, lad, you look like a duke!

Old Baumert — Show him your watch, Moritz. An' he's got a new suit of clothes besides them he's on, an' thirty shillings in his purse.

Ansorge [*shaking his head.*] — Is that so? Well, well!

Emma [*puts the potato-parings into a bag*] — I must be off; I'll maybe get a drop o' skim milk for these. [*Goes out.*

Jaeger [*the others hanging on his words*] — You know how you all used to be down on me. It was always: Wait, Moritz, till your soldiering time comes — you'll catch it then. But you see how well I've got on. At the end of the first half-year I had my good-conduct stripes. You've got to be willing — that's where the secret lies. I brushed the sergeant's boots; I groomed his horse; I fetched his beer. I was as sharp as a

needle. Always ready, accouterments clean and shining — first at stables, first at roll-call, first in the saddle. And when the bugle sounded to the assault — why, then, blood and thunder, and ride to the devil with you ! ! I was as keen as a pointer. Says I to myself: There's no help for it now, my boy, it's got to be done; and I set my mind to it and did it. Till at last the major said before the whole squadron: There's a hussar, now, that shows you what a hussar should be !

[*Silence. He lights his pipe.*

Ansorge [*shaking his head*] — Well, well, well ! You had luck with you, Moritz. [*Sits down on the floor, with his willow twigs beside him, and continues mending the basket, which he holds between his legs.*]

Old Baumert — Let's hope you've brought some of it to us. — Are we to have a drop to drink your health in?

Jaeger — Of course you are, Father Baumert. And when this bottle's done, we'll send for more. [*He flings a coin on the table.*]

Ansorge [*open mouthed with amazement*] — Oh my ! Oh my ! What goings on, to be sure ! Roast meat frizzlin' in the oven ! A bottle o' brandy on the table ! [*He drinks out of the bottle.*] Here's to you, Moritz ! — Well, well, well !

[*The bottle circulates freely after this.*

Old Baumert — If we could any way have a bit o' meat on Sundays and holidays, instead of never seein' the sight of it from year's end to year's end ! Now we'll have to wait till another poor little dog finds its way into the house like this one did four weeks gone by — an' that's not likely to happen soon again.

Ansorge — Have you killed the little dog?

Old Baumert — We had to do that or starve.

Ansorge — Well, well !

Mother Baumert — A nice, kind little beast he was, too !

Jaeger — Are you as keen as ever on roast dog hereabouts?

Old Baumert — My word, if we could only get enough of it !

Mother Baumert — A nice little bit o' meat like that does you a lot o' good.

Old Baumert — Have you lost the taste for it, Moritz? Stay with us a bit, and it'll soon come back to you.

Ansorge [*sniffing*] — Yes, yes ! That will be a tasty bite — what a good smell it has !

Old Baumert [*sniffing*] — Splendid !

Ansorge — Come, then, Moritz, tell us your opinion, you that's been out and seen the world. Are things at all like improving for us weavers, eh?

Jaeger — They would need to.

Ansorge — We're in an awful state here. It's not livin' an' it's not dyin'. A man fights to the bitter end, but he's bound to be beat at last — to be left without a roof over his head, you may say without ground under his feet. As long as he can work at the loom he can earn some sort o' poor, miserable livin'. But it's many a day since I've been able to get that sort o' job. Now I tries to put a bite into my mouth with this here basket-makin'. I sits at it late into the night, and by the time I tumbles into bed I've earned three-halfpence. I put it to you if a man can live on that, when everything's so dear? Nine shillin' goes in one lump for house tax, three shillin' for land tax, nine shillin' for mortgage interest — that makes one pound one. I may reckon my year's earnin' at just double that money, and that leaves me twenty-one shillin' for a whole year's food, an' fire, an' clothes, an' shoes ; and I've got to keep up some sort of a place to live in. Is it any wonder if I'm behindhand with my interest payments?

Old Baumert — Some one would need to go to Berlin an' tell the King how hard put to it we are.

Jaeger — Little good that would do, Father Baumert. There's been plenty written about it in the newspapers. But the rich people, they can turn and twist things round — as cunning as the devil himself.

Old Baumert [*shaking his head*] — To think they've no more sense than that in Berlin !

Ansorge — And is it really true, Moritz? Is there no law to help us? If a man hasn't been able to scrape together enough to pay his mortgage interest, though he's worked the very skin off his hands, must his house be taken from him? The peasant that's lent the money on it, he wants his rights — what else can you look for from him? But what's to be the end of it all, I don't know. If I'm put out o' the house — [*In a voice choked by tears.*] I was born here, and here my father sat at his loom for more than forty year. Many was the time he said to mother: Mother, when I'm gone, the house 'll still be here. I've worked hard for it. Every nail means a night's weaving, every plank a year's dry bread. A man would think that —

Jaeger — They're quite fit to take the last bite out of your mouth — that's what they are.

Ansorge — Well, well, well! I would rather be carried out than have to walk out now in my old days. Who minds dyin'? My father, he was glad to die. At the very end he got frightened, but I crept into bed beside him, an' he quieted down again. I was a lad of thirteen then. I was tired and fell asleep beside him — I knew no better — and when I woke he was quite cold.

Mother Baumert [*after a pause*] — Give Ansorge his soup out o' the oven, Bertha.

Bertha — Here, Father Ansorge, it'll do you good.

Ansorge [*eating and shedding tears*] — Well, well, well!

[OLD BAUMERT *has begun to eat meat out of the saucepan.*

Mother Baumert — Father, father, can't you have patience an' let Bertha serve it up properly?

Old Baumert [*chewing*] — It's two years now since I took the sacrament. I went straight after that an' sold my Sunday coat, an' we bought a good bit o' pork, an' since then never a mouthful of meat has passed my lips till to-night.

Jaeger — How should *we* need meat? The manufacturers eat it for us. It's the fat of the land *they* live on. Whoever doesn't believe that has only to go down to Bielau and Peterswaldau. He'll see fine things there — palace upon palace, with towers and iron railings and plate-glass windows. Who do they all belong to? Why, of course, the manufacturers! No signs of bad times there! Baked and boiled and fried — horses and carriages and governesses — they've money to pay for all that and goodness knows how much more. They're swelled out to bursting with pride and good living.

Ansorge — Things was different in my young days. Then the manufacturers let the weaver have his share. Now they keep everything to theirselves. An' would you like to know what's at the bottom of it all? It's that the fine folks nowadays believes neither in God nor devil. What do they care about commandments or punishments? And so they steal our last scrap o' bread, and leave us no chance of earnin' the barest living. For it's their fault. If our manufacturers was good men, there would be no bad times for us.

Jaeger — Listen, then, and I'll read you something that will please you. [*He takes one or two loose papers from his pocket.*] I say, August, run and fetch another quart from the public-house. Eh, boy, do you laugh all day long?

Mother Baumert — No one knows why, but our August's always happy — grins an' laughs, come what may. Off with you then, quick ! [*Exit* AUGUST *with the empty brandy bottle.*] You've got something good now, eh, father ?

Old Baumert [*still chewing ; spirits rising from the effect of food and drink*] — Moritz, you're the very man we want. You can read an' write. You understand the weaving trade, and you've a heart to feel for the poor weaver's sufferin's. You should stand up for us here.

Jaeger — I'd do that quick enough ! There's nothing I'd like better than to give the manufacturers round here a bit of a fright — dogs that they are ! I'm an easy-going fellow, but let me once get worked up into a real rage, and I'll take Dreissiger in the one hand and Dittrich in the other, and knock their heads together till the sparks fly out of their eyes. — If we could only arrange all to join together, we'd soon give the manufacturers a proper lesson — without help from King or Government — all we'd have to do would be to say, We want this and that, and we don't want the other thing. There would be a change of days then. As soon as they see that there's some pluck in us, they'll cave in. I know the rascals ; they're a pack of cowardly hounds.

Mother Baumert — There's some truth in what you say. I'm not an ill-natured woman. I've always been the one to say as how there must be rich folks as well as poor. But when things comes to such a pass as this —

Jaeger — The devil may take them all, for what I care. It would be no more than they deserve.

[OLD BAUMERT *has quietly gone out.*

Bertha — Where's father ?

Mother Baumert — I don't know where he can have gone.

Bertha — Do you think he's not been able to stomach the meat, with not gettin' none for so long ?

Mother Baumert [*in distress, crying*] — There now, there ! He's not even able to keep it down when he's got it. Up it comes again, the only bite o' good food as he's tasted this many a day.

Reënter OLD BAUMERT, *crying with rage.*

Old Baumert — It's no good ! I'm too far gone ! Now that I've at last got hold of somethin' with a taste in it, my stomach won't keep it. [*He sits down on the bench by the stove, crying.*]

Jaeger [*with a sudden violent ebullition of rage*] — And yet there are people not far from here, justices they call themselves too, over-fed brutes, that have nothing to do all the year round but invent new ways of wasting their time. And these people say that the weavers would be quite well off if only they weren't so lazy.

Ansorge — The men as say that are no men at all, they're monsters.

Jaeger — Never mind, Father Ansorge; we're making the place hot for 'em. Becker and I have been and given Dreissiger a piece of our mind, and before we came away we sang him "Bloody Justice."

Ansorge — Good Lord! Is that the song?

Jaeger — Yes; I have it here.

Ansorge — They call it Dreissiger's song, don't they?

Jaeger — I'll read it to you.

Mother Baumert — Who wrote it?

Jaeger — That's what nobody knows. Now listen.

[*He reads, hesitating like a schoolboy, with incorrect accentuation, but unmistakably strong feeling. Despair, suffering, rage, hatred, thirst for revenge, all find utterance.*

The justice to us weavers dealt
  Is bloody, cruel, and hateful;
Our life's one torture, long drawn out:
  For Lynch law we'd be grateful.

Stretched on the rack day after day,
  Hearts sick and bodies aching,
Our heavy sighs their witness bear
  To spirit slowly breaking.

[*The words of the song make a strong impression on* Old Baumert. *Deeply agitated, he struggles against the temptation to interrupt* Jaeger. *At last he can keep quiet no longer.*

Old Baumert [*to his wife, half laughing, half crying, stammering*] — Stretched on the rack day after day. Whoever wrote that, mother, wrote the truth. You can bear witness — eh, how does it go? "Our heavy sighs their witness bear" — what's the rest?

Jaeger — "To spirit slowly breaking."

Old Baumert — You know the way we sigh, mother, day and night, sleepin' and wakin'.

[ANSORGE *has stopped working, and cowers on the floor, strongly agitated.* MOTHER BAUMERT *and* BERTHA *wipe their eyes frequently during the course of the reading.*

Jaeger [*continues to read*] —

The Dreissigers true hangmen are,
Servants no whit behind them;
Masters and men with one accord
Set on the poor to grind them.

You villains all, you brood of hell! —

Old Baumert [*trembling with rage, stamping on the floor*] — Yes, brood of hell! ! !

Jaeger [*reads*] —

You fiends in fashion human,
A curse will fall on all like you,
Who prey on man and woman.

Ansorge — Yes, yes, a curse upon them!

Old Baumert [*clenching his fist, threateningly*] — You prey on man and woman.

Jaeger [*reads*] —

The suppliant knows he asks in vain,
Vain every word that's spoken.
"If not content, then go and starve —
Our rules cannot be broken."

Old Baumert — What is it? "The suppliant knows he asks in vain"? Every word of it's true — every word — as true as the Bible. He knows he asks in vain.

Ansorge — Yes, yes! It's all no good.

Jaeger [*reads*] —

Then think of all our woe and want,
O ye who hear this ditty!
Our struggle vain for daily bread
Hard hearts would move to pity.

But pity's what *you've* never known, —
You'd take both skin and clothing,
You cannibals, whose cruel deeds
Fill all good men with loathing.

Old Baumert [*jumps up, beside himself with excitement*] — Both skin and clothing. It's true, it's all true! Here I stand, Robert Baumert, master-weaver, of Kaschbach. Who can bring

up anything against me? — I've been an honest, hard-working man all my life long, an' look at me now! What have I to show for it? Look at me! See what they've made of me! Stretched on the rack day after day. [*He holds out his arms.*] Feel that! Skin and bone! "You villains all, you brood of hell!!" [*He sinks down on a chair, weeping with rage and despair.*]

Ansorge [*flings his basket from him into a corner, rises, his whole body trembling with rage, gasps*] — And the time's come now for a change, I say. We'll stand it no longer! We'll stand it no longer! Come what may!

ACT III.

The common room of the principal public-house in Peterswaldau. A large room with a raftered roof supported by a central wooden pillar, round which a table runs. In the back wall, a little to the right of the pillar, is the entrance door, through the opening of which the spacious lobby or outer room is seen, with barrels and brewing utensils. To the right of this door, in the corner, is the bar — a high wooden counter with receptacles for beer mugs, glasses, etc.; a cupboard with rows of brandy and liqueur bottles on the wall behind, and between counter and cupboard a narrow space for the bar-keeper. In front of the bar stands a table with a gay-colored cover, a pretty lamp hanging above it, and several cane chairs placed round it. Not far off, in the right wall, is a door with the inscription: Bar Parlor. Nearer the front on the same side an old eight-day clock stands ticking. At the back, to the left of the entrance door, is a table with bottles and glasses, and beyond this, in the corner, is the great stove. In the left wall there are three small windows. Below them runs a long bench; and in front of each stands a large oblong wooden table, with the end towards the wall. There are benches with backs along the sides of these tables, and at the end of each facing the window stands a wooden chair. The walls are washed blue and decorated with advertisements, colored prints, and oleographs, among the latter a portrait of Frederick William III.

Welzel, *the publican, a good-natured giant, upwards of fifty, stands behind the counter, letting beer run from a barrel into a glass.*

Mrs. Welzel *is ironing by the stove. She is a handsome, tidily dressed woman in her thirty-fifth year.*

Anna Welzel, *a good-looking girl of seventeen, with a quantity of beautiful, fair, reddish hair, sits, nicely dressed, with her embroidery, at the table with the colored cover. She looks up from her work*

for a moment and listens, as the sound of a funeral hymn sung by school children is heard in the distance.

WIEGAND, *the joiner, in his working clothes, is sitting at the same table, with a glass of Bavarian beer before him. His face shows that he understands what the world requires of a man if he is to attain his ends — namely, craftiness, sharpness, and relentless determination.*

A COMMERCIAL TRAVELER *is seated at the pillar-table, vigorously masticating a beefsteak. He is of middle height, stout and thriving-looking, inclined to jocosity, lively and impudent. He is dressed in the fashion of the day, and his portmanteau, pattern-case, umbrella, overcoat, and traveling rug lie on chairs beside him.*

Welzel [*carrying a glass of beer to the* Traveler, *but addressing* WIEGAND] — The devil's loose in Peterswaldau to-day.

Wiegand [*in a sharp, shrill voice*] — That's because it's delivery day at Dreissiger's.

Mrs. Welzel — But they don't generally make such an awful row.

Wiegand — It's maybe because of the two hundred new weavers that he's going to take on.

Mrs. Welzel [*at her ironing*] — Yes, yes, that'll be it. If he wants two hundred, six hundred's sure to have come. There's no lack of *them.*

Wiegand — You may well say that. There's no fear of their dying out, let them be ever so badly off. They bring more children into the world than we know what to do with. [*The strains of the funeral hymn are suddenly heard more distinctly.*] There's a funeral to-day, too. Weaver Nentwich is dead, as no doubt you know.

Welzel — He's been long enough about it. He's been goin' about like a livin' ghost this many a long day.

Wiegand — You never saw such a little coffin, Welzel; it was the tiniest, miserablest little thing I ever glued together. And what a corpse! It didn't weigh ninety pounds.

Traveler [*his mouth full*] — What I don't understand's this. — Take up whatever paper you like, and you'll find the most heartrending accounts of the destitution among the weavers. You get the impression that three-quarters of the people in this neighborhood are starving. Then you come and see a funeral like what's going on just now. I met it as I came into the village. Brass band, schoolmaster, school children, pastor, and such a procession behind them that you would think it was the Emperor of China that was getting buried. If the people have

money to spend on this sort of thing, well — ! [*He takes a drink of beer; puts down the glass; suddenly and jocosely.*] What do you say to it, miss? Don't you agree with me? [ANNA *gives an embarrassed laugh, and goes on working busily.*] Now, I'll take a bet that these are slippers for papa.

Welzel — You're wrong, then, I wouldn't put such things on my feet.

Traveler — You don't say so! Now, I would give half of what I'm worth if these slippers were for me.

Mrs. Welzel — Oh, you don't know nothing about such things.

Wiegand [*has coughed once or twice, moved his chair, and prepared himself to speak*] — You were saying, sir, that you wondered to see such a funeral as this. I tell you, and Mrs. Welzel here will bear me out, that it's quite a small funeral.

Traveler — But, my good man, — what a monstrous lot of money it must cost! Where does that all come from?

Wiegand — If you'll excuse me for saying so, sir, there's a deal of foolishness among the poorer working people hereabouts. They have a kind of inordinate idea, if I may say so, of the respect an' duty an' honor they're bound to show to such as are taken from their midst. And when it comes to be a case of parents, then there's no bounds whatever to their superstitiousness. The children and the nearest family scrapes together every farthing they can call their own, an' what's still wanting, that they borrow from some rich man. They run themselves into debt over head and ears; they're owing money to the pastor, to the sexton, and to all concerned. Then there's the victuals an' the drink, an' such like. No, sir, I'm far from speaking against dutifulness to parents; but it's too much when it goes the length of the mourners having to bear the weight of it for the rest of their lives.

Traveler — But surely the pastor might reason them out of such foolishness.

Wiegand — Begging your pardon, sir, but I must mention that every little place hereabouts has its church an' its respected pastor to support. These honorable gentlemen has their advantages from big funerals. The larger the attendance is, the larger the offertory is bound to be. Whoever knows the circumstances connected with the working classes here, sir, will assure you that the pastors are strong against quiet funerals.

Enter HORNIG, *the rag dealer, a little bandy-legged old man, with a strap round his chest.*

Hornig — Good mornin', ladies and gentlemen! A glass of schnapps, if you please, Mr. Welzel. Has the young mistress anything for me to-day? I've got beautiful ribbons in my cart, Miss Anna, an' tapes an' garters, an' the very best of pins an' hairpins, an' hooks an' eyes. An' all in exchange for a few rags. [*He changes his voice.*] An' out of them rags fine white paper's to be made, for your sweetheart to write you a letter on.

Anna — Thank you, but I've nothing to do with sweethearts.

Mrs. Welzel [*putting a bolt into her iron*] — No, she's not that kind. She'll not hear of marrying.

Traveler [*jumps up, affecting delighted surprise, goes forward to* ANNA'S *table, and holds out his hand to her across it*] — That's right, miss. You and I think alike in this matter. Give me your hand on it. We'll both remain single.

Anna [*blushing scarlet, gives him her hand*] — But you are married already!

Traveler — Not a bit of it. I only pretend to be. You think so because I wear a ring. I only have it on my finger to protect my charms against shameless attacks. I'm not afraid of you, though. [*He puts the ring into his pocket.*] But tell me truly, miss, are you quite determined never, never, never to marry?

Anna [*shakes her head*] — Oh, get along with you!

Mrs. Welzel — You may trust her to remain single unless something very extra good turns up.

Traveler — And why should it not? I know of a rich Silesian proprietor who married his mother's lady's maid. And there's Dreissiger, the rich manufacturer, his wife is an innkeeper's daughter too, and not half so pretty as you, miss, though she rides in her carriage now, with servants in livery. And why not? [*He marches about, stretching himself, and stamping his feet.*] Let me have a cup of coffee, please.

Enter ANSORGE *and* OLD BAUMERT, *each with a bundle. They seat themselves meekly and silently beside* HORNIG, *at the front table to the left.*

Welzel — How are you, Father Ansorge? Glad to see you once again.

Hornig — Yes, it's not often as you crawl down from that smoky old nest.

Ansorge [*visibly embarrassed, mumbles*] — I've been fetchin' myself a web again.

Baumert — He's goin' to work at a shilling the web.

Ansorge — I wouldn't have done it, but there's no more to be made now by basket-weavin'.

Wiegand — It's always better than nothing. He does it only to give you employment. I know Dreissiger very well. When I was up there taking out his double windows last week we were talking about it, him and me. It's out of pity that he does it.

Ansorge — Well, well, well! That may be so.

Welzel [*setting a glass of schnapps on the table before each of the weavers*] — Here you are, then. I say, Ansorge, how long is it since you had a shave? The gentleman over there would like to know.

Traveler [*calls across*] — Now, Mr. Welzel, you know I didn't say that. I was only struck by the venerable appearance of the master-weaver. It isn't often one sees such a gigantic figure.

Ansorge [*scratching his head, embarrassed*] — Well, well!

Traveler — Such specimens of primitive strength are rare nowadays. We're all rubbed smooth by civilization — but I can still take pleasure in nature untampered with. These bushy eyebrows! That tangled length of beard!

Hornig — Let me tell you, sir, that these people haven't the money to pay a barber, and as to a razor for themselves, that's altogether beyond them. What grows, grows. They haven't nothing to throw away on their outsides.

Traveler — My good friend, you surely don't imagine that I would — [*Aside to Welzel.*] Do you think I might offer the hairy one a glass of beer?

Welzel — No, no; you mustn't do that. He wouldn't take it. He's got some queer ideas in that head of his.

Traveler — All right, then, I won't. With your permission, miss. [*He seats himself at* ANNA'S *table.*] I declare, miss, that I've not been able to take my eyes off your hair since I came in — such glossy softness, such a splendid quantity! [*Ecstatically kisses his finger-tips.*] And what a color! — like ripe wheat. Come to Berlin with that hair and you'll create no end of a sensation. On my honor, with hair like that you may go to Court. [*Leans back looking at it.*] Glorious, simply glorious!

Wiegand — They've given her a name because of it.

Traveler — And what may that be?

Hornig — The chestnut filly, isn't it?

Welzel — Come now, we've had enough o' this. I'm not goin' to have the girl's head turned altogether. She's had a-plenty of silly notions put into it already. She'll hear of nothing under a Count to-day, and to-morrow it'll be a Prince.

Mrs. Welzel — You let her alone, father. There's no harm in wantin' to rise in the world. It's as well that people don't all think as you do, or nobody would get on at all. If Dreissiger's grandfather had been of your way of thinkin', they would be poor weavers still. And now they're rollin' in wealth. An' look at old Tromtra. He was nothing but a weaver, too, and now he owns twelve estates, an' he's been made a nobleman into the bargain.

Wiegand — Yes, Welzel, you must look at the thing fairly. Your wife's in the right this time. I can answer for that. I'd never be where I am, with seven workmen under me, if I had thought like you.

Hornig — Yes, you understand the way to get on; that your worst enemy must allow. Before the weaver has taken to bed, you're gettin' his coffin ready.

Wiegand — A man must attend to his business if he's to make anything of it.

Hornig — No fear of you for that. You know before the doctor when death's on the way to knock at a weaver's door.

Wiegand [*attempting to laugh, suddenly furious*] — And you know better than the police where the thieves are among the weavers, that keep back two or three bobbins full every week. It's rags you ask for, but you don't say No, if there's a little yarn among them.

Hornig — An' your corn grows in the churchyard. The more that are bedded on the sawdust, the better for you. When you see the rows of little children's graves, you pats yourself on the belly, and says you: This has been a good year; the little brats have fallen like cockchafers off the trees. I can allow myself a quart extra in the week again.

Wiegand — And supposing this is all true, it still doesn't make me a receiver of stolen goods.

Hornig — No; perhaps the worst you do is to send in an account twice to the rich fustian manufacturers, or to help yourself to a plank or two at Dreissiger's when there's building goin' on and the moon happens not to be shinin'.

Wiegand [*turning his back*] — Talk to any one you like, but not to me. [*Then suddenly.*] Hornig the liar!

Hornig — Wiegand the coffin-jobber!

Wiegand [*to the rest of the company*] — He knows charms for bewitching cattle.

Hornig — If you don't look out, I'll try one of 'em on you.

[WIEGAND *turns pale.*

Mrs. Welzel [*had gone out; now returns with the* Traveler's *coffee; in the act of putting it on the table*] — Perhaps you would rather have it in the parlor, sir?

Traveler — Most certainly not! [*With a languishing look at* ANNA.] I could sit here till I die.

Enter a Young Forester *and a* Peasant, *the latter carrying a whip. They wish the others "Good Morning," and remain standing at the counter.*

Peasant — Two brandies, if you please.

Welzel — Good morning to you, gentlemen.

[*He pours out their beverage; the two touch glasses, take a mouthful, and then set the glasses down on the counter.*

Traveler [*to* Forester] — Come far this morning, sir?

Forester — From Steinseiffersdorf — that's a good step.

Two old Weavers *enter, and seat themselves beside* ANSORGE, BAUMERT, *and* HORNIG.

Traveler — Excuse me asking, but are you in Count Hochheim's service?

Forester — No. I'm in Count Keil's.

Traveler — Yes, yes, of course — that was what I meant. One gets confused here among all the Counts and Barons and other gentlemen. It would take a giant's memory to remember them all. Why do you carry an ax, if I may ask?

Forester — I've just taken this one from a man who was stealing wood.

Old Baumert — Yes, their lordships are mighty strict with us about a few sticks for the fire.

Traveler — You must allow that if every one were to help himself to what he wanted —

Old Baumert — By your leave, sir, but there's a difference made here as elsewhere between the big an' the little thieves.

There's some here as deals in stolen wood wholesale, and grows rich on it. But if a poor weaver —

First Old Weaver [*interrupts* BAUMERT] — We're forbid to take a single branch; but their lordships, they take the very skin off of us — we've assurance money to pay, an' spinning money, an' charges in kind — we must go here an' go there, an' do so an' so much field work, all willy-nilly.

Ansorge — That's just how it is — what the manufacturer leaves us, their lordships takes from us.

Second Old Weaver [*has taken a seat at the next table*] — I've said it to his lordship himself. By your leave, my lord, says I, it's not possible for me to work on the estate so many days this year. For why — my own bit o' ground, my lord, it's been next to carried away by the rains. I've to work both night and day if I'm to live at all. For oh, what a flood that was — ! There I stood an' wrung my hands, an' watched the good soil come pourin' down the hill, into the very house ! An' all that dear, fine seed ! — I could do nothing but roar an' cry until I couldn't see out o' my eyes for a week. And then I had to start an' wheel eighty heavy barrow-loads of earth up that hill, till my back was all but broken.

Peasant [*roughly*] — You weavers here make such an awful outcry. As if we hadn't all to put up with what Heaven sends us. An' if you *are* badly off just now, whose fault is it but your own? What did you do when trade was good? Drank an' squandered all you made. If you had saved a bit then, you'd have it to fall back on now when times is bad, and not need to be goin' stealin' yarn and wood.

First Young Weaver [*standing with several comrades in the lobby or outer room, calls in at the door*] — What's a peasant but a peasant, though he lies in bed till nine?

First Old Weaver — The peasant an' the Count, it's the same story with 'em both. Says the peasant when a weaver wants a house: I'll give you a little bit of a hole to live in, an' you'll pay me so much rent in money, an' the rest of it you'll make up by helpin' me to get in my hay an' my corn — an' if that doesn't please you, why, then you may go elsewhere. He tries another, and the second he says the same as the first.

Baumert [*angrily*] — The weaver's like a bone that every dog takes a gnaw at.

Peasant [*furious*] — You starving curs, you're no good for anything. Can you yoke a plow? Can you draw a straight

furrow or throw a bundle of sheaves on to a cart? You're fit for nothing but to idle about an' go after the women. A pack of scoundrelly ne'er-do-wells!

[*He has paid and now goes out. The* Forester *follows, laughing.* WELZEL, *the joiner, and* MRS. WELZEL *laugh aloud; the* Traveler *laughs to himself. Then there is a moment's silence.*

Hornig — A peasant like that's as stupid as his own ox. As if I didn't know all about the distress in the villages round here. Sad sights I've seen! Four and five lyin' naked on one sack of straw.

Traveler [*in a mildly remonstrative tone*] — Allow me to remark, my good man, that there's a great difference of opinion as to the amount of distress here in the Eulengebirge. If you can read —

Hornig — I can read straight off, as well as you. An' I know what I've seen with my own eyes. It would be queer if a man that's traveled the country with a pack on his back these forty years an' more didn't know something about it. There was Fullern, now. You saw the children scraping about among the dung-heaps with the peasant's geese. The people up there died naked, on the bare stone floors. In their sore need they ate the stinking weavers' glue. Hunger carried them off by the hundred.

Traveler — You must be aware, since you are able to read, that strict investigation has been made by the Government, and that —

Hornig — Yes, yes, we all know what that means. They send a gentleman that knows all about it already better nor if he had seen it, an' he goes about a bit in the village, at the lower end, where the best houses are. He doesn't want to dirty his shining boots. Thinks he to himself: All the rest'll be the same as this. An' so he steps into his carriage an' drives away home again, an' then writes to Berlin that there's no distress in the place at all. If he had but taken the trouble to go higher up into a village like that, to where the stream comes in, or across the stream on to the narrow side — or, better still, if he'd gone up to the little out-o'-the-way hovels on the hill above, some of 'em that black an' tumble-down as it would be the waste of a good match to set fire to 'em — it's another kind of report he'd have sent to Berlin. They should have come to me, these government gentlemen that wouldn't believe there was no dis-

tress here. I would have shown them something. I'd have opened their eyes for 'em in some of these starvation holes.

[*The strains of the Weavers' Song are heard, sung outside.*

Welzel — There they are, roaring at that devil's song again.

Wiegand — They're turning the whole place upside down.

Mrs. Welzel — You'd think there was something in the air.

[JAEGER *and* BECKER *arm in arm, at the head of a troop of young weavers, march noisily through the outer room and enter the bar.*

Jaeger — Halt! To your places!

[*The new arrivals sit down at the various tables, and begin to talk to other weavers already seated there.*

Hornig [*calls out to* BECKER] — What's up now, Becker, that you've got together a crowd like this?

Becker [*significantly*] — Who knows but something may be going to happen? Eh, Moritz?

Hornig — Come, come, lads. Don't you be a-gettin' of yourselves into mischief.

Becker — Blood's flowed already. Would you like to see it?

[*He pulls up his sleeve, and shows bleeding tattoo-marks on the upper part of his arm. Many of the other young weavers do the same.*

Becker — We've been at Father Schmidt's, gettin' ourselves vaccinated.

Hornig — Now the thing's explained. Little wonder there's such an uproar in the place, with a band of young rapscallions like you paradin' round.

Jaeger [*consequentially, in a loud voice*] — You may bring two quarts at once, Welzel! I pay. Perhaps you think I haven't got the needful. You're wrong, then. If we wanted we could sit an' drink your best brandy an' swill coffee till tomorrow morning with any bagman in the land.

[*Laughter among the young weavers.*

Traveler [*affecting comic surprise*] — Is the young gentleman kind enough to take notice of me?

[*Host, hostess, and their daughter,* WIEGAND, *and the* Traveler *all laugh.*

Jaeger — If the cap fits, wear it.

Traveler — Your affairs seem to be in a thriving condition, young man, if I may be allowed to say so.

Jaeger — I can't complain. I'm a traveler in made-up

goods. I go shares with the manufacturers. The nearer starvation the weaver is, the better I fare. His want butters my bread.

Becker — Well done, Moritz! You gave it him that time. Here's to you!

[WELZEL *has brought the corn-brandy. On his way back to the counter he stops, turns round slowly, and stands, an embodiment of phlegmatic strength, facing the weavers.*

Welzel [*calmly but emphatically*] — You let the gentleman alone. He's done you no harm.

Young Weavers — And we're doing him no harm.

[MRS. WELZEL *has exchanged a few words with the* Traveler. *She takes the cup with the remains of his coffee and carries it into the parlor. The* Traveler *follows her amidst the laughter of the weavers.*

Young Weavers [*singing*] — "The Dreissigers the hangmen are, Servants no whit behind them."

Welzel — Hush-sh! Sing that song anywhere else you like, but not in my house.

First Old Weaver — He's quite right. Stop that singin', lads.

Becker [*roars*] — But we must march past Dreissiger's, boys, and let him hear it once more.

Wiegand — You'd better take care — you may march once too often! [*Laughter and cries of Ho, ho!*

[WITTIG *has entered; a gray-haired old smith, bare-headed, with leather apron and wooden shoes, sooty from the smithy. He is standing at the counter waiting for his schnapps.*

Young Weavers — Wittig, Wittig!

Wittig — Here he is. What do you want with him?

Young Weavers — "It's Wittig!" — "Wittig, Wittig!" — "Come here, Wittig." — "Sit beside us, Wittig."

Wittig — Do you think I would sit beside a set of rascals like you?

Jaeger — Come and take a glass with us.

Wittig — Keep your brandy to yourselves. I pay for my own drink. [*Takes his glass and sits down beside* BAUMERT *and* ANSORGE. *Clapping the latter on the stomach.*] What's the weavers' food so nice? Sauerkraut and roasted lice!

Old Baumert [*excitedly*] — But what would you say now if they'd made up their minds as how they would put up with it no longer?

Wittig [*with pretended astonishment, staring open-mouthed at the old weaver*] — Heinerle! you don't mean to tell me that that's you! [*Laughs immoderately.*] O Lord, O Lord! I could laugh myself to death. Old Baumert risin' in rebellion! We'll have the tailors at it next, and then there'll be a rebellion among the baa-lambs, and the rats and the mice. Damn it all, but we'll see some sport. [*He nearly splits with laughter.*

Old Baumert — You needn't go on like that, Wittig. I'm the same man I've always been. I still say 'twould be better if things could be put right peaceably.

Wittig — Peaceably! How could it be done peaceably? Did they do it peaceably in France? Did Robespeer tickle the rich men's palms? No! It was: Away with them, every one! To the gilyoteen with them! Allongs onfong! You've got your work before you. The geese'll not fly ready roasted into your mouths.

Old Baumert — If I could make even half a livin' —

First Old Weaver — The water's up to our chins now, Wittig.

Second Old Weaver — We're afraid to go home. It's all the same whether we works or whether we lies abed; it's starvation both ways.

First Old Weaver — A man's like to go mad at home.

Old Ansorge — It's that length with me now that I don't care how things go.

Old Weavers [*with increasing excitement*] — "We've no peace anywhere." — "We've no spirit left to work." — "Up with us in Steenkunzendorf you can see a weaver sittin' by the stream washin' hisself the whole day long, naked as God made him. It's driven him clean out of his mind."

Third Old Weaver [*moved by the spirit, stands up and begins to "speak with tongues," stretching out his hand threateningly*] — Judgment is at hand! Have no dealings with the rich and the great! Judgment is at hand! The Lord God of Sabaoth —

[*Some of the weavers laugh. He is pulled down to his seat.*

Welzel — That's a chap that can't stand a single glass — he gets wild at once.

Third Old Weaver [*jumps up again*] — But they — they believe not in God, not in hell, not in heaven. They mock at religion —

First Old Weaver — Come, come now, that's enough!

Becker — You let him do his little bit o' preaching. There's many a one would be the better for taking it to heart.

Voices [*in excited confusion*] — "Let him alone!" — "Let him speak!"

Third Old Weaver [*raising his voice*] — But hell is opened, saith the Lord; its jaws are gaping wide, to swallow up all those that oppress the afflicted and pervert judgment in the cause of the poor. [*Wild excitement.*

Third Old Weaver [*suddenly declaiming schoolboy fashion*] —

> When one has thought upon it well,
> It's still more difficult to tell
> Why they the linen-weaver's work despise.

Becker — But we're fustian weavers, man. [*Laughter.*

Hornig — The linen weavers is ever so much worse off than you. They're wandering about among the hills like ghosts. You people here have still got the pluck left in you to kick up a row.

Wittig — Do you suppose the worst's over here? It won't be long till the manufacturers drain away that little bit of strength they still have left in their bodies.

Becker — You know what he said: It will come to the weavers working for a bite of bread. [*Uproar.*

Several Old and Young Weavers — Who said that?

Becker — Dreissiger said it.

A Young Weaver — The damned rascal should be hung up by the heels.

Jaeger — Look here, Wittig. You've always jawed such a lot about the French Revolution, and a good deal too about your own doings. A time may be coming, and that before long, when every one will have a chance to show whether he's a braggart or a true man.

Wittig [*flaring up angrily*] — Say another word if you dare! Have you heard the whistle of bullets? Have you done outpost duty in an enemy's country?

Jaeger — You needn't get angry about it. We're comrades. I meant no harm.

Wittig — None of your comradeship for me, you impudent young fool.

Enter KUTSCHE, *the policeman.*

Several Voices — Hush — sh! Police!

[*This calling goes on for some time, till at last there is complete silence, amidst which* KUTSCHE *takes his place at the central pillar-table.*

Kutsche — A small brandy, please. [*Again complete silence.*

Wittig — I suppose you've come to see if we're all behaving ourselves, Kutsche?

Kutsche [*paying no attention to* WITTIG] — Good morning, Mr. Wiegand.

Wiegand [*still in the corner in front of the counter*] — Good morning t'you, sir.

Kutsche — How's trade?

Wiegand — Thank you, much as usual.

Becker — The chief constable's sent him to see if we're spoiling our stomachs on these big wages we're getting.

[*Laughter.*

Jaeger — I say, Welzel, you will tell him how we've been feasting on roast pork an' sauce an' dumplings and sauerkraut, and now we're sitting at our champagne wine. [*Laughter.*

Welzel — The world's upside down with them to-day.

Kutsche — An' even if you had the champagne wine and the roast meat, you wouldn't be satisfied. I've to get on without champagne wine as well as you.

Becker [*referring to* KUTSCHE'S *nose*] — He waters his beetroot with brandy and gin. An' it thrives upon it too.

[*Laughter.*

Wittig — A p'liceman like that has a hard life. Now it's a starving beggar boy he has to lock up, then it's a pretty weaver girl he has to lead astray; then he has to get roarin' drunk an' beat his wife till she goes screamin' to the neighbors for help; and there's the ridin' about on horseback and the lyin' in bed till nine — nay, faith, but it's no easy job!

Kutsche — Jaw away; you'll jaw a rope round your neck in time. It's long been known what sort of a fellow you are. The magistrates know all about that dangerous tongue of yours. I know who'll drink wife and child into the poorhouse an' himself into jail before long, who it is that'll go on agitatin' and agitatin' till he brings down judgment on himself and all concerned.

Wittig [*laughs bitterly*] — It's true enough — no one knows what'll be the end of it. You may be right yet. [*Bursts out in fury.*] But if it does come to that, I know who I've got to thank for it, who it is that's blabbed to the manufacturers an' all the gentlemen round, an' blackened my character to that extent that they never give me a hand's turn of work to do — an' set the peasants an' the millers against me, so that I'm often

a whole week without a horse to shoe or a wheel to put a tire on. I know who's done it. I once pulled the damned brute off his horse, because he was givin' a little stupid boy the most awful flogging for stealin' a few unripe pears. But I tell you this, Kutsche, and you know me — if you get me put into prison, you may make your own will. If I hear as much as a whisper of it, I'll take the first thing as comes handy, whether it's a horseshoe or a hammer, a wheel-spoke or a pail; I'll get hold of you if I've to drag you out of bed from beside your wife, and I'll beat in your brains, as sure as my name's Wittig.

[*He has jumped up and is going to rush at* KUTSCHE.

Old and Young Weavers [*holding him back*] — Wittig, Wittig! Don't lose your head!

Kutsche [*has risen involuntarily, his face pale. He backs towards the door while speaking. The nearer the door the higher his courage rises. He speaks the last words on the threshold, and then instantly disappears*] — What are you goin' on at me about? I didn't meddle with you. I came to say something to the weavers. My business is with them an' not with you, and I've done nothing to you. But I've this to say to you weavers: the Superintendent of Police herewith forbids the singing of that song — Dreissiger's song or whatever it is you call it. And if the yelling of it on the street isn't stopped at once, he'll provide you with plenty of time and leisure for goin' on with it in jail. You may sing there, on bread and water, to your hearts' content. [*Goes out.*

Wittig [*roars after him*] — He's no right to forbid it — not if we were to roar till the windows shook an' they could hear us at Reichenbach — not if we sang till the manufacturers' houses tumbled about their ears an' all the Superintendent's helmets danced on the top of their heads. It's nobody's business but our own.

[BECKER *has in the meantime got up, made a signal for singing, and now leads off, the others joining in.*

The justice to us weavers dealt
Is bloody, cruel, and hateful;
Our life's one torture, long drawn out;
For Lynch law we'd be grateful.

[WELZEL *attempts to quiet them, but they pay no attention to him.* WIEGAND *puts his hands to his ears and rushes off. During the singing of the next verse the weavers rise and form into*

procession behind BECKER *and* WITTIG, *who have given pantomimic signs for a general break-up.*

Stretched on the rack day after day,
Hearts sick and bodies aching,
Our heavy sighs their witness bear
To spirit slowly breaking.

[*Most of the weavers sing the following verse out on the street, only a few young fellows, who are paying, being still in the bar. At the conclusion of the verse no one is left in the room except* WELZEL *and his wife and daughter,* HORNIG *and* OLD BAUMERT.

You villains all, you brood of hell,
You fiends in fashion human,
A curse will fall on all like you
Who prey on man and woman.

Welzel [*phlegmatically collecting the glasses*] — Their backs are up to-day, and no mistake.

Hornig [*to* OLD BAUMERT, *who is preparing to go*] — What in the name of Heaven are they up to, Baumert?

Baumert — They're goin' to Dreissiger's to make him add something on to the pay.

Welzel — And are you joining in these foolish ongoings?

Old Baumert — I've no choice, Welzel. The young men may an' the old men must. [*Goes out rather shamefacedly.*

Hornig — It'll not surprise me if this ends badly.

Welzel — To think that even old fellows like him are goin' right off their heads!

Hornig — We all set our hearts on something!

ACT IV.

Peterswaldau. — Private room of DREISSIGER, *the fustian manufacturer — luxuriously furnished in the chilly taste of the first half of this century. Ceiling, doors, and stove are white, and the wall paper, with its small, straight-lined floral pattern, is dull and cold in tone. The furniture is mahogany, richly carved, and upholstered in red. On the right, between two windows with crimson damask curtains, stands the writing-table, a high bureau with falling flap. Directly opposite to this is the sofa, with the strong-box beside it; in front of the sofa a table, with chairs and easy-chairs arranged about it. Against*

the back wall is a gun-cupboard. All three walls are decorated with bad pictures in gilt frames. Above the sofa is a mirror with a heavily gilt rococo frame. On the left an ordinary door leads into the hall. An open folding door at the back shows the drawing-room over furnished in the same style of comfortless splendor. Two ladies, MRS. DREISSIGER *and* MRS. KITTELHAUS, *the Pastor's wife, are seen in the drawing-room, looking at pictures.* PASTOR KITTELHAUS *is there too, engaged in conversation with* WEINHOLD, *the tutor, a theological graduate.*

Kittelhaus [*a kindly little elderly man, enters the front room, smoking and talking to the tutor, who is also smoking; he looks round and shakes his head in surprise at finding the room empty*] — You are young, Mr. Weinhold, which explains everything. At your age we old fellows held — well, I won't say the same opinions — but certainly opinions of the same tendency. And there's something fine about youth — youth with its grand ideals. But unfortunately, Mr. Weinhold, they don't last; they are as fleeting as April sunshine. Wait till you are my age. When a man has said his say from the pulpit for thirty years — fifty-two times every year, not including saints' days — he has inevitably calmed down. Think of me, Mr. Weinhold, when you come that length.

Weinhold [*nineteen, pale, thin, tall, with lanky fair hair; restless and nervous in his movements*] — With all due respect, Mr. Kittelhaus — I can't think — people have such different natures.

Kittelhaus — My dear Mr. Weinhold, however restless-minded and unsettled a man may be — [*in a tone of reproof*] and you are a case in point — however violently and wantonly he may attack the existing order of things, he calms down in the end. I grant you, certainly, that among our professional brethren individuals are to be found, who, at a fairly advanced age, still play youthful pranks. One preaches against the drink evil and founds temperance societies, another publishes appeals which undoubtedly read most effectively. But what good do they do? The distress among the weavers, where it does exist, is in no way lessened — but the peace of society is undermined. No, no; one feels inclined in such cases to say: Cobbler, stick to your last; don't take to caring for the belly, you who have the care of souls. Preach the pure Word of God, and leave all else to Him who provides shelter and food for the birds, and clothes the lilies of the field. — But I should like to know

where our good host, Mr. Dreissiger, has suddenly disappeared to.

[Mrs. Dreissiger, *followed by* Mrs. Kittelhaus, *now comes forward. She is a pretty woman of thirty, of a healthy, florid type. A certain discordance is noticeable between her deportment and way of expressing herself and her rich, elegant toilette.*

Mrs. Dreissiger — That's what I want to know too, Mr. Kittelhaus. But it's what William always does. No sooner does a thing come into his head than off he goes and leaves me in the lurch. I've said enough about it, but it does no good.

Kittelhaus — It's always the way with business men, my dear Mrs. Dreissiger.

Weinhold — I'm almost certain that something has happened downstairs.

Dreissiger *enters, hot and excited.*

Dreissiger — Well, Rosa, is coffee served?

Mrs. Dreissiger [*sulkily*] — Fancy your needing to run away again!

Dreissiger [*carelessly*] — Ah! these are things you don't understand.

Kittelhaus — Excuse me — has anything happened to annoy you, Mr. Dreissiger?

Dreissiger — Never a day passes without that, my dear sir. I am accustomed to it. What about that coffee, Rosa?

[Mrs. Dreissiger *goes ill-humoredly and gives one or two violent tugs at the broad embroidered bell-pull.*

Dreissiger — I wish you had been downstairs just now, Mr. Weinhold. You'd have gained a little experience. Besides — But now let us have our game of whist.

Kittelhaus — By all means, sir. Shake off the dust and burden of the day, Mr. Dreissiger; forget it in our company.

Dreissiger [*has gone to the window, pushed aside a curtain, and is looking out*] — Vile rabble!! Come here, Rosa! [*She goes to the window.*] Look — that tall red-haired fellow there! —

Kittelhaus — That's the man they call Red Becker.

Dreissiger — Is he the man that insulted you the day before yesterday? You remember what you told me — when John was helping you into the carriage?

Mrs. Dreissiger [*pouting, carelessly*] — I'm sure I don't know.

Dreissiger — Come now, what's the use of being cross? I must know. If he's the man, I mean to have him arrested. [*The strains of the Weavers' Song are heard.*] Listen to that! Just listen!

Kittelhaus [*highly incensed*] — Is there to be no end to this nuisance? I must acknowledge now that it is time for the police to interfere. Permit me. [*He goes forward to the window.*] See, see, Mr. Weinhold! These are not only young people. There are numbers of steady-going old weavers among them, men whom I have known for years and looked upon as most deserving and God-fearing. There they are, taking part in this intolerable uproar, trampling God's law under foot. Do you mean to tell me that you still defend these people?

Weinhold — Certainly not, Mr. Kittelhaus. That is, sir — *cum grano salis.* For after all, they are hungry and they are ignorant. They are giving expression to their dissatisfaction in the only way they understand. I don't expect that such people —

Mrs. Kittelhaus [*short, thin, faded, more like an old maid than a married woman*] — Mr. Weinhold, Mr. Weinhold, how can you?

Dreissiger — Mr. Weinhold, I am sorry to be obliged to — I didn't bring you into my house to give me lectures on philanthropy, and I must request that you will confine yourself to the education of my boys, and leave my other affairs entirely to me — entirely! Do you understand?

Weinhold [*stands for a moment rigid and deathly pale, then bows, with a strained smile. In a low voice*] — Certainly, of course I understand. I have seen this coming. It is my wish too. [*Goes out.*

Dreissiger [*rudely*] — As soon as possible then, please. We require the room.

Mrs. Dreissiger — William, William!

Dreissiger — Have you lost your senses, Rosa, that you're taking the part of a man who defends a low, blackguardly libel like that song?

Mrs. Dreissiger — But, William, he didn't defend it.

Dreissiger — Mr. Kittelhaus, did he defend it or did he not?

Kittelhaus — His youth must be his excuse, Mr. Dreissiger.

Mrs. Kittelhaus — I can't understand it. The young man comes of such a good, respectable family. His father held a

public appointment for forty years, without a breath on his reputation. His mother was overjoyed at his getting this good situation here. And now — he himself shows so little appreciation of it.

Pfeifer [*suddenly opens the door leading from the hall and shouts in*] — Mr. Dreissiger, Mr. Dreissiger! they've got him! Will you come, please? They've caught one of them.

Dreissiger [*hastily*] — Has some one gone for the police?

Pfeifer — The Superintendent's on his way upstairs.

Dreissiger [*at the door*] — Glad to see you, sir. We want you here.

[KITTELHAUS *makes signs to the ladies that it will be better for them to retire. He, his wife, and* MRS. DREISSIGER *disappear into the drawing-room.*

Dreissiger [*exasperated, to the* Police Superintendent, *who has now entered*] — I have at last had one of the ringleaders seized by my dyers. I could stand it no longer — their insolence was beyond all bounds — quite unbearable. I have visitors in my house, and these blackguards dare to — They insult my wife whenever she shows herself; my boys' lives are not safe. My visitors run the risk of being jostled and cuffed. Is it possible that in a well-ordered community incessant public insult offered to unoffending people like myself and my family should pass unpunished? If so — then — then I must confess that I have other ideas of law and order.

Superintendent [*a man of fifty, middle height, corpulent, full-blooded. He wears cavalry uniform, with a long sword and spurs*] — No, no, Mr. Dreissiger — certainly not! I am entirely at your disposal. Make your mind easy on the subject. Dispose of me as you will. What you have done is quite right. I am delighted that you have had one of the ringleaders arrested. I am very glad indeed that a settling day has come. There are a few disturbers of the peace here whom I have long had my eye on.

Dreissiger — Yes, one or two raw lads, lazy vagabonds, that shirk every kind of work, and lead a life of low dissipation, hanging about the public-houses until they've sent their last halfpenny down their throats. But I'm determined to put a stop to the trade of these professional blackguards once and for all. It's in the public interest to do so, not only my private interest.

Superintendent — Of course it is! Most undoubtedly, Mr. Dreissiger! No one can possibly blame you. And everything that lies in my power —

Dreissiger — The cat-o'-nine tails is what should be taken to the beggarly pack.

Superintendent — You're right, quite right. We must make an example.

[KUTSCHE, *the policeman, enters and salutes. The door is open, and the sound of heavy steps stumbling up the stair is heard.*

Kutsche — I have to inform you, sir, that we have arrested a man.

Dreissiger [*to* Superintendent] — Do you wish to see the fellow?

Superintendent — Certainly, most certainly. We must begin by having a look at him at close quarters. Oblige me, Mr. Dreissiger, by not speaking to him at present. I'll see to it that you get complete satisfaction, or my name's not Heide.

Dreissiger — That's not enough for me, though. He goes before the magistrates. My mind's made up.

[JAEGER *is led in by five dyers, who have come straight from their work — faces, hands, and clothes stained with dye. The prisoner, his cap set jauntily on the side of his head, presents an appearance of impudent gayety; he is excited by the brandy he has just drunk.*

Jaeger — Hounds that you are! — Call yourselves workingmen! — Pretend to be comrades! Before I would do such a thing as lay hands on a mate, I'd see my hand rot off my arm!

[*At a sign from the* Superintendent, KUTSCHE *orders the dyers to let go their victim.* JAEGER *straightens himself up, quite free and easy. Both doors are guarded.*

Superintendent [*shouts to* JAEGER] — Off with your cap, sir! [JAEGER *takes it off, but very slowly, still with an impudent grin on his face.*] What's your name?

Jaeger — What's yours? I'm not your swineherd.

[*Great excitement is produced among the audience by this reply.*

Dreissiger — This is too much of a good thing.

Superintendent [*changes color, is on the point of breaking out furiously, but controls his rage*] — We'll see about this after-

wards. — Once more, what's your name? [*Receiving no answer, furiously.*] If you don't answer at once, fellow, I'll have you flogged on the spot.

Jaeger [*perfectly cheerful, not showing by so much as the twitch of an eyelid that he has heard the* Superintendent's *angry words, calls over the heads of those around him to a pretty servant girl, who has brought in the coffee and is standing open-mouthed with astonishment at the unexpected sight*] — Hillo, Emmy, do you belong to this company now? The sooner you find your way out of it, then, the better. A wind may begin to blow here, an' blow everything away overnight.

[*The girl stares at* JAEGER, *and as soon as she comprehends that it is to her he is speaking, blushes with shame, covers her eyes with her hands, and rushes out, leaving the coffee things in confusion on the table. Renewed excitement among those present.*

Superintendent [*half beside himself, to* DREISSIGER] — Never in all my long service — such a case of shameless effrontery —

[JAEGER *spits on the floor.*

Dreissiger — I'll thank you to remember that this is not a stable.

Superintendent — My patience is at an end now. For the last time: What's your name?

[KITTELHAUS, *who has been peering out at the partly opened drawing-room door, listening to what has been going on, can no longer refrain from coming forward to interfere. He is trembling with excitement.*

Kittelhaus — His name is Jaeger, sir. Moritz — is it not? Moritz Jaeger. [*To* JAEGER.] And, Jaeger, you know me.

Jaeger [*seriously*] — You are Pastor Kittelhaus.

Kittelhaus — Yes, I am your pastor, Jaeger! It was I who received you, a babe in swaddling clothes, into the Church of Christ. From my hands you took for the first time the body of the Lord. Do you remember that, and how I toiled and strove to bring God's Word home to your heart? Is this your gratitude?

Jaeger [*like a scolded schoolboy. In a surly voice*] — I paid my half-crown like the rest.

Kittelhaus — Money, money —! Do you imagine that the miserable little bit of money — Such utter nonsense! I'd much rather you kept your money. Be a good man, be a Chris-

tian! Think of what you promised. Keep God's law. Money, money —!

Jaeger — I'm a Quaker now, sir. I don't believe in anything.

Kittelhaus — Quaker! What are you talking about? Try to behave yourself, and don't use words you don't understand. Quaker, indeed! They are good Christian people, and not heathens like you.

Superintendent — Mr. Kittelhaus, I must ask you — [*He comes between the* Pastor *and* JAEGER.] Kutsche! tie his hands!

[*Wild yelling outside:* "JAEGER, JAEGER! *come out!*"

Dreissiger [*like the others, slightly startled, goes instinctively to the window*] — What's the meaning of this next?

Superintendent — Oh, I understand well enough. It means that they want to have the blackguard out among them again. But we're not going to oblige them. Kutsche, you have your orders. He goes to the lock-up.

Kutsche [*with the rope in his hand, hesitating*] — By your leave, sir, but it'll not be an easy job. There's a confounded big crowd out there — a pack of raging devils. They've got Becker with them, and the smith —

Kittelhaus — Allow me one more word! — So as not to rouse still worse feeling, would it not be better if we tried to arrange things peaceably? Perhaps Jaeger will give his word to go with us quietly, or —

Superintendent — Quite impossible! Think of my responsibility. I couldn't allow such a thing Come, Kutsche! lose no more time.

Jaeger [*putting his hands together, and holding them out*] — Tight, tight, as tight as ever you can! It's not for long.

[KUTSCHE, *assisted by the workmen, ties his hands.*

Superintendent — Now off with you, march! [*To* DREISSIGER.] If you feel anxious, let six of the weavers go with them. They can walk on each side of him, I'll ride in front, and Kutsche will bring up the rear. Whoever blocks the way will be cut down.

[*Cries from below:* "*Cock-a-doodle-doo-oo-oo! Bow, wow, wow!*"

Superintendent [*with a threatening gesture in the direction of the window*] — You rascals, I'll cock-a-doodle-doo and bow-wow you! Forward! March! [*He marches out first, with drawn sword; the others, with* JAEGER, *follow.*]

Jaeger [*shouts as he goes*] — An' Mrs. Dreissiger there may play the lady as proud as she likes, but for all that she's no better than us. Many a hundred times she's served my father with a halfpenny-worth of schnapps. Left wheel — march!

[*Exit laughing.*

Dreissiger [*after a pause, with apparent calmness*] — Well, Mr. Kittelhaus, shall we have our game now? I think there will be no further interruption. [*He lights a cigar, giving short laughs as he does so; when it is lighted, bursts into a regular fit of laughing.*] I'm beginning now to think the whole thing very funny. That fellow! [*Still laughing nervously.*] It really is too comical: first came the dispute at dinner with Weinhold — five minutes after that he takes leave — off to the other end of the world; then this affair crops up — and now we'll proceed with our whist.

Kittelhaus — Yes, but — [*Roaring is heard outside.*] Yes, but — that's a terrible uproar they're making outside.

Dreissiger — All we have to do is to go into the other room; it won't disturb us in the least there.

Kittelhaus [*shaking his head*] — I wish I knew what has come over these people. In so far I must agree with Mr. Weinhold, or at least till quite lately I was of his opinion, that the weavers were a patient, humble, easily led class. Was it not your idea of them, too, Mr. Dreissiger?

Dreissiger — Most certainly that is what they used to be — patient, easily managed, peaceable people. They were that as long as these so-called humanitarians let them alone. But for ever so long now they've had the awful misery of their condition held up to them. Think of all the societies and associations for the alleviation of the distress among the weavers. At last the weaver believes in it himself, and his head's turned. Some of them had better come and turn it back again, for now he's fairly set a-going there's no end to his complaining. This doesn't please him, and that doesn't please him. He must have everything of the best.

[*A loud roar of "Hurrah!" is heard from the crowd.*

Kittelhaus — So that with all their humanitarianism they have only succeeded in almost literally turning lambs into wolves.

Dreissiger — I won't say that, sir. When you take time to think of the matter coolly, it's possible that some good may come of it yet. Such occurrences as this will not pass un-

noticed by those in authority, and may lead them to see that things can't be allowed to go on as they are doing — that means must be taken to prevent the utter ruin of our home industries.

Kittelhaus — Possibly. But what is the cause, then, of this terrible falling off of trade?

Dreissiger — Our best markets have been closed to us by the heavy import duties foreign countries have laid on our goods. At home the competition is terrible, for we have no protection, none whatever.

Pfeifer [*staggers in pale and breathless*] — Mr. Dreissiger, Mr. Dreissiger!

Dreissiger [*in the act of walking into the drawing-room, turns round, annoyed*] — Well, Pfeifer, what now?

Pfeifer — Oh sir! Oh sir! — It's worse than ever!

Dreissiger — What are they up to next?

Kittelhaus — You're really alarming us — what is it?

Pfeifer [*still confused*] — I never saw the like. Good Lord! — The Superintendent himself — they'll catch it for this yet.

Dreissiger — What's the matter with you, in the devil's name? Is any one's neck broken?

Pfeifer [*almost crying with fear, screams*] — They've set Moritz Jaeger free — they've thrashed the Superintendent and driven him away — they've thrashed the policeman and sent him off too — without his helmet — his sword broken — Oh dear, oh dear!

Dreissiger — I think you've gone crazy, Pfeifer.

Kittelhaus — This is actual riot.

Pfeifer [*sitting on a chair, his whole body trembling*] — It's turning serious, Mr. Dreissiger! Mr. Dreissiger, it's serious now!

Dreissiger — Well, if that's all the police —

Pfeifer — Mr. Dreissiger, it's serious now!

Dreissiger — Damn it all, Pfeifer, will you hold your tongue?

Mrs. Dreissiger [*coming out of the drawing-room with* MRS. KITTELHAUS] — This is really too bad, William. Our whole evening's being spoiled. Here's Mrs. Kittelhaus saying that she'd better go home.

Kittelhaus — You mustn't take it amiss, dear Mrs. Dressiger, but perhaps, under the circumstances, it *would* be better —

Mrs. Dreissiger — But, William, why in the world don't you go out and put a stop to it?

Dreissiger — Go you and try if you can do it. Try! Go and speak to them! [*Standing helplessly in front of the* Pastor.] Am I such a tyrant? Am I a cruel master?

Enter JOHN *the coachman.*

John — If you please, m'm, I've put to the horses. Mr. Weinhold's put Georgie and Charlie into the carriage. If it comes to the worst, we're ready to be off.

Mrs. Dreissiger — If what comes to the worst?

John — I'm sure I don't know, m'm. But the crowd's gettin' bigger and bigger, an' they've sent the Superintendent an' the p'liceman to the right-about.

Pfeifer — It's serious now, Mr. Dreissiger! It's serious!

Mrs. Dreissiger [*with increasing alarm*] — What's going to happen? — What do the people want? — They're never going to attack us, John?

John — There's some rascally hounds among 'em, ma'am.

Pfeifer — It's serious now! serious!

Dreissiger — Hold your tongue, fool! — Are the doors barred?

Kittelhaus — I ask you as a favor, Mr. Dreissiger — as a favor — I am determined to — I ask you as a favor — [*To* JOHN.] What demands are the people making?

John [*awkwardly*] — It's higher wages they're after, the blackguards.

Kittelhaus — Good, good! — I shall go out and do my duty. I shall speak seriously to these people.

John — Oh sir, please sir, don't do any such thing. Words is quite useless.

Kittelhaus — One little favor, Mr. Dreissiger. May I ask you to post men behind the door, and to have it closed at once after me?

Mrs. Kittelhaus — Oh Joseph, Joseph! you're not really going out?

Kittelhaus — I am. Indeed I am. I know what I'm doing. Don't be afraid. God will protect me.

[MRS. KITTELHAUS *presses his hand, draws back, and wipes tears from her eyes.*

Kittelhaus [*while the murmur of a great, excited crowd is heard uninterruptedly outside*] — I'll go — I'll go out as if I were simply on my way home. I shall see if my sacred office — if the people have not sufficient respect for me left to — I shall

try — [*He takes his hat and stick.*] Forward, then, in God's name!

[*Goes out accompanied by* DREISSIGER, PFEIFER, *and* JOHN.

Mrs. Kittelhaus — Oh, dear Mrs. Dreissiger! [*She bursts into tears and embraces her.*] I do trust nothing will happen to him.

Mrs. Dreissiger [*absently*] — I don't know how it is, Mrs. Kittelhaus, but I — I can't tell you how I feel. I didn't think such a thing was possible. It's — it's as if it was a sin to be rich. If I had been told about all this beforehand, Mrs. Kittelhaus, I don't know but what I would rather have been left in my own humble position.

Mrs. Kittelhaus — There are troubles and disappointments in every condition of life, Mrs. Dreissiger.

Mrs. Dreissiger — True, true, I can well believe that. And suppose we have more than other people — goodness me! we didn't steal it. It's been honestly got, every penny of it. It's not possible that the people can be going to attack us! If trade's bad, that's not William's fault, is it?

[*Loud, confused yelling is heard outside. While the two women stand gazing at each other, pale and startled,* DREISSIGER *rushes in.*

Dreissiger — Quick, Rosa — put on something, and get into the carriage. I'll be after you this moment.

[*He rushes to the strong-box, and takes out papers and various articles of value.*

Enter JOHN.

John — We're ready to start. But come quickly, before they get round to the back door.

Mrs. Dreissiger [*in a transport of fear, throwing her arms round* JOHN'S *neck*] — John, John, dear, good John! Save us, John. Save my boys! Oh, what is to become of us?

Dreissiger — Rosa, try to keep your head. Let John go.

John — Yes, yes, ma'am! Don't you be frightened. Our good horses 'll soon leave them all behind; an' whoever doesn't get out of the way 'll be driven over.

Mrs. Kittelhaus [*in helpless anxiety*] — But my husband — my husband? But, Mr. Dreissiger, my husband?

Dreissiger — He's in safety now, Mrs. Kittelhaus. Don't alarm yourself; he's all right.

Mrs. Kittelhaus — Something dreadful has happened to him. I know it. You needn't try to keep it from me.

Dreissiger — You mustn't take it to heart — they'll be sorry for it yet. I know exactly whose fault it was. Such a detestable, shameful outrage will not go unpunished. A community laying hands on its own pastor and maltreating him — abominable! Mad dogs they are — raging brutes — and they'll be treated as such. [*To his wife, who still stands petrified.*] Go, for my sake, Rosa, go quickly! [*The clatter of window-panes being smashed on the ground-floor is heard.*] They've gone quite mad. There's nothing for it but to get away as fast as we can.

[*Cries of "Feifer, come out!" — "We want Feifer!" — "Feifer, come out!" are heard.*

Mrs. Dreissiger — Feifer, Feifer, they want Feifer!

Pfeifer [*dashes in*] — Mr. Dreissiger, there are people at the back gate already, and the house door won't hold much longer. The smith's battering it in with a stable pail.

[*The cry sounds louder and clearer: "Feifer! Feifer! Feifer! come out!"* MRS. DREISSIGER *rushes off as if pursued.* MRS. KITTELHAUS *follows.* PFEIFER *listens, and changes color as he hears what the cry is. A perfect panic of fear seizes him; he weeps, entreats, whimpers, writhes, all at the same moment. He overwhelms* DREISSIGER *with childish caresses, strokes his cheeks and arms, kisses his hands, and at last, like a drowning man, throws his arms round him and prevents him moving.*

Pfeifer — Dear, good, kind Mr. Dreissiger, don't leave me behind. I've always served you faithfully. I've always treated the people well. I couldn't give them more wages than the fixed rate. Don't leave me here — they'll do for me! If they find me, they'll kill me. O God! O God! My wife, my children!

Dreissiger [*making his way out, vainly endeavoring to free himself from* PFEIFER'S *clutch*] — Can't you let me go, fellow? It'll be all right; it'll be all right.

[*For a few seconds the room is empty. Windows are broken in the drawing-room. A loud crash resounds through the house, followed by shouts of "Hurrah!" For an instant there is silence. Then gentle, cautious steps are heard on the stair, then timid, hushed ejaculations: "To the left!" — "Up with you!" —*

"*Hush!*" — "*Slow, slow!*" — "*Don't shove like that!*" — "*It's a wedding we're goin' to!*" — "*Stop that crowding!*" — "*You'll go first!*" — "*No, you go!*"

[*Young weavers and weaver girls appear at the door leading from the hall, not daring to enter, but each trying to shove the other in. In the course of a few moments their timidity is overcome, and the poor, thin, ragged, or patched figures, many of them sickly-looking, disperse themselves through* DREISSIGER'S *room and the drawing-room, first gazing timidly and curiously at everything, then beginning to touch things. Girls sit down on the sofas, whole groups admire themselves in the mirrors, men stand up on chairs, examine the pictures and take them down. There is a steady influx of miserable-looking creatures from the hall.*

First Old Weaver [*entering*] — No, no, this is carryin' it too far. They've started smashing things downstairs. There's no sense nor reason in that. There'll be a bad end to it. No man in his wits would do that. I'll keep clear of such ongoings.

[JAEGER, BECKER, WITTIG *carrying a wooden pail*, BAUMERT, *and a number of other old and young weavers rush in as if in pursuit of something, shouting hoarsely.*

Jaeger — Where has he gone?

Becker — Where's the cruel brute?

Baumert — If we can eat grass, he may eat sawdust.

Wittig — We'll hang him whenever we catch him.

First Young Weaver — We'll take him by the legs and fling him out at the window, on to the stones. He'll never get up again.

Second Young Weaver [*enters*] — He's off!

All — Who?

Second Young Weaver — Dreissiger.

Becker — Feifer too?

Voices — Let's get hold of Feifer! Look for Feifer!

Baumert — Yes, yes! Feifer. Tell him there's a weaver here for him to starve. [*Laughter.*

Jaeger — If we can't lay hands on that brute Dreissiger himself — we'll at any rate make a poor man of him.

Baumert — As poor as a church mouse — we'll see to that.

[*All, bent on the work of destruction, rush towards the drawing-room door.*

Becker [*who is leading, turns round and stops the others*] — Halt! Listen to me! This is nothing but a beginning. When we're done here, we'll go straight to Bielau, to Dittrich's, where the steam power-looms are. The whole mischief's done by these factories.

Old Ansorge [*enters from hall. Takes a few steps, then stops and looks round, bewildered; shakes his head, taps his forehead*] — Who am I? Weaver Anton Ansorge. Has he gone mad, old Ansorge? My head's goin' round like a humming-top, sure enough. What's he doing here? He'll do whatever he's a mind to. Where is Ansorge? [*He taps his forehead repeatedly.*] Something's wrong! I'm not answerable! I'm off my head! Off with you, off with you, rioters that you are! Heads off, legs off, hands off! If you take my house, I take your house. Forwards, forwards!

[*Goes yelling into the drawing-room, followed by a yelling, laughing mob.*

ACT V.

Langen-Bielau. — Old Weaver Hilse's *workroom. On the left a small window, in front of which stands the loom. On the right a bed, with a table pushed close to it. Stove, with stove-bench, in the right-hand corner. Family worship is going on.* Hilse, *his old, blind, and almost deaf wife, his son* Gottlieb, *and* Luise, Gottlieb's *wife, are sitting at the table, on the bed and wooden stools. A winding-wheel and bobbins on the floor between table and loom. Old spinning, weaving, and winding implements are disposed of on the smoky rafters; hanks of yarn are hanging down. There is much useless lumber in the low, narrow room. The door, which is in the back wall, and leads into the big outer passage, or entry-room of the house, stands open. Through another open door on the opposite side of the passage, a second, in most respects similar weaver's room is seen. The large passage, or entry-room of the house, is paved with stone, has damaged plaster, and a tumble-down wooden staircase leading to the attics; a washing-tub on a stool is partly visible; dirty linen of the most miserable description and poor household utensils lie about untidily. The light falls from the left into all three apartments.*

Old Hilse *is a bearded man of strong build, but bent and wasted with age, toil, sickness, and hardship. He is an old soldier, and has lost an arm. His nose is sharp, his complexion ashen-gray, and he shakes; he is nothing but skin and bone, and has the deep-set, sore weaver's eyes.*

Old Hilse [*stands up, as do his son and daughter-in-law; prays*] — O Lord, we know not how to be thankful enough to Thee, for that Thou hast spared us this night again in Thy goodness — an' hast had pity on us — an' hast suffered us to take no harm. Thou art the All-merciful, an' we are poor, sinful children of men — that bad that we are not worthy to be trampled under Thy feet. Yet Thou art our loving Father, an' Thou will look upon us an' accept us for the sake of Thy dear Son, our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. "Jesus' blood and righteousness, Our covering is and glorious dress." An' if we're sometimes too sore cast down under Thy chastening — when the fire of Thy purification burns too raging hot — oh, lay it not to our charge; forgive us our sin. Give us patience, heavenly Father, that after all these sufferin's we may be made partakers of Thy eternal blessedness. Amen.

Mother Hilse [*who has been bending forward trying hard to hear*] — What a beautiful prayer you do say, father!

[LUISE *goes off to the wash-tub*, GOTTLIEB *to the room on the other side of the passage.*

Old Hilse — Where's the little lass?

Luise — She's gone to Peterswaldau, to Dreissiger's. She finished all she had to wind last night.

Old Hilse [*speaking very loud*] — You'd like the wheel now, mother, eh?

Mother Hilse — Yes, father, I'm quite ready.

Old Hilse [*setting it down before her*] — I wish I could do the work for you.

Mother Hilse — An' what would be the good of that, father? There would I be, sittin' not knowin' what to do.

Old Hilse — I'll give your fingers a wipe, then, so that they'll not grease the yarn. [*He wipes her hands with a rag.*]

Luise [*at her tub*] — If there's grease on her hands, it's not from what she's eaten.

Old Hilse — If we've no butter, we can eat dry bread — when we've no bread, we can eat potatoes — when there's no potatoes left, we can eat bran.

Luise [*saucily*] — An' when that's all eaten, we'll do as the Wenglers did — we'll find out where the skinner's buried some stinking old horse, an' we'll dig it up an' live for a week or two on rotten carrion — how nice that'll be!

Gottlieb [*from the other room*] — There you are, letting that tongue of yours run away with you again.

Old Hilse — You should think twice, lass, before you talk that godless way. [*He goes to his loom, calls.*] Can you give me a hand, Gottlieb? — there's a few threads to pull through.

Luise [*from her tub*] — Gottlieb, you're wanted to help father.

GOTTLIEB *comes in, and he and his father set themselves to the troublesome task of "drawing and slaying," that is, pulling the strands of the warp through the "heddles" and "reed" of the loom. They have hardly begun to do this when* HORNIG *appears in the outer room.*

Hornig [*at the door*] — Good luck to your work!

Hilse and his Son — Thank you, Hornig.

Gottlieb — I say, Hornig, when do you take your sleep? You're on your rounds all day, and on watch all night.

Hornig — Sleep's gone from me nowadays.

Luise — Glad to see you, Hornig!

Old Hilse — And what's the news?

Hornig — It's queer news this mornin'. The weavers at Peterswaldau have taken the law into their own hands, an' chased Dreissiger an' his whole family out of the place.

Luise [*perceptibly agitated*] — Hornig's at his lies again.

Hornig — No, missus, not this time, not to-day. — I've some beautiful pinafores in my cart. — No, it's God's truth I'm telling you. They've sent him to the right-about. He came down to Reichenbach last night, but, Lord love you! they daren't take him in there, for fear of the weavers — off he had to go again, all the way to Schweinitz.

Old Hilse [*has been carefully lifting threads of the web and approaching them to the holes, through which, from the other side,* GOTTLIEB *pushes a wire hook, with which he catches them and draws them through*] — It's about time you were stopping now, Hornig!

Hornig — It's as sure as I'm a livin' man. Every child in the place 'll soon tell you the same story.

Old Hilse — Either your wits are a-wool-gatherin' or mine are.

Hornig — Not mine. What I'm telling you's as true as the Bible. I wouldn't believe it myself if I hadn't stood there an' seen it with my own eyes — as I see you now, Gottlieb. They've wrecked his house from the cellar to the roof. The good china came flyin' out at the garret windows, rattlin' down the roof.

God only knows how many pieces of fustian are lyin' soakin' in the river! The water can't get away for them — it's running over the banks, the color of washin'-blue, with all the indigo they've poured out at the windows — it was flyin' like clouds of sky blue dust. Oh, it's a terrible destruction they've worked! And it's not only the house — it's the dye-works, too — an' the stores! They've broken the stair rails, they've torn up the fine flooring — smashed the lookin'-glasses — cut an' hacked an' torn an' smashed the sofas an' the chairs. — It's awful — it's worse than war.

Old Hilse — An' you would have me believe that my fellow-weavers did all that?

[*He shakes his head incredulously. Other tenants of the house have collected at the door, and are listening eagerly.*

Hornig — Who else, I'd like to know? I could put names to every one of 'em. It was me took the Sheriff through the house, an' I spoke to a whole lot of 'em, an' they answered me back quite friendly like. They did their business with little noise, but my word! they did it well. The Sheriff spoke to them, and they answered him mannerly, as they always do. But there wasn't no stoppin' of them. They hacked on at the beautiful furniture as if they were workin' for wages.

Old Hilse — *You* took the Sheriff through the house?

Hornig — An' what would I be frightened of? Every one knows me. I'm always turning up, like a bad penny. But no one has anything agin' me. They're all glad to see me. Yes, I went the rounds with him, as sure as my name's Hornig. An' you may believe me or not, as you like, but my heart's sore yet from the sight — an' I could see by the Sheriff's face that he felt queer enough too. Not a living word did we hear — they were doin' their work and holdin' their tongues. It was a solemn an' a woeful sight to see the poor starving creatures for once in a way takin' their revenge.

Luise [*with irrepressible excitement, trembling, wiping her eyes with her apron*] — An' right they are! It's only what should be!

Voices among the Crowd at the Door — "There's some of the same sort here." — "There's one no farther away than across the river." — "He's got four horses in his stable an' six carriages, an' he starves his weavers to keep them."

Old Hilse [*still incredulous*] — What was it set them off?

Hornig — Who knows? who knows? One says this, another says that.

Old Hilse — What do they say?

Hornig — The story as most of them tells is that it began with Dreissiger sayin' that if the weavers were hungry, they might eat grass.

[*Excitement at the door, as one person repeats this to another, with signs of indignation.*

Old Hilse — Well now, Hornig — if you was to say to me: Father Hilse, says you, you'll die to-morrow, I would answer back: That may be — an' why not? You might even go to the length of saying: You'll have a visit to-morrow from the King of Prussia. But to tell me that weavers, men like me an' my son, have done such things as that — never! I'll never in this world believe it.

Mielchen [*a pretty girl of seven, with long, loose flaxen hair, carrying a basket on her arm, comes running in, holding out a silver spoon to her mother*] — Mammy, mammy! look what I've got! An' you're to buy me a new frock with it.

Luise — What d' you come tearing in like that for, girl? [*With increased excitement and curiosity.*] An' what's that you've got hold of now? You've been runnin' yourself out o' breath, an' there — if the bobbins aren't in her basket yet? What's all this about?

Old Hilse — Mielchen, where did that spoon come from?

Luise — She found it, maybe.

Hornig — It's worth its seven or eight shillin's at least.

Old Hilse [*in distressed excitement*] — Off with you, lass — out of the house this moment — unless you want a lickin'! Take that spoon back where you got it from. Out you go! Do you want to make thieves of us all, eh? I'll soon drive that out of you. [*He looks round for something to beat her with.*

Mielchen [*clinging to her mother's skirts, crying*] — No, grandfather, no! don't lick me! We — did find them. All the other bob — bobbin — girls has — has them too.

Luise [*half frightened, half excited*] — I was right, you see. She found it Where did you find it, Mielchen?

Mielchen [*sobbing*] — At — at Peterswal—dau. We — we found them in front of — in front of Drei—Dreissiger's house.

Old Hilse — This is worse an' worse! Get off with you this moment, unless you would like me to help you.

Mother Hilse — What's all the to-do about?

Hornig — I'll tell you what, Father Hilse. The best way'll be for Gottlieb to put on his coat an' take the spoon to the police-office.

Old Hilse — Gottlieb, put on your coat.

Gottlieb [*pulling it on, eagerly*] — Yes, an' I'll go right in to the office an' say they're not to blame us for it, for what can a child like that understand about it? an' I brought the spoon back at once. Stop your crying now, Mielchen!

[*The crying child is taken into the opposite room by her mother, who shuts her in and comes back.*

Hornig — I believe it's worth as much as nine shillin's.

Gottlieb — Give us a cloth to wrap it in, Luise, so that it'll take no harm. To think of the thing bein' worth all that money!

[*Tears come into his eyes while he is wrapping up the spoon.*

Luise — If it was only ours, we could live on it for many a day.

Old Hilse — Hurry up now! Look sharp! As quick as ever you can. A fine state o' matters this! Get that devil's spoon out o' the house. [GOTTLIEB *goes off with the spoon.*

Hornig — I must be off now too.

[*He goes, is seen talking to the people in the entry-room before he leaves the house.*

Surgeon Schmidt [*a jerky little ball of a man, with a red, knowing face, comes into the entry-room*] — Good morning, all! These are fine goings on! Take care! take care! [*Threatening with his finger.*] You're a sly lot — that's what you are. [*At* HILSE'S *door without coming in.*] Morning, Father Hilse. [*To a woman in the outer room.*] And how are the pains, mother? Better, eh? Well, well. And how's all with you, Father Hilse? [*Enters.*] Why the deuce! what's the matter with mother?

Luise — It's the eye veins, sir — they've dried up, so as she can't see at all now.

Surgeon Schmidt — That's from the dust and weaving by candle-light. Will you tell me what it means that all Peterswaldau's on the way here? I set off on my rounds this morning as usual, thinking no harm; but it wasn't long till I had my eyes opened. Strange doings these! What in the devil's name has taken possession of them, Hilse? They're like a pack

of raging wolves. Riot — why, it's revolution! they're plundering and laying waste right and left — Mielchen! where's Mielchen? [MIELCHEN, *her face red with crying, is pushed in by her mother.*] Here, Mielchen, put your hand into my coat pocket. [MIELCHEN *does so.*] The ginger-bread nuts are for you. Not all at once, though, you baggage! And a song first! The fox jumped up on a — come, now, — The fox jumped up — on a moonlight — Mind, I've heard what you did. You called the sparrows on the churchyard hedge a nasty name, and they're gone and told the pastor. Did any one ever hear the like? Fifteen hundred of them agog — men, women, and children. [*Distant bells are heard.*] That's at Reichenbach — alarm-bells! Fifteen hundred people! Uncomfortably like the world coming to an end!

Old Hilse — An' is it true that they're on their way to Bielau?

Surgeon Schmidt — That's just what I'm telling you. I've driven through the middle of the whole crowd. What I'd have liked to do would have been to get down and give each of them a pill there and then. They were following on each other's heels like grim death, and their singing was more than enough to turn a man's stomach. I was nearly sick, and Frederick was shaking on the box like an old woman. We had to take a stiff glass at the first opportunity. I wouldn't be a manufacturer, not though I could drive my carriage and pair. [*Distant singing.*] Listen to that! It's for all the world as if they were beating at some broken old boiler. We'll have them here in five minutes, friends. Good-bye! Don't you be foolish. The troops will be upon them in no time. Keep your wits about you. The Peterswaldau people have lost theirs. [*Bells ring close at hand.*] Good gracious! There are our bells ringing too! Every one's going mad. [*He goes upstairs.*

Gottlieb [*comes back. In the entry-room, out of breath*] — I've seen them, I've seen them! [*To a woman.*] They're here, Auntie, they're here! [*At the door.*] They're here, father, they're here! They've got bean-poles, an' ox-goads, an' axes. They're standin' outside the upper Dittrich's kickin' up an awful row. I think he's payin' them money. O Lord! whatever's going to happen? What a crowd! Oh, you never saw such a crowd! Dash it all — if once they make a rush, our manufacturers 'll be hard put to it.

Old Hilse — What have you been runnin' like that for?

You'll go racin' till you bring on your old trouble, and then we'll have you on your back again, strugglin' for breath.

Gottlieb [*almost joyously excited*] — I had to run, or they would have caught me an' kept me. They were all roarin' to me to join them. Father Baumert was there too, and says he to me: You come an' get your sixpence with the rest — you're a poor starving weaver too. An' I was to tell you, father, from him, that you were to come an' help to pay out the manufacturers for their grindin' of us down. Other times is coming, he says. There's going to be a change of days for us weavers. An' we're all to come an' help to bring it about. We're to have our half-pound of meat on Sundays, and now and again on a holiday sausage with our cabbage. Yes, things is to be quite different, by what he tells me.

Old Hilse [*with repressed indignation*] — An' that man calls himself your godfather! and he bids you take part in such works of wickedness? Have nothing to do with them, Gottlieb. They've let themselves be tempted by Satan, an' it's his works they're doin'.

Luise [*no longer able to retain her passionate excitement, vehemently*] — Yes, Gottlieb, get into the chimney corner, an' take a spoon in your hand, an' a dish of skim milk on your knee, an' put on a petticoat an' say your prayers, an' then father 'll be pleased with you. And *he* sets up to be a man!

[*Laughter from the people in the entry-room.*

Old Hilse [*quivering with suppressed rage*] — An' you set up to be a good wife, eh? You call yourself a mother, an' let your evil tongue run away with you like that? You think yourself fit to teach your girl, you that would egg on your husband to crime an' wickedness?

Luise [*has lost all control of herself*] — You an' your piety an' religion — did they serve to keep the life in my poor children? In rags an' dirt they lay, all the four — it didn't as much as keep them dry. Yes! I set up to be a mother, that's what I do — an' if you'd like to know it, that's why I would send all the manufacturers to hell — because I'm a mother! — Not one of the four could I keep in life! It was cryin' more than breathin' with me from the time each poor little thing came into the world till death took pity on it. The devil a bit you cared! You sat there prayin' and singin', and let me run about till my feet bled, tryin' to get one little drop o' skim milk. How many hundred nights have I lain an' racked my

head to think what I could do to cheat the churchyard of my little one? What harm has a baby like that done that it must come to such a miserable end — eh? An' over there at Dittrich's they're bathed in wine an' washed in milk. No! you may talk as you like, but if they begin here, ten horses won't hold me back. An' what's more — if there's a rush on Dittrich's, you'll see me in the forefront of it — an' pity the man as tries to prevent me. — I've stood it long enough, so now you know it.

Old Hilse — You're a lost soul — there's no help for you.

Luise [*frenzied*] — It's you that there's no help for! Tatter-breeched scarecrows — that's what you are — an' not men at all. Whey-faced gutter-scrapers that take to your heels at the sound of a child's rattle. Fellows that say "thank you" to the man as gives you a hidin'. They've not left that much blood in you as that you can turn red in the face. You should have the whip taken to you, an' a little pluck flogged into your rotten bones. [*She goes out quickly.*

[*Embarrassed pause.*]

Mother Hilse — What's the matter with Liesl, father?

Old Hilse — Nothin', mother! What should be the matter with her?

Mother Hilse — Father, is it only me that's thinkin' it, or are the bells ringin'?

Old Hilse — It'll be a funeral, mother.

Mother Hilse — An' I've got to sit waitin' here yet. Why must I be so long a-dyin', father? [*Pause.*

Old Hilse [*leaves his work, holds himself up straight; solemnly*] — Gottlieb! — you heard all your wife said to us. Look here, Gottlieb! [*He bares his breast.*] Here they cut out a bullet as big as a thimble. The King knows where I lost my arm. It wasn't the mice as ate it. [*He walks up and down.*] Before that wife of yours was ever thought of, I had spilled my blood by the quart for King an' country. So let her call what names she likes — an' welcome! It does me no harm. — Frightened? Me frightened? What would I be frightened of, will you tell me that? Of the few soldiers, maybe, that'll be comin' after the rioters? Good gracious me! That would be a lot to be frightened at! No, no, lad; I may be a bit stiff in the back, but there's some strength left in the old bones; I've got the stuff in me yet to make a stand against a few rubbishin' bay'nets. — An' if it came to the worst! Willin', willin' would I

be to say good-bye to this weary world. Death would be welcome — welcomer to me to-day than to-morrow. For what is it we leave behind? That old bundle of aches an' pains we call our body, the care an' the oppression we call by the name of life. We may be glad to get away from it. — But there's something to come after, Gottlieb! — an' if we've done ourselves out of that too — why, then, it's all over with us!

Gottlieb — Who knows what's to come after? Nobody's seen it.

Old Hilse — Gottlieb! don't you be throwin' doubts on the one comfort us poor people have. Why have I sat here an' worked my treadle like a slave this forty year an' more? — sat still an' looked on at him over yonder livin' in pride an' wastefulness — why? Because I have a better hope, something as supports me in all my troubles. [*Points out at the window.*] You have your good things in this world — I'll have mine in the next. That's been my thought. An' I'm that certain of it — I'd let myself be torn in pieces. Have we not His promise? There's a Day of Judgment coming; but it's not us as are the judges — no: vengeance is mine, saith the Lord.

[*A cry of "Weavers come out!" is heard outside the window.*

Old Hilse — Do what you will for me. [*He seats himself at his loom.*] I stay here.

Gottlieb [*after a short struggle*] — I'm going to work too — come what may. [*Goes out.*

[*The Weavers' Song is heard, sung by hundreds of voices quite close at hand; it sounds like a dull, monotonous wail.*

Inmates of the House [*in the entry-room*] — "Oh, mercy on us! there they come swarmin' like ants!" — "Where can all these weavers be from?" — "Don't shove like that, I want to see too." — "Look at that great maypole of a woman leadin' on in front!" — "Gracious! they're comin' thicker an' thicker."

Hornig [*comes into the entry-room from outside*] — There's a theayter play for you now! That's what you don't see every day. But you should go up to the other Dittrich's an' look what they've done there. It's been no half work. He's got no house now, nor no factory, nor no wine-cellar, nor nothing. They're drinkin' out of the bottles — not so much as takin' the time to get out the corks. One, two, three, an' off with the neck, an' no matter whether they cut their mouths or not. There's some of them runnin' about bleedin' like stuck pigs. — Now they're goin' to do for this Dittrich.

[*The singing has stopped.*

Inmates of the House — There's nothin' so very wicked like about them.

Hornig — You wait a bit! you'll soon see! All they're doin' just now is makin' up their minds where they'll begin. Look, they're inspectin' the palace from every side. Do you see that little stout man there, him with the stable pail? That's the smith from Peterswaldau — an' a dangerous little chap he is. He batters in the thickest doors as if they were made o' pie-crust. If a manufacturer was to fall into his hands, it would be all over with him!

House Inmates — "That was a crack!" — "There went a stone through the window!" — "There's old Dittrich, shakin' with fright." — "He's hangin' out a board." — "Hangin' out a board?" — "What's written on it?" — "Can you not read?" — "It would be a bad job for me if I couldn't read!" — "Well, read it, then!" "'You — shall have — full — satis-faction! You — shall have full satisfaction.'"

Hornig — He might ha' spared himself the trouble — *that* won't help him. It's something else they've set their minds on here. It's the factories. They're goin' to smash up the power-looms. For it's them that are ruinin' the hand-loom weaver. Even a blind man might see that. No! the good folks know what they're after, an' no sheriff an' no p'lice superintendent 'll bring them to reason — much less a bit of a board. Him as has seen them at work already knows what's comin'.

House Inmates — "Did any one ever see such a crowd!" — "What can these ones be wantin'?" — [*Hastily.*] "They're crossin' the bridge!" — [*Anxiously.*] "They're never comin' over on this side, are they?" — [*In excitement and terror.*] "It's to us they're comin'! They're comin' to us! They're comin' to fetch the weavers out of their houses!"

[*General flight. The entry-room is empty. A crowd of dirty, dusty rioters rush in, their faces scarlet with brandy and excitement; tattered, untidy-looking, as if they had been up all night. With the shout: "Weavers, come out!" they disperse themselves through the house.* BECKER *and several other young weavers, armed with cudgels and poles, come into* OLD HILSE'S *room. When they see the old man at his loom they start, and cool down a little.*

Becker — Come, Father Hilse, stop that. Leave your work to them as wants to work. There's no need now for you to be doin' yourself harm. You'll be well taken care of.

First Young Weaver — You'll never need to go hungry to bed again.

Second Young Weaver — The weaver's goin' to have a roof over his head an' a shirt on his back once more.

Old Hilse — An' what's the devil sendin' you to do now, with your poles an' axes?

Becker — These are what we're goin' to break on Dittrich's back.

Second Young Weaver — We'll heat them red hot an' stick them down the manufacturers' throats, so as they'll feel for once what burnin' hunger tastes like.

Third Young Weaver — Come along, Father Hilse! We'll give no quarter.

Second Young Weaver — No one had mercy on us — neither God nor man. Now we're standin' up for our rights ourselves.

OLD BAUMERT *enters, somewhat shaky on the legs, a newly killed cock under his arm.*

Old Baumert [*stretching out his arms*] — My brothers — we're all brothers! Come to my arms, brothers! [*Laughter.*

Old Hilse — And that's the state you're in, Willem?

Old Baumert — Gustav, is it you? My poor starvin' friend! Come to my arms, Gustav!

Old Hilse [*mutters*] — Let me alone.

Old Baumert — I'll tell you what, Gustav. It's nothin' but luck that's wanted. You look at me. What do I look like? Luck's what's wanted. Do I not look like a lord? [*Pats his stomach.*] Guess what's in there! There's food fit for a prince in that belly. When luck's with him a man gets roast hare to eat an' champagne wine to drink. — I'll tell you all something: We've made a big mistake — we must help ourselves.

All [*speaking at once*] — We must help ourselves, hurrah!

Old Baumert — As soon as we get the first good bite inside us we're different men. Damn it all! but you feel the power comin' into you till you're like an ox, an' that wild with strength that you hit out right an' left without as much as takin' time to look. Dash it, but it's grand!

Jaeger [*at the door, armed with an old cavalry sword*] — We've made one or two first-rate attacks.

Becker — We know how to set about it now. One, two, three, an' we're inside the house. Then at it like lightning —

bang, crack, shiver! till the sparks are flyin' as if it was a smithy.

First Young Weaver — It wouldn't be half bad to light a bit o' fire.

Second Young Weaver — Let's march to Reichenbach an' burn the rich folks' houses over their heads!

Jaeger — That would be nothing but butterin' their bread. Think of all the insurance money they'd get. [*Laughter.*

Becker — No, from here we'll go to Freiburg, to Tromtra's.

Jaeger — What would you say to givin' all them as holds Government appointments a lesson? I've read somewhere as how all our troubles come from them birocrats, as they call them.

Second Young Weaver — Before long we'll go to Breslau, for more an' more'll be joining us.

Old Baumert [*to* HILSE] — Won't you take a drop, Gustav?

Old Hilse — I never touches it.

Old Baumert — That was in the old world; we're in a new world to-day, Gustav.

First Young Weaver — Christmas comes but once a year. [*Laughter.*

Old Hilse [*impatiently*] — What is it you want in my house, you limbs of Satan?

Old Baumert [*a little intimidated, coaxingly*] — I was bringin' you a chicken, Gustav. I thought it would make a drop o' soup for mother.

Old Hilse [*embarrassed, almost friendly*] — Well, you can tell mother yourself.

Mother Hilse [*who has been making efforts to hear, her hand at her ear, motions them off*] — Let me alone. I don't want no chicken soup.

Old Hilse — That's right, mother. An' I want none, an' least of all that sort. An' let me say this much to you, Baumert: The devil stands on his head for joy when he hears the old ones jabberin' and talkin' as if they was infants. An' to you all I say — to every one of you: Me and you, we've got nothing to do with each other. It's not with my will that you're here. In law an' justice you've no right to be in my house.

A Voice — Him that's not with us is against us.

Jaeger [*roughly and threateningly*] — You're a cross-grained old chap, and I'd have you remember that we're not thieves.

A Voice — We're hungry men, that's all.

First Young Weaver — We want to *live* — that's all. An' so we've cut the rope we were hung up with.

Jaeger — And we were in our right. [*Holding his fist in front of the old man's face.*] Say another word, and I'll give you one between the eyes.

Becker — Come now, Jaeger, be quiet. Let the old man alone. — What we say to ourselves, Father Hilse, is this : Better dead than begin the old life again.

Old Hilse — Have I not lived that life for sixty years an' more?

Becker — That doesn't help us — there's got to be a change.

Old Hilse — On the Judgment Day.

Becker — What they'll not give us willingly, we're going to take by force.

Old Hilse — By force? [*Laughs.*] You may as well go an' dig your graves at once. They'll not be long showin' you where the force lies. Wait a bit, lad!

Jaeger — Is it the soldiers you're meaning? We've been soldiers, too. We'll soon do for a company or two of them.

Old Hilse — With your tongues, maybe. But supposin' you did — for two that you'd beat off, ten'll come back.

Voices [*call through the window*] — The soldiers are comin'! Look out!

[*General, sudden silence. For a moment a faint sound of fifes and drums is heard; in the ensuing silence a short, involuntary exclamation: "The devil! I'm off!" followed by general laughter.*

Becker — Who was that? Who speaks of running away?

Jaeger — Which of you is it that's afraid of a few paltry helmets? You have me to command you, and I've been in the trade. I know their tricks.

Old Hilse — An' what are you goin' to shoot with? Your sticks, eh?

First Young Weaver — Never mind that old chap; he's wrong in the upper story.

Second Young Weaver — Yes, he's a bit off his head.

Gottlieb [*has made his way unnoticed among the rioters; catches hold of the speaker*] — Would you give your impudence to an old man like him?

Second Young Weaver — Let me alone. 'Twasn't anything bad I said.

Old Hilse [*interfering*] — Let him jaw, Gottlieb. What would you be meddlin' with him for? He'll soon see who it is that's been off his head to-day, him or me.

Becker — Are you comin', Gottfried?

Old Hilse — No, he's goin' to do no such thing.

Luise [*comes into the entry-room, calls*] — What are you puttin' off your time with prayin' hypocrites like them for? Come quick to where you're wanted! Quick! Father Baumert, run all you can! The Major's speakin' to the crowd from horseback. They're to go home. If you don't hurry up, it'll be all over.

Jaeger [*as he goes out*] — That's a brave husband of yours.

Luise — Where is he? I've got no husband!

Some of the people in the entry-room sing:

Once on a time a man so small,
Heigh-ho, heigh!
Set his heart on a wife so tall,
Heigh diddle-di-dum-di!

Wittig, the smith [*comes downstairs, still carrying the stable pail; stops on his way through the entry-room*] — Come on! all of you that are not cowardly scoundrels! — hurrah!

[*He dashes out, followed by* LUISE, JAEGER, *and others, all shouting "Hurrah!"*

Becker — Good-bye, then, Father Hilse; we'll see each other again. [*Is going.*

Old Hilse — I doubt that. I've not five years to live, and that'll be the soonest you'll get out.

Becker [*stops, not understanding*] — Out o' what, Father Hilse?

Old Hilse — Out of prison — where else?

Becker [*laughs wildly*] — Do you think I would mind that? There's bread to be had there, anyhow! [*Goes out.*

Old Baumert [*has been cowering on a low stool, painfully beating his brains; he now gets up.*] It's true, Gustav, as I've had a drop too much. But for all that I know what I'm about. You think one way in this here matter; I think another. I say Becker's right: even if it ends in chains an' ropes — we'll be better off in prison than at home. You're cared for there, an' you don't need to starve. I wouldn't have joined them, Gustav, if I could have let it be; but once in a lifetime a man's got to show what he feels. [*Goes slowly towards the*

door.] Good-bye, Gustav. If anything happens, mind you put in a word for me in your prayers. [*Goes out.*

[*The rioters are now all gone. The entry-room gradually fills again with curious onlookers from the different rooms of the house.* OLD HILSE *knots at his web.* GOTTLIEB *has taken an ax from behind the stove and is unconsciously feeling its edge. He and the old man are silently agitated. The hum and roar of a great crowd penetrate into the room.*

Mother Hilse — The very boards is shakin', father — what's goin' on? What's goin' to happen to us?

[*Pause.*

Old Hilse — Gottlieb!

Gottlieb — What is it?

Old Hilse — Let that ax alone.

Gottlieb — Who's to split the wood, then? [*He leans the ax against the stove.*] [*Pause.*

Mother Hilse — Gottlieb, you listen to what father says to you.

[*Some one sings outside the window:*

Our little man does all that he can,
Heigh-ho, heigh!
At home cleans the pots an' the pan,
Heigh-diddle-di-dum-di!

[*Passes on.*

Gottlieb [*jumps up, shakes his clenched fist at the window*] — Brute that you are, would you drive me crazy?

[*A volley of musketry is heard.*

Mother Hilse [*starts and trembles*] — Good Lord! is that thunder again?

Old Hilse [*instinctively folding his hands*] — Oh, our Father in heaven! defend the poor weavers, protect my poor brothers!

[*A short pause ensues.*

Old Hilse [*to himself, painfully agitated*] — There's blood flowing now.

Gottlieb [*had started up and grasped the ax when the shooting was heard; deathly pale, almost beside himself with excitement*] — And am I to lie to heel like a dog still?

A Girl [*calls from the entry-room*] — Father Hilse, Father Hilse! get away from the window. A bullet's just flown in at ours upstairs. [*Disappears.*

Mielchen [*puts her head in at the window, laughing*] — Gran'father, gran'father, they've shot with their guns. Two or three's been knocked down, and one of them's turnin' round and round like a top, and one's twistin' himself like a sparrow when its head's bein' pulled off. An' oh, if you saw all the blood that came pourin'— ! [*Disappears.*

A Weaver's Wife — Yes, there's two or three'll never get up again.

An Old Weaver [*in the entry-room*] — Look out! They're goin' to make a rush on the soldiers.

A Second Weaver [*wildly*] — Look, look, look at the women! skirts up, an' spittin' in the soldiers' faces already!

A Weaver's Wife [*calls in*] — Gottlieb, look at your wife. She's more pluck in her than you. She's jumpin' about in front o' the bay'nets as if she was dancin' to music.

[*Four men carry a wounded rioter through the entry-room. Silence, which is broken by some one saying in a distinct voice, "It's Weaver Ulbrich." Once more silence for a few seconds, when the same voice is heard again: "It's all over with him: He's got a bullet in his ear." The men are heard climbing the wooden stair. Sudden shouting outside: "Hurrah, hurrah!"*

Voices in the entry-room — "Where did they get the stones from?" — "Yes, it's time you were off!" — "From the new road." — "Ta-ta, soldiers!" — "It's raining paving-stones."

[*Shrieks of terror and loud roaring outside, taken up by those in the entry-room. There is a cry of fear, and the house door is shut with a bang.*

Voices in the entry-room — "They're loading again." — "They'll fire another volley this minute." — "Father Hilse, get away from that window."

Gottlieb [*clutches the ax*] — What! are we mad dogs? Are we to eat powder an' shot now instead of bread? [*Hesitating an instant: to the old man.*] Would you have me sit here an' see my wife shot? Never! [*As he rushes out.*] Look out! I'm coming!

Old Hilse — Gottlieb, Gottlieb!

Mother Hilse — Where's Gottlieb gone?

Old Hilse — He's gone to the devil.

Voices from the entry-room — Go away from the window, Father Hilse!

Old Hilse — Not I! Not if you all go crazy together! [*To* MOTHER HILSE, *with rapt excitement.*] My heavenly Father has placed me here. Isn't that so, mother? Here we'll sit, an' do our bounden duty — ay, though the snow was to go on fire. [*He begins to weave.*]

[*Rattle of another volley.* OLD HILSE, *mortally wounded, starts to his feet and then falls forward over the loom. At the same moment loud shouting of "Hurrah!" is heard. The people who till now have been standing in the entry-room dash out, joining in the cry. The old woman repeatedly asks: "Father, father, what's wrong with you?" The continued shouting dies away gradually in the distance.* MIELCHEN *comes rushing in.*

Mielchen — Gran'father, gran'father, they're drivin' the soldiers out of the village; they've got into Dittrich's house, an' they're doin' what they did at Dreissiger's. Gran'father! [*The child grows frightened, notices that something has happened, puts her finger in her mouth, and goes up cautiously to the dead man.*] Gran'father!

Mother Hilse — Come now, father, can't you say something? You're frightenin' me.

THE JOURNALISTS.

By GUSTAV FREYTAG.

(Translated for this work.)

[GUSTAV FREYTAG, one of the chief German novelists and playwrights of the century, was the son of a physician of Kreuzberg in Silesia, and born there July 13, 1816. He studied at the universities of Breslau and Berlin, the latter giving him a Ph.D.; 1839–1844 was *privatdocent* at Breslau, lecturing on German language and literature; resigning to devote himself to literature, he lived in Leipzig and Dresden; in 1848 returned to Leipzig and till 1861 was co-editor with Julian Schmidt of the weekly *Die Grenzboten*, as later 1869–1870; being in 1867 chosen Liberal member for Erfurt to the North German Reichstag, it is obvious that the professor-Liberal-journalist Oldendorf in the play here given is drawn from himself. From the outset of the Franco-German War of 1870 till after Sedan he was on the Crown Prince's staff. Later he edited for several years the paper *Im Neuen Reich* (In the New Kingdom), but in 1789 retired and lived in Wiesbaden till his death, April 30, 1895. Outside journalism, the first ten years of his literary work was entirely drama, save for a volume of poems in 1845, "In Breslau." His first two plays, "The Wedding Journey" (comedy, 1844) and "The Savant" (tragedy, 1845) had little success; but "The Valentine" (comedy, 1846) had a great run. "Count Waldemar" followed in 1847. But the last but one of his plays, the one here presented, was not only his masterpiece, but a tremendous public hit, remains the foremost German comedy of the century, and still holds the stage. "The Fabii" came last in 1859, but he had already begun a much more distinguished career as novelist. "Debit and Credit" (1855), still a classic of its kind, and a great immediate success, is a powerful "problem novel" in which the old feudalism and the new industrialism are brought into contrast and somewhat into conflict; the solution is significant, for it gives the most satisfying victory to their alliance, — the young nobleman who has thrown over aristocratic bumptiousness and narrowness for an industrial life, while retaining its high spirit, high honor, and refinement; honest commonplace trade comes next, while the narrow, unbending, unprogressive aristocracy is thrown out altogether. His next great novel, "The Lost Manuscript," has a special rather than a general moral, — that scholars should not be so buried in books as to neglect their wives. The idle nobility, however, is the villain of this book also. It is too prolix and digressive; but it has a side merit of great excellence, that of describing university life from the professor's standpoint instead of the student's, which has been nauseously overdone. Freytag also published six volumes of studies on the development of the German people, disguised as historical novels, and of great merit as studies rather than novels; each has a separate name, but the whole series is entitled "Die Ahnen" (Our Ancestors). He wrote also among other things "The Technique of the Drama" (1863), "The Crown Prince and the German Imperial Crown" (1889, after Frederick III.'s death), and a short autobiography.]

Cast of Characters.

Colonel Berg, retired.
Ida, his daughter.
Adelheid Runeck, country heiress.
Senden, country gentleman.
Professor Oldendorf, editor,
Konrad Bolz, editor,
Bellmaus, Kampe, Körner, of the staff,
Printer Henning, proprietor,
Müller, factotum,
} *The Union.*
Blumenberg, editor,
Schmock, of the staff,
} *The Coriolanus.*
Piepenbrink, wine merchant and elector.
Lotte, his wife.
Bertha, their daughter.
Kleinmichel, citizen and elector.
Fritz, his son.
Counselor Schwarz.
Korb, secretary of Adelheid's estate.
Karl, servant of the Colonel.
A foreign danseuse; waiter.

Scene of action: Capital of a province.

ACT I.

Scene I.

Garden drawing-room in the Colonel's *house. Rich decorations. In the middle of the rear wall an open door; beyond, a veranda and the garden. Large windows in the rear wall. Doors right and left; at right in foreground, a window.*

Ida *sits in foreground at right, reading. The* Colonel *enters by middle door, in his hand an open box containing dahlias.*

Colonel — Ida, here are the new kinds of dahlias our gardener has grown. You must find names for them. Put your mind to it. The horticultural society meets day after to-morrow, and I am going to exhibit our new species and give out their names.

Ida — This bright one we'll call "Adelheid."

Colonel — "Adelheid Runeck," of course! — Your own name mustn't be used, for you've already been known a long time to the florists as Little Dahlia.

Ida — One we'll name after your favorite author, "Boz."

Colonel — Capital, and that must be a glorious one; this yellow one with violet spikes. And the third, how shall we christen that?

Ida [*holding out her hand to her father imploringly*] — "Edward Oldendorf."

Colonel — What? The Professor? The editor? No, that won't do. — It was bad enough for him to take the editorship; but now his letting the party wheedle him into standing for deputy to the Chambers — I can't forgive him that.

Ida — Here he comes himself!

Colonel [*aside*] — Once it was a pleasure to hear his footstep, but now I have to hold myself in whenever I see him, so as not to be uncivil.

Enter OLDENDORF.

Oldendorf — Good morning, Colonel.

Ida [*pleasantly*] — Good morning, Oldendorf. Help me admire the new dahlias father has raised.

Colonel — Don't bother the Professor. Such frivolity is not for him now: he has greater things in his head.

Oldendorf — Anyhow, I haven't become incapable of enjoying what gives you pleasure.

Colonel [*muttering aside*] — You haven't exactly proved that to me: I'm afraid you take pleasure in doing what makes me angry. [*Aloud.*] Are you very busy over your campaign, Mr. Would-be Representative?

Oldendorf — You know, Colonel, that I have very little to do with it myself.

Colonel — I think you have, though. It's the regular thing in such campaigns to pay court to influential persons and shake hands with voters, make speeches, scatter promises around, and all that sort of fol-de-rol.

Oldendorf — You don't believe, Colonel, that I would do anything unworthy?

Colonel — No? — I am not sure, Oldendorf. Since you have become a journalist, edit your *Union*, and show the state every day how badly it is governed — since then you are no longer your old self.

Oldendorf [*who till now has been looking at the flowers with* IDA; *turning to the* COLONEL] — Is there anything I say or write now that contradicts my earlier views? You can hardly convince me of that. And still less can you have noticed a change in my feeling and behavior toward you.

Colonel [*stubbornly*] — That would be quite right now. — I'm not going to spoil my day with quarreling. Ida may see whether she gets along any better with you. I am going to see to my flowers. [*Takes the box. Exit to the garden.*

Oldendorf — What's your father out of temper about? Has anything in the paper offended him again?

Ida — I don't think so. But it irritates him to know that you are entering politics again as an advocate of measures he detests and assailant of institutions he reveres. [*Timidly.*] Oldendorf, isn't it possible for you to withdraw from the contest?

Oldendorf — 'T is impossible.

Ida — I would keep you here, and father could regain his good humor, for he would appreciate very highly the sacrifice you would be making for him. Then we might hope our future would be as peaceful as the past was.

Oldendorf — I know that, Ida, and I feel anything but joy in the prospect of becoming representative of this city, and yet I cannot withdraw.

Ida [*turning away*] — Father is right: since editing the newspaper you have become another man.

Oldendorf — Ida! You too? If this bad blood is to separate us, I shall be wretched indeed.

Ida — Dear Edward! — I am only sorry I shall have to do without you so long.

Oldendorf — I am not elected yet! If I should become a deputy, and things went well with me, I would take you to the capital, so you should never leave my side again.

Ida — O Edward, we must not think of that now. Only be considerate with father.

Oldendorf — You hear me stand a good deal from him. And I don't give up hope that he will become reconciled to me. When this election is over, I will appeal to his heart once more. Perhaps I shall win a favorable answer and our union.

Ida — But you must be very attentive to his little hobbies. If he is in the garden at his dahlia bed, you must be enthusiastic over the variety of colors. If you manage *very* cleverly, perhaps he will name one Edward Oldendorf yet. We have talked it over already. Come! [*Both go out.*

SENDEN, BLUMENBERG, KARL, SCHMOCK *at door.*

Senden [*entering*] — Is the Colonel alone?

Karl — Professor Oldendorf is with him.

Senden — Announce us. [KARL *goes out.*] Always this Oldendorf! Look here, Blumenberg, the old gentleman's connection with the *Union* must come to an end. He doesn't belong entirely to us so long as the Professor comes and goes here. We need the Colonel's personal influence —

Blumenberg — And his house is the finest in town, the best company, good wine and art.

Senden — Besides, I have my private reasons for winning the Colonel to our side; and the Professor and his clique are in the way everywhere.

Blumenberg — This friendship is going to end. I promise you it shall taper off to an end this week. The first step is taken. The gentlemen of the *Union* have walked into the trap.

Senden — What trap?

Blumenberg — The one I've set for them in our paper. [*Turning to* SCHMOCK, *who stands at the door.*] What are you standing here for, Schmock? Can't you wait at the gate?

Schmock — I've gone wherever you have. Why shouldn't I stand here? I know the Colonel as well as you.

Blumenberg — Don't be forthputting, and don't be insolent. Go and wait at the gate, and when I bring you the article, hurry with it to the printing-office quick. Do you understand?

Schmock — Why shouldn't I understand when you squawk like a magpie? [*Exit.*

Blumenberg [*to* SENDEN] — He is a vulgar man, but he is useful! — Now we are alone, listen. The other day when you introduced me here, I begged and prayed the Colonel to write down, just for once, his opinions on the news of the day.

Senden — Oh dear, yes! You daubed on the flattery crudely enough, but still the old gentleman took fire.

Blumenberg — We begged him to read what he had written. He read it, and we praised it.

Senden — It was very tedious, though.

Blumenberg — I have begged it of him for our paper.

Senden — Oh dear! and now I'll have to carry big articles to your printing-office. These essays are too heavy. They are no good for the *Coriolanus*.

Blumenberg — And yet I've published them gladly. When a man writes for a paper, he becomes a good friend of that paper. The Colonel immediately subscribed for the *Coriolanus*, and asked me to dine with him the next day.

Senden [*shrugging his shoulders*] — If that's all the profit — !

Blumenberg — It's only the beginning. The articles *are* stodgy — why shouldn't I say so?

Senden — That's God's truth!

Blumenberg — And no one knows who the writer is.

Senden — The old gentleman wanted it so. I believe he is afraid of Oldendorf.

Blumenberg — So things have turned out as I expected. Oldendorf's paper attacked this article to-day. Here's the latest *Union*.

Senden — Let's see it. — This will be a famous scrimmage! Is the attack rough?

Blumenberg — The Colonel will certainly consider it rough. Don't you think that will help us against the Professor?

Senden — On my honor, you are the slyest devil that ever crept out of an ink-bottle.

Blumenberg — Give it here, the colonel is coming.

Enter the COLONEL.

Colonel — Good morning, gentlemen! [*Aside.*] And Oldendorf is right here: if he'll only stay in the garden now! — Well, Mr. Editor, how is the *Coriolanus* getting along?

Blumenberg — Our readers admire the new articles signed with the arrow. Perhaps I may hope that something more —

Colonel [*drawing manuscript from his pocket, and glancing through it*] — I rely upon your discretion. I really wanted to read it through once more on account of the syntax.

Blumenberg — You can do that best in the proof.

Colonel — I think it will answer. Take it, but keep quiet about it —

Blumenberg — Allow me to send it to the printing-office at once. [*At the door.*] Schmock!

SCHMOCK *appears at the door, takes the manuscript, and rushes away.*

Senden — Blumenberg holds the paper stanchly, but he has enemies: he must be cunning of fence.

Colonel [*amused*] — Enemies? Who hasn't some! But you journalists have nerves like women. Everything stirs you up; every word anybody says against you sets you wild. Get out: you are a thin-skinned lot.

Blumenberg — Perhaps you are right, Colonel, but when we have an opponent like this *Union* —

Colonel — Yes, the *Union*, it's a thorn in the sides of both of you. There's lots in it I don't like; but in the call to arms, in the attack, in the charge, it is cleverer than your paper. The articles are witty; even when they are wrong, you have to laugh over them.

Blumenberg — Not always. In to-day's attack on the best article the *Coriolanus* has brought out for a long time, I can see no wit at all.

Colonel — Attack on which article?

Blumenberg — On yours, Colonel. I must have the paper with me. [*Searches for and gives him a copy of the* Union.]

Colonel — Oldendorf's journal attacks my essay! [*Reads.*] "We pity such ignorance" —

Blumenberg — And here —

Colonel — "It is an unpardonable presumption." What, I presuming!

Blumenberg — And here —

Colonel — "One may question whether the artlessness of the contributor is comical or sad; at any rate, he has no right to put in his oar —" [*Throwing the paper away.*] Oh, that is contemptible! These are mere vulgarities.

IDA *and* OLDENDORF *enter from the garden.*

Senden — Now the storm breaks.

Colonel — Professor, your paper is making progress. To base principles is now added something else — vulgarity.

Ida [*frightened*] — Father!

Oldendorf — Colonel, what right have you to use such offensive language?

Colonel [*holding out the paper to him*] — Look here! That appears in your paper. In *your* paper, Oldendorf!

Oldendorf — The manner of attack is not quite as cool as I could have wished —

Colonel [*interrupting him*] — Not quite as cool! Really?

Oldendorf — In the matter itself, the attack is just.

Colonel — Sir, how dare you tell me that?

Ida — Father!

Oldendorf — Colonel, I don't understand this frame of mind, and I beg you to stop and consider that we are speaking before witnesses.

Colonel — Don't ask any consideration. It was for you to have shown some consideration for the man whose friendship you used to make so much claim on.

Oldendorf — First of all, be frank enough to tell me what connection you have with the assailed article in the *Coriolanus?*

Colonel — Oh, a very casual one, too insignificant for you to care about. I merely wrote it.

Ida — Oh, heavens!

Oldendorf [*sharply*] — You? An article in this man's paper?

Ida [*weeping*] — Oldendorf !

Oldendorf [*more calmly*] — The *Union* has not attacked you, but an unknown person, who to us was nothing more than a partisan of this gentleman. You would have spared us both this painful scene if you had not concealed from me the fact that you were a correspondent of the *Coriolanus*.

Colonel — You will have to put up with my not making you a confidant of my affairs any further. You have given me a printed proof of your friendship that doesn't make me long for others.

Oldendorf [*taking his hat*] — And I can only explain that I deeply regret the circumstance, but feel entirely blameless. I hope, Colonel, that on reflecting calmly, you will come to the same conclusion. Good-bye, Ida : my regards.

[*Starts for middle door.*

Ida [*weeping*] — Father, don't let him leave us so !

Colonel — It is better than if he stayed.

Enter ADELHEID *in stylish traveling dress; reaches the door at the same time with* OLDENDORF.

Adelheid — Not so fast, Professor !

[OLDENDORF *kisses her hand, and goes out.*

Ida } [*together*] — Adelheid ! [*Rushes into her arms.*]
Colonel } Adelheid ! and just at this time !

Adelheid [*keeping hold of Ida and extending her hand to the* COLONEL] — Give your hand to your country girl. My aunt sends greeting, and Rosedale Estate commends itself humbly in its brown autumn dress. The fields are empty, and in the garden the dry leaves dance in the wind. — Ah, Mr. Von Senden !

Colonel [*introducing*] — Editor Blumenberg !

Senden — We are delighted to welcome our sprightly farm mistress to the city.

Adelheid — And we should have been glad to meet our neighbor proprietor often in the country.

Colonel — He has a great deal to do here ; he is a great politician and works hard for good causes.

Adelheid — Yes indeed, we read of his doings in the paper. I drove through your farm yesterday. Your potato crop isn't harvested yet ; your overseer isn't through.

Senden — The Rosedale people have the privilege of getting through eight days earlier than everybody else.

Adelheid — To make up for it, we understand nothing but our farming. [*Pleasantly.*] The neighborhood sends you greeting.

Senden — Thank you. We do not grudge you friends with a better claim on you; but grant me an audience to-day, so I can ask you the news of our district. [ADELHEID *courtesies.*

Senden — Good-bye, Colonel. [*To* IDA.] My respects, Miss Ida. [*Exit with* BLUMENBERG.

Ida [*embracing* ADELHEID] — I have you! It will all come out right now!

Adelheid — What will come out right? Is there something that isn't right? Somebody out there passed me quicker than he used to, and here I see wet eyes and a wrinkled brow. [*Kisses her on the eyes.*] You mustn't spoil your pretty eyes. And do you, my esteemed friend, show me a friendly face.

Colonel — Stay the winter with us: it is the first you have given for a long time. We shall try to deserve this favor.

Adelheid [*earnestly*] — It is the first winter since my father's death that I have had the pleasure of mingling with the world again. Besides, I have business here. You know I came of age this summer, and our legal friend, counselor Schwarz, demands my presence. Listen, Ida, the servants are unpacking my luggage. Go and see to things! [*Aside.*] And hold a wet cloth to your eyes: anybody can see you've been crying. [IDA *goes out at the right;* ADELHEID *walks quickly up to the* COLONEL.] What is the trouble with Ida and the Professor?

Colonel — There's a good deal to tell. I won't spoil my pleasure with it now. Things don't go right with us men: our opinions are too different.

Adelheid — But weren't your opinions different before? And yet your relations with Oldendorf were so pleasant.

Colonel — They were not as different, though.

Adelheid — And which of you has changed?

Colonel — Hm! Why, he, of course. He is too easily misled by the low crowd around him. There are several men, journalists on his paper, particularly a certain Bolz.

Adelheid [*aside*] — What's this I have to hear?

Colonel — But you know him well yourself. He comes from your district.

Adelheid — He is a Rosedale boy.

Colonel — I remember. Your late father, my brave general, couldn't bear him.

Adelheid — At least he said so at times.

Colonel — This Bolz has grown eccentric since then. They say he leads an irregular life, and his manners seem to me rather too free. He is Oldendorf's evil genius.

Adelheid — That would be sad indeed. No, I don't believe that.

Colonel — What don't you believe, Adelheid?

Adelheid [*smiling*] — I don't believe in evil geniuses. Whatever has gone wrong between you and Oldendorf can be set right again. To-day enemies, to-morrow friends, is the saying in politics. But Ida's feelings won't change so quickly. Colonel, I've brought a lovely dress pattern with me, and that new dress I'm going to wear this winter as bridesmaid.

Colonel — There's no use thinking of it. I won't let myself be caught, my girl. I am carrying the war into the enemy's country. But why do you drive others to the altar, when you've lived to see your whole neighborhood jokingly call you the Sleeping Beauty and the spinster farmer?

Adelheid [*laughing*] — Yes, so they do.

Colonel — The richest heiress in the whole country round, besieged by a host of suitors, and shut so tight against every feeling: no one can account for it!

Adelheid — Dear Colonel, if our young men were as lovable as some others — Ah, but they are not.

Colonel — You shan't get away from me. We'll hold you fast in the city till we find one of our young men here you think worthy of enlisting under your command; — for whoever you choose for a husband, it will be with him as it is with me, — in the end he'll always have to do as you say.

Adelheid [*quickly*] — Will you do as I say about Ida and the Professor? Now I'm holding *you* fast.

Colonel — Will you do me the favor of choosing a husband among us this winter? Yes? Now I've caught *you.*

Adelheid — It's a bargain! your hand on it! [*Holds out her hand to him.*]

Colonel [*shaking it, laughing*] — That was a case of outwitting. [*Goes out through the middle door.*

Adelheid — I think not! Aha, Mr. Konrad Bolz: is that your reputation among people? You live irregularly? You keep fast company? You are an evil genius?

Enter KORB *from the middle door, with a bundle.*

Korb — Where shall I carry the account books and papers to, Miss Runeck?

Adelheid — To my room. One moment, my dear Korb: did you find your room here in order?

Korb — Most beautiful. The servants have put in two stearine candles for me. It is pure extravagance.

Adelheid — You shall not touch a pen for me this whole day: I want you to look about the city and call on your acquaintances. You have acquaintances here, of course?

Korb — Not many. I have not been here for more than a year.

Adelheid [*indifferently*] — Aren't there some Rosedalers here?

Korb — Four of the soldiers are from our village. There is a John Lutz, of the Gray-Nag Lutzes —

Adelheid — I know. Is there no one else here you know from the village?

Korb — No one else. Except of course him —

Adelheid — Except him? Who is that?

Korb — Why, our Konrad.

Adelheid — To be sure, he. You'll call on him, won't you? I think you have always been good friends.

Korb — Shall I call upon him? My first walk is to him. I have been hugging myself over it all the way. There is a true soul the village may well be proud of.

Adelheid [*warmly*] — Yes, he has a true heart!

Korb [*enthusiastically*] — Always jolly and always friendly. And how attached he is to the village! Poor man, it is so long since he has been there.

Adelheid — Don't speak of it!

Korb — He will ask me all about the farm —

Adelheid [*eagerly*] — And about the horses. The old sorrel he liked to ride is still alive.

Korb — And about the shrubbery he planted with you.

Adelheid — Especially the lilac where my arbor stands now: be sure and tell him about that.

Korb — And about the pond. Thirty-six hundred carp.

Adelheid — And five dozen tench, don't forget that. And the old carp with the copper ring on his body that he put around came out at the last catch, and we put him back again.

Korb — And what questions he'll ask about you, Miss Runeck !

Adelheid — Tell him I am well.

Korb — And how you manage the farm since the general's death ; and that you take his paper, which I afterwards read to the farm people.

Adelheid — You needn't tell him just that. [*Sighing aside.*] I shall find out nothing in this way. [*Gravely, after a pause.*] Listen, dear Korb, I have heard various things about Mr. Bolz that astonished me. They say he lives a very wild life.

Korb — Yes, he always was a wild colt.

Adelheid — And that he spends more money than he earns.

Korb — Yes, very likely. But he spends it like a good fellow, I am dead sure.

Adelheid [*aside*] — I can get no comfort out of him either. [*Indifferently.*] Now he has a good position, won't he soon be looking for a wife ?

Korb — A wife ? — No, he won't do that. It isn't possible.

Adelheid — I have heard something of the sort, anyway. At least he is said to be very much interested in a young lady; people talk about it.

Korb — That would be — No, I don't believe it. [*Hastily.*] But I'll ask him about it right away.

Adelheid — He will be the last one to tell you about it himself : such things are learned from a man's friends and acquaintances. — Still, the village people do know when a Rosedaler is married.

Korb — I must really get to the bottom of this.

Adelheid — You must go about it very cunningly. You know how sly he is.

Korb — Oh, I'll get around him easily enough. I'll find out something, at any rate.

Adelheid — Go on, my dear Korb ! [*Exit* Korb.] That was sad news which the Colonel brought me. Konrad immoral, worthless ! It is impossible. A noble character cannot change so. I don't believe a word of all they tell me about him.

[*Exit.*

Scene II.

Scene : Editorial room of the "Union." *Doors in the middle and at both sides. In the left foreground a work-table with news-*

papers and manuscripts. At the right a similar smaller table, and chairs.

BOLZ *enters from side door at right, then* MÜLLER *by middle door.*

Bolz [*eagerly*] — Müller! Factotum! Where is the mail matter?

Müller [*briskly, with a bundle of letters and newspapers*] — Here's the mail, Mr. Bolz, — and here's the proof of this evening's issue, just off the press, to revise.

Bolz [*at table on left, hastily opening letters, glancing through and penciling them*] — I've revised it already, you old scamp.

Müller — Not all of it. Here's the miscellany still left at the bottom, that Mr. Bellmaus gave out to the compositors.

Bolz — Let's see it! [*Reads paper.*] "Washing stolen from the ground — Triplets born — Concert, concert, society meeting, theater — Everything in order — New invention in locomotives — The big sea-serpent seen." [*Jumping up.*] Thunder, here he is again with the old sea-serpent! I wish it was cooked into jelly for him and he had to eat it up cold. [*Hurries to the door at the right.*] Bellmaus, sea-monster, come out here!

BELLMAUS *enters from right, pen in hand.*

Bellmaus — What's the matter? What's all this row about?

Bolz [*solemnly*] — Bellmaus, when we did you the honor to intrust you with getting up miscellaneous stuff for this rag, we had no idea you'd waltz the everlasting big sea-serpent through the columns of our paper. What made you put in that played-out lie again?

Bellmaus — It just fitted. We were six lines short.

Bolz — That's an excuse, but not a good one. Invent your own stories: what are you a journalist for? Write a little "communication," as for instance a meditation on human life in general or the dogs' roaming the street; or think up some blood-curdling story, say an assassination out of politeness, or how a marmot bit seven sleeping children to death, or something of that sort. There's so much that happens, and so frightfully much that doesn't happen, that an honest newspaper man needn't ever lack for news.

Bellmaus — Give it here: I'll change it. [*Goes to the table, looks over a printed sheet, clips out a piece with large shears, and pastes it on the copy of the paper.*]

Bolz — That's right, my boy; do that and reform. [*Opening the door at the right.*] Kämpe, can you come in here a minute? [*To* MÜLLER, *who is waiting at the door.*] Hurry this revise to press.

[MÜLLER *takes the sheet from* BELLMAUS, *and makes off.*

Enter KÄMPE.

Kämpe — I can't write anything straight when you are kicking up such a row.

Bolz — Well, what have you been writing just now, then? At the best, I suppose, a love letter to a danseuse or an order to your tailor.

Bellmaus — No, he writes tender missives. He is dead in love, for he took me on a moonlight walk last evening, and turned up his nose at all kinds of liquors.

Kämpe [*who has seated himself comfortably*] — Gentlemen, it isn't fair to call a man away from work to make such cheap jokes.

Bolz — Ah, yes, he evidently libels you when he asserts that you love something besides your new shoes and your own person a little bit. Your own nature is a love-radiator, little Bellmaus. You glow like a fumigating pastil every time you see a young lady: you meander round her, all glimmer and smoke, and yet you haven't the courage to speak to her once. — But we must make allowances for him, because he's always been a lyric poet by nature; that's why he is bashful. He blushes before women, and he's capable of fine ebullitions yet.

Bellmaus — I don't want my verses forever thrown up to me. Have I ever read them to you?

Bolz — No, thank the Lord, you never had the impudence. [*Sternly.*] Come, to business, you men! To-day's number is ready. Oldendorf isn't here yet: meantime, let's hold a council of war. Oldendorf *must* be the city deputy to the next Chambers; our party and the *Union* must see to that. How is our stock to-day?

Kämpe — As good as possible. Our opponents admit that no other candidate would be so dangerous to them, and our friends everywhere have the highest hopes. But you know how little that means. Here's the list of voters. Our campaign committee sends word that our estimates were correct. Of the hundred voters of the city, forty are sure for us; almost exactly the same number are on the opposite party's list; the

other twenty or so are uncertain. It is evident the election will go by a very small majority.

Bolz — Of course we shall have that majority — a majority of eight or ten: tell it so everywhere with the utmost confidence. Any number of the floaters will side with us when they hear we are the stronger. Where is the list of the doubtful? [*Examines it.*]

Kämpe — I have made marks where, in our friends' opinion, a pull can be worked.

Bolz — After one name here I see two crosses: what does that mean?

Kämpe — That is Piepenbrink, the wine merchant Piepenbrink. He has a big following in his ward, and they say he controls five or six votes of his crowd.

Bolz — We must have him. What kind of a man is he?

Kämpe — They say he is very crusty, and doesn't bother himself about politics.

Bellmaus — But he has a pretty daughter.

Kämpe — What good is his pretty daughter? I'd rather he had an ugly wife: we could get at him easier then.

Bellmaus — He has that, too: a woman with little curls, and blazing red ribbons on her hood.

Bolz — Wife or no wife, the man must be ours. — Keep still — somebody's coming: that's Oldendorf's step. He needn't know anything about our talk. Go to your room, you fellows: the rest this evening.

Kämpe [*at the door*] — It's understood, I suppose, that in the next number I pitch into the new correspondent of the *Coriolanus* again, the arrow man?

Bolz — Oh, certainly. Go for him in a high-and-mighty way, but hard. A little set-to with our opponents is very useful just now before election, and the arrow articles are very vulnerable. [KÄMPE *and* BELLMAUS *go out.*

Enter OLDENDORF *through middle door.*

Oldendorf — Good day, Konrad.

Bolz [*at the table at right, over the voting-list*] — Blessed be your entrance! There's the correspondence: nothing important.

Oldendorf — Have you needed me here to-day?

Bolz — No, my jewel, this evening's paper is ready, and Kämpe is writing the leader for to-morrow.

Oldendorf — What on?

Bolz — Little outpost skirmish with the *Coriolanus*. Once more against the unknown correspondent with the arrow who has attacked our party. But don't worry, I've told Kämpe to make the article dignified, very dignified.

Oldendorf — Not for anything! The article must not be written.

Bolz — I don't understand you. What are a man's political opponents for if he can't lather them?

Oldendorf — See here, these articles are written by the Colonel: he told me so to-day himself.

Bolz — Thunderation!

Oldendorf [*gloomily*] — You may guess the confession was accompanied by other intimations that make my posture toward the Colonel and his household very awkward just now.

Bolz [*with concern*] — And what does the Colonel want you to do?

Oldendorf — He will be reconciled with me if I resign the editorship of the paper and withdraw from the candidacy.

Bolz — The devil! That isn't asking much.

Oldendorf — I suffer under these discords. I can say that to you, my friend.

Bolz [*going to him, and pressing his hand*] — Solemn moment of manly emotion!

Oldendorf — Now don't be a clown, at least. You can imagine how painful my position in the Colonel's house has become. The worthy old gentleman either cold or angry, the conversation spiced with cutting allusions, Ida suffering — I often see she has been crying. If our party beats and I am city deputy, I fear it takes away every hope of my marrying Ida.

Bolz [*eagerly*] — And if you withdraw, our party suffers a grievous loss. [*Rapidly and emphatically.*] The coming session of the Chambers will be momentous for the state. The parties are almost equal. Every ballot lost is a misfortune to our cause. In this city we have no candidate but you whose popularity is great enough to make his election probable. If you withdraw for any reason whatever, our opponents will win.

Oldendorf — Unfortunately, it's as you say.

Bolz [*still fervidly*] — I will not speak of the confidence I place in your talent; though I am convinced that in the Chamber, and perhaps as member of the government, you will be useful to the country. I beg you now to think only of the

duty you owe to our political friends, who rely on you, to this paper, and to us — we who have worked hard for three years that the name Oldendorf, which stands at the head of the paper, might gain recognition. It concerns your honor, and each moment of vacillation on your part would be a wrong.

Oldendorf [*with reserve*] — You are getting excited for nothing. I too consider it a wrong to withdraw now, when they tell me I am necessary to our cause. But when I confess to you, my friend, that the resolution costs me a heavy sacrifice, I am not harming either our cause or us two by it.

Bolz [*soothingly*] — You are quite right. You are a true comrade. And so peace, friendship, courage! Your old Colonel can't be irreconcilable.

Oldendorf — He has got hand in glove with Senden, who flatters him in every way, and I fear has plans which closely concern me too. I should be still more anxious if I didn't know I had a good advocate in the Colonel's house at present: Adelheid Runeck has just arrived.

Bolz — Adelheid Runeck? The last straw! [*Hurriedly calling through door at right.*] Kämpe, the article against the knight with the arrow will *not* be written. Do you understand?

Kämpe [*appearing at door, pen in hand*] — Then what will be written?

Bolz — Hanged if I know. See here, maybe I can persuade Oldendorf to write to-morrow's leader himself. But anyway you must have something ready.

Kämpe — Well, what?

Bolz [*excitedly*] — Write about Australian emigration, for all I care. Surely that won't stir up any bad blood.

Kämpe — Good. Shall I encourage or discountenance it?

Bolz [*quickly*] — Discountenance it, of course. We need all the people who are willing to work in our own country. Describe Australia as a wretched hole, — truthfully throughout, but as black as possible. How the kangaroo, rolled up in a ball, springs with irresistible malignancy at the head of the settler, while the ornithorhynchus grabs him by the legs behind; how the gold hunter in cold weather has to stand up to his neck in salt water, while in summer he hasn't a drop to drink for three months, and if he lives through all that he will finally be devoured by thievish natives. Make it very vivid, and at the end quote the latest market price of Australian wool

from the *Times*. You'll find what books you need in the library. [*Slams the door.*]

Oldendorf [*at the table*] — Do you know Miss Runeck? In her letters to Ida she often asks about you.

Bolz — Is that so? Yes indeed, I know her. We are from the same village, — she from the manor, I from the parsonage; my father taught us together. Oh yes, I know her!

Oldendorf — How does it happen you've become such strangers? You never speak of her.

Bolz — Hm! There are old histories, family quarrels, Montagues and Capulets. I haven't seen her for a long time.

Oldendorf [*smiling*] — I hope politics haven't separated you too.

Bolz — Politics certainly had a hand in our separation. — You see it is a universal misfortune that friendship is destroyed by political life.

Oldendorf — It is deplorable! In matters of faith every cultivated man will tolerate others' beliefs; but in politics we treat each other as scoundrels because one man is colored a few shades different from his neighbor.

Bolz [*aside*] — Subject for the next article. [*Aloud.*] — is colored different from his neighbor: my idea precisely. That will have to be said in our paper. [*Entreatingly.*] Look here, some such virtuous little article as this: Exhortation to our voters; Respect our opponents, — for they are still our brothers! [*Still more entreatingly.*] Oldendorf, that would be something for you. There's virtue and humanity in that theme; the writing would divert you, and you owe the paper an article on account of that forbidden feud. Do me that favor! Write it there in the back room; nobody shall disturb you.

Oldendorf [*smiling*] — You are a base wire-puller.

Bolz [*forcing him out of the chair*] — Please: you'll find paper and ink there. Come, my treasure, come. [*Accompanies him to the door at left; exit* Oldendorf. — Bolz, *calling in.*] Will you have a cigar? An old Ugues? [*Takes a cigar case from his pocket.*] No? — Only don't write too little: it's to be a leading article! [*Shuts the door. Calls in at door on right.*] The Professor is writing the article himself: take care nobody disturbs him. [*Coming forward.*] That ought to settle that. — Adelheid here in the city! — I'll go straight off and see her. — Hold up: always rather cold-blooded. You, my old Bolz, are no longer the brown lad from the pastor's

garden, and even if you were, *she* has long ago become a different girl. The grass has grown over the grave of a certain childish fancy. What are you drumming away all at once so uneasily for, old heart? Here in the city she is just as far away from you as on her estate. [*Sitting down, toying with a pencil.*] Nothing like cold blood! murmured the salamander as he sat in the fire.

Enter KORB.

Korb — Is Mr. Bolz to be found here?

Bolz [*jumping up*] — Korb! my dear Korb! Welcome, heartily welcome! It is fine that you haven't forgotten me. [*Shaking his hand.*] I am very glad to see you.

Korb — And I more! — Here we are in the city! The whole village sends regards! From Tony the horse boy — he is overseer now — to the old night watchman, whose horn you hung on the steeple that time. Ah, what fun!

Bolz — How is the young mistress? Tell me, old fellow.

Korb — First-rate now. But things have gone badly with us. Four years the late general was sick; that was a hard time. You know he was always an irritable man.

Bolz — Yes, he was hard to manage.

Korb — And especially in his illness. But Miss Adelheid nursed him; gentle as a lamb, and at the end as white as one. Now he is dead she manages the farm alone, and as well as the best farmer; so there are good times in the village again. I'll tell you everything, but not till this evening: she's waiting for me, and I just skipped over to tell you we are here.

Bolz — Don't hurry off so, Korb. — So the people in the village still think of me?

Korb — I should think so! No man can understand why you don't come back to us. — As long as the old gentleman was alive it was somewhat another thing, of course; but now —

Bolz [*sadly*] — My parents are dead, and a stranger is living in the parsonage.

Korb — But we are still living at the manor! The mistress would certainly be glad —

Bolz — Does she still remember me?

Korb — Of course. She was asking after you this very day.

Bolz — What about, old fellow?

Korb — She asked me if it was true, as people say, that

you've got gay, run into debt, chase petticoats, and are up to all kinds of deviltry.

Bolz — O Lord! Did you stand up for me?

Korb — Of course! I told her all that goes without saying, in your case.

Bolz — Curse it! — So that's the idea she has of me. — Look here, Korb, — Miss Adelheid has a good many suitors?

Korb — The sands of the sea are nothing in comparison.

Bolz [*irritably*] — She can't pick but one, when it comes to that.

Korb [*slyly*] — Just so! But who? that's the question.

Bolz — Whom do you think?

Korb — Well, that's hard to say. There's this Von Senden, who is living in the city now. If any one has a prospect, it's likely to be he. He's as busy around us as a weasel. Just now, as I was coming out, he sends us in a whole dozen tickets for the big club reception. It must be a club where people of rank go arm in arm with the citizens.

Bolz — Yes, it is a political society that Senden is director of. It's casting a big net for voters. And the Colonel and the ladies will go?

Korb — So I hear; I got a ticket too.

Bolz [*aside*] — Has it come to this? Poor Oldendorf! — And Adelheid at Von Senden's club reception!

Korb [*aside*] — How in the world am I to get at the inwardness of his love affairs? [*Aloud.*] Oh, say, Mr. Konrad, one thing more. Perhaps you have some very good friend in the establishment here that you could recommend me to?

Bolz — What for, old fellow?

Korb — Merely — I am a stranger in the place, and often have commissions and errands where I am all at sea; and so I might have somebody here I could get information from if you didn't happen to be in, or could leave things for you with.

Bolz — You'll find me in pretty much all day. [*At the door.*] Bellmaus! [BELLMAUS *comes in.*] Take a good look at this gentleman: he is a fine old friend of mine, from my native village. Any time he doesn't find me in, you act for me. — This gentleman's name is Bellmaus, and he is a square man.

Korb — Happy to make your acquaintance, Mr. Bellmaus.

Bellmaus — Same with me, Mr. — You haven't told me the name yet.

Bolz — Korb [basket]. From the great family of Market-

basket: he has had to carry a great deal in his day, and he has often carried me on his back too.

Bellmaus — Same with me, Mr. Korb. [*They shake hands.*

Korb — Well, that's settled; and now I must be off, as Miss Runeck is waiting.

Bolz — Good-bye for a short time.

[*Exit* KORB, *exit* BELLMAUS *by door at right.*

Bolz [*alone*] — So this Senden is courting her. Oh, that's bitter.

Enter hastily HENNING, *in dressing-gown, a printed sheet in his hand, followed by* MÜLLER.

Henning — Beg your pardon, Mr. Bolz! Is it *Kon*ditor or *Kan*ditor? The new proof-reader has changed it to *Kan*ditor.

Bolz [*thoughtfully*] — My respected Mr. Henning, the *Union* prints it *Kon*ditor.

Henning — I just said so. [*To* MÜLLER.] It's got to be changed back: hurry up, the press is waiting. [*Exit* MÜLLER *in a hurry.*] I happened to light on the leader. It's yours, of course. It's very good, but too sharp, my dear Mr. Bolz; pepper and mustard: that will give offense, it will make bad blood.

Bolz [*abstracted, angrily*] — I've always had an aversion for that man.

Henning [*hurt*] — How? What? Mr. Bolz? You have an aversion for me?

Bolz [*starting*] — Eh? for whom? — No, my dear Mr. Henning, you are a fine man, and you'd be the best of newspaper owners if you weren't a frightened rabbit so often. [*Embraces him.*] Give my respects to Mrs. Henning, and let me be alone: I am thinking up the next article.

Henning [*while being pushed out*] — Only write gently and charitably, my dear Mr. Bolz.

Bolz [*alone, walking about again*] — Senden turns out of the road for me all he can; he takes things from me that would set any other man's back up. If he should guess it —

Müller [*bolting in*] — A strange lady wishes to pay her respects.

Bolz [*hurriedly*] — A lady? for me?

Müller — For the editor. [*Hands a card.*]

Bolz [*reads*] — Leontine Pavoni-Gessler, née Melloni, from Paris. — She must be an artist. Is she pretty?

Müller — Hm! So-so.

Bolz — Then give her our regrets that we couldn't have the pleasure, as the office has a big washing to-day.

Müller — What?

Bolz [*roughly*] — Washing, children's washing; we shall be up to our elbows in soap-suds.

Müller [*laughing*] — And shall I tell her that?

Bolz [*impatiently*] — You are a putty-head. [*At the door.*] Bellmaus! [BELLMAUS *comes in.*] Stay here and receive this call. [*Gives him the card.*]

Bellmaus — Ah, that's the new dancer that was expected here. [*Inspecting his coat.*] But I haven't made any toilet.

Bolz — She'll have made all the more of one. [*To* MÜLLER.] Show the lady in! [*Exit* MÜLLER.

Bellmaus — But I really can't —

Bolz [*fretfully*] — Confound it, don't be bashful! [*Goes to the table, locks papers in the drawer, seizes his hat.*

Enter MADAME PAVONI.

Madame Pavoni — Have I the honor to see before me the editor of the *Union?*

Bellmaus [*bowing*] — Certainly — that is — won't you have the goodness to be seated? [*Draws up chairs.*]

Bolz — Adelheid is sharp-sighted and clever: how is it possible she doesn't see through the fellow?

Madame Pavoni — Mr. Editor, the able articles on art which adorn your paper — have prompted me —

Bellmaus — Oh, pray!

Bolz [*resolutely*] — I must get admitted to this club reception!

[*Exit, bowing to the lady.* BELLMAUS *and* MADAME PAVONI *sit facing each other.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Scene: Same drawing-room as at beginning. In foreground at right, IDA *and* ADELHEID; *next to* ADELHEID *the* COLONEL, *all seated. Before them a table with coffee service.*

Colonel [*in conversation with* ADELHEID, *laughing*] — A capital story and amusingly told. I am heartily glad you are with

us, my dear Adelheid, for now there'll be something else talked about at our table besides these miserable politics! — Hm! The Professor isn't coming to-day. He never failed before, though, at the coffee hour.

[*Pause;* ADELHEID *and* IDA *look at each other.* IDA *sighs.*

Adelheid — Perhaps he has work on hand.

Ida — Or else he is angry with us because I am going to the reception to-night.

Colonel [*peevishly*] — Nonsense! You are not his wife, nor even engaged to him. You live at home with your father, and belong in my circle. — Hm! I notice he is out with me for speaking my mind awhile ago. I believe I was a little out of temper.

Adelheid [*nodding her head*] — Yes, I understand so, a little.

Ida — He is concerned about your frame of mind, father dear.

Colonel — Well, I have reason enough to be out of temper; don't bring it up to me. And that he still lets himself be tangled in this campaign is unpardonable. [*Walks to and fro.*] Send for him again, though, Ida. [IDA *rings.*

Enter KARL.

Ida — Compliments to the Professor, and we are waiting the coffee for him. [*Exit* KARL.

Colonel — Now that word "waiting" wasn't necessary. We've drunk ours already.

Adelheid — My little Ida hasn't.

Ida — Hush!

Adelheid — But why in the world did he consent to run? He has enough to do without that.

Colonel — Just ambition, my dear girl. The devil of ambition gets into these young men; it drives them as the steam does the locomotive.

Ida — No, father, he hasn't thought of himself in this.

Colonel — It doesn't stand out nakedly as: "I will make a career," or, "I will become a distinguished man." It's done slicker than that. Good friends come and say: "It is your duty to the good cause to —" "It is a crime against your fatherland if you don't —" "It is a sacrifice for you, but we demand it." And then vanity will throw a fine cloak over it, and the candidate springs forward, of course from pure patriotism. You can't teach an old soldier much about the world.

We, my dear Adelheid, sit quietly, and laugh over these weaknesses.

Adelheid — And make allowances for them, if our hearts are as indulgent as yours.

Colonel — Yes, experience teaches wisdom.

Enter KARL.

Karl — Mr. Von Senden and two other gentlemen.

Colonel — What do they want? Very delightful! [*Exit* KARL.] Let me bring them in here, children. Senden never stays long: he is a restless spirit. [*The ladies rise.*

Ida — Our hour is broken up again.

Adelheid — Never mind: we have so much more time for our toilet. [ADELHEID *and* IDA *go out left.*

Enter SENDEN, BLUMENBERG, *and a third gentleman.*

Senden — Colonel, we come by order of the Election Committee to notify you that the Committee has unanimously decided to nominate you, Colonel, as our party's candidate.

Colonel — Me?

Senden — The committee beg you to ratify this resolution, so that the formal announcement can be made to-night at the reception to electors.

Colonel — Are you in earnest, my dear Senden? How did the committee happen to think of it?

Senden — Colonel, the president, who, according to previous arrangement, was to stand for the city, thinks he can do more good by running in one of the provincial districts; and outside of him there is no one in the city so generally known and so popular with the citizens as you. If you comply with our request, the party is sure to win; if you decline, there is the greatest probability that our opponents will have things their own way. You will agree with us that such a result must be avoided at all hazards.

Colonel — I see all that, but for personal reasons it is quite impossible for me to serve our friends in this affair.

Senden [*to the others*] — Let me call the Colonel's attention to something that may incline him to our wishes.

[BLUMENBERG *and the rest go out into the garden, where they are occasionally visible.*

Colonel — But, Senden, how could you put me in this embarrassing position? You know Oldendorf has frequented my

house for years, and that it must be very unpleasant for me to publicly oppose him.

Senden — Then if the Professor really has such an attachment for you and your household, he has the best of opportunities for showing it now. It is a matter of course that he will withdraw at once.

Colonel — I am not so sure of that: he is very stubborn in some things.

Senden — If he doesn't withdraw, such egotism can hardly be called obstinacy. And in that case, you are scarcely under obligation to him; an obligation, Colonel, which would injure the whole country. Besides, he has no chance of being elected, for you'll beat him, not by a large majority, but by a sure one.

Colonel — Are we so sure of that majority?

Senden — I believe I can answer for it. Blumenberg and the other gentlemen have made a very close canvass.

Colonel — It would serve the Professor quite right if he had to retire in my favor. — But no — no, it can't be, though, my friend.

Senden — We know, Colonel, what a sacrifice we are asking, and that nothing could indemnify you for it but the consciousness of having done the fatherland a great service.

Colonel — To be sure.

Senden — It would be perceived at the capital, too, and I am convinced that your entrance into the Chambers would cause great rejoicing in still other circles than that of your numerous friends and admirers.

Colonel — I should meet a great many old friends and comrades there. [*Aside.*] I should be presented at court.

Senden — The Minister of War was lately inquiring after you very warmly. He must be a war comrade of yours, too.

Colonel — Yes indeed. When we were youngsters we belonged to the same company, and many a crazy lark we've had together. I should like to see how he draws his honest face into a solemn scowl in the Chambers; in the regiment he was a wild devil, but a brave lad.

Senden — And he won't be the only one to receive you with open arms.

Colonel — I should have to think the matter over, anyhow.

Senden — Don't be angry, Colonel, if I urge you to decide as we wish. To-night we must acquaint the invited citizens

with their representative: it is the last minute, if everything isn't to be lost.

Colonel [*uncertainly*] — You put me in a corner.

[SENDEN *from the garden door beckons the others nearer.*

Blumenberg — We venture to be pressing with you because we know that so good a soldier as you, Colonel, comes to a decision quickly.

Colonel [*after an inward struggle*] — Well, so be it, gentlemen, I accept. Tell the committee I know how to appreciate their confidence. This evening we will discuss the details.

Blumenberg — We thank you, Colonel: the whole city will rejoice to learn of your decision.

Colonel — Till to-night, then! [*The visitors go out; the* COLONEL *alone, reflecting.*] I ought not to have accepted so quickly. — But I must oblige the Minister of War. — What will the girls say to it; and Oldendorf? [*Enter* OLDENDORF.] There he is himself! [*Clears his throat.*] He'll be surprised; I cannot help it, he must withdraw. — Good day, Professor, you are just in time.

Oldendorf [*hurriedly*] — Colonel, the report in the city is that Von Senden's party has nominated you: I ask you myself for the assurance that you would not accept such a candidacy.

Colonel — If the proposition were made me, why shouldn't I accept it as well as you? Yes, rather than you, for the motives that might influence me are at all events more valid than your grounds.

Oldendorf — Then there was something in the rumor?

Colonel — To come right out, it is the truth. I have accepted; in me you see your opponent.

Oldendorf — This is the worst thing yet that has clouded our relations. Colonel, couldn't the remembrance of a friendship that for years was warm and untroubled keep you out of this ugly fight?

Colonel — I could do no otherwise, Oldendorf, believe me. It rests with *you* now to remember our old friendship. You are the younger man, to say nothing of other relations: it is for you to withdraw now.

Oldendorf [*more eagerly*] — Colonel, I have known you for years; I know how keenly and warmly you feel, and how little your fiery nature is suited to bear the petty daily annoyances of politics, and the irritating blows of debate. Oh, my esteemed friend, heed my entreaties and retract your consent.

Colonel — Let me take care of that myself: I am a chip of a hard old block. Think of yourself, my dear Oldendorf. You are young, you have a reputation as a scholar, your learning assures you of every kind of success. Why will you bring on yourself in another field, instead of honor and recognition, nothing but hate, derision, and neglect? For with your views you won't escape that. Bear it in mind. Be sensible and draw out.

Oldendorf — Colonel, if I could follow *my* wishes, I would do it on the spot; but I am bound to my friends in this contest, and I have no right to withdraw now.

Colonel [*eagerly*] — And I can't withdraw either, without injuring the good cause. So we are as far apart as when we began. [*Aside.*] Pig-headed fellow! [*Both walk up and down on different sides of the stage.*] But you have no prospects at all of being elected, Oldendorf; it is a sure thing that my friends have got the majority of the votes. You are starting out to be publicly turned down. [*Good-naturedly.*] I wouldn't want you to be beaten by me before the whole people: that would make gossip and scandal. Think it over; there's no use at all of your sending a challenge to this duel.

Oldendorf — Even if everything were as certain as you assume, Colonel, I should still have to stick to my decision. But so far as I can judge of the general feeling, the result is by no means so certain. And bear in mind, Colonel, that if you should happen to get the worst of it —

Colonel [*angrily*] — I tell you, it won't happen.

Oldendorf — But if it should turn out so? How ugly it would be for both of us! What feelings would you have toward me then? A defeat might perhaps be welcome to me, but to you it would be a deep mortification. And, Colonel, I am afraid of that possibility.

Colonel — The very reason you should draw out.

Oldendorf — I cannot now, but you still can.

Colonel [*hotly*] — Damnation, sir! I have said yes, and I am not the man to put a no on top of it. [*Both walk back and forth.*] So that ends it, I suppose, Professor. My wishes go for nothing with you; I might have known it. Each of us goes his own road. We have become public opponents, we will be honorable adversaries.

Oldendorf [*grasping the* COLONEL'S *hand*] — Colonel, I hold this day a very unfortunate one, for I see sorrow follow it.

Under all circumstances, be assured that my love and attachment for you is not to be shaken by anything.

Colonel — At last our position is like that before a battle. You want to let yourself be beaten by an old soldier. You will have your wish.

Oldendorf — I ask leave to tell Miss Ida of our conversation.

Colonel [*rather uneasily*] — Better not do that now, Professor, there'll be occasion soon enough. The ladies are making their toilet at present; I'll tell them the news myself.

Oldendorf — Good-bye, Colonel, and think of me without resentment.

Colonel — I'll do the best I can, Professor. [*Exit* OLDENDORF.] He won't give in. How much ambition that scholar has!

Enter IDA *and* ADELHEID.

Ida — Was not that Oldendorf's voice?

Colonel — Yes, my child.

Adelheid — And has he gone again? Has anything happened?

Colonel — Yes indeed, child. Very shortly, not Oldendorf, but I, will be representative of the city.

Adelheid } [*at once*] — { You, Colonel?
Ida } { You, father?

Ida — Has Oldendorf withdrawn?

Adelheid — Is the election over?

Colonel — Neither one. Oldendorf has proved his much-vaunted attachment for us by not withdrawing, and election day isn't past yet. But from all I hear, there is no doubt Oldendorf is defeated.

Ida — And you, father, have become his opponent before all the world?

Adelheid — And what did Oldendorf say to that, Colonel?

Colonel — Don't get me hot, children! — Oldendorf was obstinate; otherwise he behaved well, and it's all right there. The motives that have decided me to make this sacrifice are very weighty; I will explain them to you some other time. The thing is settled; I have accepted: let that satisfy you for now.

Ida — But, father dear —

Colonel — Don't bother me, Ida. I've got something else to think of. This evening I shall make a public address: that's

the regular thing in such campaigns, you know. — Never mind, child, we'll manage the Professor and his crowd.

[*Exit to the garden.*

[IDA *and* ADELHEID *face each other and wring their hands.*

Ida — What do you say to that?

Adelheid — You are the daughter: what do you say?

Ida — Only think! Father! He has hardly done explaining to us carefully what thin disguises ambition puts on in such political matters —

Adelheid — Yes, he described them very clearly — all those cloaks and stalking-horses of vanity.

Ida — And the very next hour he lets the cloak be thrown over himself. It's dreadful! — And suppose father isn't elected? It was wrong of Oldendorf not to yield to father's foibles. Is that your love for me, Mr. Professor? Even he didn't think of me!

Adelheid — I'll tell you, we will wish them both thrown out. These politicians! — It was bad enough for you when only one was in politics; now, when they are both drinking of the befooling beverage, your cake is all dough for sure. If I should ever come to the point of making a man my master, I would hold him to only one condition, my old aunt's wise rule of life, — smoke tobacco as much as you like, my husband, at worst it only ruins the hangings, but don't you dare ever to look at a newspaper, for that ruins your character. [KORB *comes to the door.*] What is it, Korb?

Korb [*hurriedly and mysteriously*] — It isn't true!

Adelheid [*same*] — What isn't true?

Korb — That he is engaged, he has no fancies of the sort: his friend says he has only *one* sweetheart.

Adelheid [*eagerly*] — Who is she?

Korb — His newspaper.

Adelheid [*relieved*] — Ah-h! [*Aloud.*] So you see what a lot of lies people tell. All right, my dear Korb. [*Exit* KORB.

Ida — What lies?

Adelheid [*sighing*] — Oh, that we women are cleverer than men: we talk just as wisely, and I'm afraid we are just as anxious to forget our wisdom at the first opportunity. We are poor sinners alike!

Ida — You can joke: you have never known what it is to have a father and a dear friend hostile to each other.

Adelheid — You think so? — But I have had a good girl

friend who had foolishly set her heart on a handsome, high-spirited young man; she was still a child at that time, and it was a very touching situation. Knightly homage on his part, and tender sighs on hers. Then the young heroine had the misfortune to grow jealous, and she forgot poesy and propriety so far as to give her heart's chosen knight a slap in the face. It was only a very little slap, but it proved fateful. The young lady's father saw it, and demanded an explanation. Then the young knight did what a real hero must do: he took the whole blame on himself, and told the horrified father he had asked the lady for a kiss — poor fellow! he was never so presuming! — and got a blow for answer. The father was a strict man, and abused the youngster. The hero was banished from his family and his home, and the heroine sat alone in her castle chamber and wept for her lost one.

Ida — She ought to have told her father the truth.

Adelheid — Oh, she did, but her confession made bad worse. Since that time many years have gone by, and the knight and his lady are now old people and very sensible.

Ida [*smiling*] — And don't they love each other more because they are sensible?

Adelheid — Dear child, I can't tell you just what the gentleman thinks. He wrote the young lady a very beautiful letter after the death of her father; beyond that I know nothing more: but the lady has more faith than you, and she still hopes on. [*Earnestly.*] Yes, she hopes, and her father allowed her to before his death. — You see, she is still hoping.

Ida [*hugging her*] — And who is the outcast one her hopes are fixed on?

Adelheid — Hush, dear, that's a dark secret. Only a few living men know of it: and if the birds on the Rosedale trees tell each other about it, they treat the story as a dim legend of their ancestors; then they sing softly and plaintively, and ruffle their feathers in awe. — You shall learn all in due time: for the present, put your mind on the reception and how pretty you will look.

Ida — Here the father and there the lover — how is it to end?

Adelheid — Don't worry. One is an old soldier and the other a young statesman: we women in all ages have twisted such public characters around our little fingers. [*Both go out.*

Scene II.

Anteroom of a public hall. The rear wall a row of columns and pillars, through which one looks into the lighted hall and beyond into a second. In front a door at left, tables and chairs at right; chandelier; later from time to time, distant music. In the hall gentlemen and ladies standing or walking up and down in groups; Senden, Blumenberg.

Senden — All goes well. Superb spirit in the company. These good citizens are charmed with our arrangements. — That idea of the reception was a capital thought of yours, Blumenberg.

Blumenberg — Only see that the people get warmed up quickly. A little music does well to start with; Vienna dances suit the women best. Then comes a speech from you, then some songs, and at supper the introduction of the Colonel and the toasts. It can't fail: the people must have hearts of stone if they don't give their votes as thanks for such a reception.

Senden — The toasts are distributed.

Blumenberg — But the music? Why isn't the music playing?

Senden — I am waiting for the Colonel's arrival.

Blumenberg — He must be received with a flourish that will tickle him up, you know.

Senden — So it's arranged. Immediately after that a march begins, and we start him in the procession.

Blumenberg — First-rate! That makes his entrance imposing. But be thinking over your speech; be popular, for we are among the masses to-day.

Enter Guests, *among them* Henning.

Senden [*doing the honors with* Blumenberg] — Very glad to see you here. — We knew you wouldn't fail us. — Is this your good lady?

Guest — Yes, this is my wife, Mr. Von Senden.

Senden — You with us too, Mr. Henning? Welcome, dear sir!

Henning — I was invited through my friend, and was curious. I hope my presence will not be disagreeable to any one?

Senden—On the contrary, we are charmed to greet you here.

[*Exeunt* Guests *through middle door. Exit* SENDEN *in conversation with them.*

Blumenberg—He knows how to manage the people. That's the good manners of these gentlemen. He is useful; he is really very useful to me: he manages the others and I manage him. [*Turning around and perceiving* SCHMOCK, *who is moving about the door.*] What are you doing here? What are you standing around and listening for? You are no excise tollman. Don't stick in one spot close to me. Distribute yourself among the company.

Schmock—Who shall I go to when I've no acquaintances in the whole crowd? You are my only acquaintance.

Blumenberg—What need is there of your telling people I am an acquaintance of yours? It is no honor to me to stand next to you.

Schmock—If it's no honor, it's no disgrace either. I can go alone as well as you.

Blumenberg—Have you any money so you could get something to eat? Go to the caterer and order something on my name. The committee will pay for it.

Schmock—I won't go out to eat. I don't need to spend anything: I've eaten all I want. [*Flourish and march at a distance. Exit* BLUMENBERG. SCHMOCK, *alone, advancing angrily.*] I hate him; I'll tell him I hate him and despise him from the bottom of my heart. [*Turns toward him as he goes, then turns around.*] I can't tell him, though, for then he'll blue-pencil everything in the correspondence I do for his paper. I'll see if I can put up with it.

[*Exit by middle door.*

Enter by side doors, BOLZ, KÄMPE, BELLMAUS.

Bolz [*walking in*]—Here we are in the house of the Capulet. [*Pantomime of sheathing sword.*] Hide your swords under roses, puff out your cheeks, and look as silly and innocent as possible. Above all, don't pick any quarrels; and if you meet this Tybalt, Senden, be good enough to slip out of sight. [*Polonaise seen going on in the rear halls.*] Do thou, Romeo Bellmaus, beware of the females: I see more tresses floating there and handkerchiefs fluttering there than is good for your peace of mind.

Kämpe — We wager a bottle of champagne that if any of us gets into trouble, you are the one.

Bolz — Possibly, but I promise you you'll get your share of it for certain. — Now hear my plan of campaign. You, Kämpe — [*Enter* SCHMOCK.] Stop, who's — Thunder! the factotum of the *Coriolanus!* Our incognito hasn't lasted long.

Schmock [*who before the last words has been seen looking in at the door; walking forward*] — I wish you a pleasant evening, Mr. Bolz.

Bolz — I wish you the same of still pleasanter quality, Mr. Schmock.

Schmock — Couldn't I speak two words with you?

Bolz — Two? Ask not too few, noble armor-bearer of the *Coriolanus*. Two dozen words shall you have, but no more.

Schmock — Couldn't you give me work on your paper?

Bolz [*to* KÄMPE *and* BELLMAUS] — Hear that? On our paper? Hm! thou askest much, noble Roman!

Schmock — I've had enough of the *Coriolanus*. — I'd do everything you have to do. I'd like awfully to be with square men, where a fellow gets his deserts and decent treatment.

Bolz — What desire you of us, slave of Rome? We take you from your party? No, never! We offer violence to your political convictions? Make you a turncoat? We bear the blame of your coming to our party? Never! Our conscience is tender; it rebels against your proposition.

Schmock — Why do you trouble yourself about that? I have learned with Blumenberg to write on all sides. I have written Right, and again Left; I can write in every direction.

Bolz — I see, you have character. You can't lack for it in our age. Your offer does us honor, but we cannot accept it now; such an earth-quaking event as your conversion must be maturely considered. — Meanwhile, you shall have bestowed your confidence on no unfeeling barbarian. [*Aside to the others.*] Perhaps something can be wormed out of him! — Bellmaus, you have the best heart of us three: you must take charge of him to-day.

Bellmaus — But how shall I begin with him?

Bolz — Take him to the refreshment room, sit down with him in a corner and ladle punch into every hole of his sorry head till his secrets spring out like wet mice. Make him gab,

especially about the election. Go, my infant, and be mighty careful you don't lose your head and chatter yourself.

Bellmaus — This way I shan't see much of the reception.

Bolz — That you will not, my son! But what is there for you in the reception? Heat, dust, and old dance music! We'll tell you all the rest in the morning; besides, you are a poet, and can imagine the whole affair much more beautifully than it is in reality. So don't fret. Your part seems a thankless one, but it's the most important of all, for it requires coolness and slickness. Go, my mouse, and beware of excitement.

Bellmaus — I will beware, dear Mr. Cat. — Come, Schmock.

[BELLMAUS *and* SCHMOCK *go out.*

Bolz — We'd better separate too.

Kämpe — I am going to observe the general spirit. If I need you, I'll hunt you up.

Bolz — I mustn't show myself too much. I'll stay here within reach. [*Exit* KÄMPE.] Alone at last! [*Goes to middle door.*] There's the Colonel, surrounded by a dense crowd. — It's she! — She is here, and I must lie in cover, like a fox in the bushes! — But she has eagle eyes — so perhaps — the crowd is dispersing, she is walking with Ida arm in arm through the hall. [*Eagerly.*] She is coming nearer! [*Angrily.*] O Lord! here's Korb tearing up to me! Of all times!

Korb — Mr. Konrad, I can't believe my eyes: you here at this reception?

Bolz [*hastily*] — 'Sh, old boy, I'm not here for nothing. I can trust in you: you belong with us, you know.

Korb — Body and soul. Among all the talk and fiddling I am forever shouting inside: "Long live the *Union!*" Here it sticks [*shows a newspaper in his pocket*].

Bolz — Good enough, Korb: you can do me a great favor. Bellmaus is sitting in a corner of the refreshment room with a stranger. He's going to pump the stranger, but he can't stand much himself, and his tongue gets loose very easily. You'll do the party a great favor if you'll hurry in there and drink punch, so as to help out Bellmaus. I know from old times you are good for it.

Korb [*promptly*] — I'll go. You've got your old scheming head yet, I see. Rely on me; the stranger shall go under and the *Union* shall triumph. [*Exit swiftly. Music ceases.*

Bolz — Poor Schmock! [*At the door.*] Ah, they are still

Disputation

From the painting by Von Gebhardt

walking through the hall; somebody accosts Ida, and they stand there while Adelheid walks on. [*Buoyantly.*] She's coming, she's coming alone!

Adelheid [*as she passes the door, stepping quickly in;* BOLZ *bows*] — Konrad! My dear Doctor! [*Holds out her hand.* BOLZ *bows low over her hand.*] I recognized you instantly at a distance. Show me your true face! Yes, it hasn't changed much — a scar, and rather browner, and a little wrinkle at the mouth — I hope that is from laughing.

Bolz — If anything else is nearer to me just now than laughing, it is only a passing malignity of my soul. I see myself double, like a melancholy Highlander. With you my long happy childhood comes bodily before my eyes; all it brought of joy and sorrow I feel as vividly again as if I were still the boy that once sought adventures for you in the woods and caught robins. — And yet the beautiful form that I see before me is so different from the playmate, that I perceive it is only a lovely dream I am dreaming. — Your eyes shine as kindly as before, but — [*bowing slightly*] I hardly have the right to think of old dreams still.

Adelheid — Perhaps I have not altered as much myself as you think. — And however much we are both transformed, we have remained good friends, haven't we, Doctor?

Bolz — Before I give up the smallest part of the right I have to your interest, I'll write and print and distribute venomous articles against myself.

Adelheid — And yet you have grown so proud that to this very day you haven't looked up your friend in the city. Why are you such a stranger to the Colonel's house?

Bolz — I am not a stranger to it. On the contrary, I have a very respectable standing there, which I best maintain by going there as little as possible. The Colonel, and sometimes Miss Ida too, are glad to allay their indignation against Oldendorf and the paper by seeing in me the evil-doer with horns and claws. So ticklish a relation has to be handled with care; it wouldn't do for the devil to make himself common by showing himself every day.

Adelheid — But I beg you now to give up this lofty position. I am to spend the winter in the city, and I hope for the sake of your boyhood friend you will come among my friends as a citizen of this world.

Bolz — In any part you assign me.

Adelheid — Even in that of a messenger of peace between the Colonel and Oldendorf?

Bolz — If peace is only to be bought by Oldendorf's withdrawal, no — but otherwise I am ready for all good deeds.

Adelheid — And I fear peace is only to be bought for exactly that price. — You see, Mr. Konrad, even we have become opponents.

Bolz — To do anything against your will is monstrous to me, big a devil as I am. So my Saint wishes and asks that Oldendorf be not made deputy?

Adelheid — I wish and ask it, my lord devil!

Bolz — It is hard. You have so many lords in your heaven you might give Miss Ida to, why must you rob a poor devil of his only soul, the Professor?

Adelheid — The Professor and no other will I have, and you shall relinquish him to me.

Bolz — I am in despair; I would tear my hair if the locality were not so unfavorable. I fear your resentment, I tremble at the thought that this election could be displeasing to you.

Adelheid — Then try to prevent the election!

Bolz — That I cannot do; but as soon as it is over, it will be my fate to grieve over your resentment and be dejected. I will retire from the world as far as the still North Pole; there for the rest of my days will I sadly play dominoes with polar bears and diffuse among the seals the beginnings of journalistic culture. That will be easier to bear than an angry look from your eyes.

Adelheid [*laughing*] — Yes, you were always so. You promised everything in the world, and always kept the bit in your own teeth. But before you journey to the North Pole, perhaps you will try once more to be reconciled with me here. [KÄMPE *visible at the door.*] Hush! — I await your visit: good-bye, my re-found friend. [*Exit.*

Bolz — There my good angel turns her back in a huff. Now am I irretrievably thine, thou sorceress Politics!

[*Exit in haste through the center.*

Enter through middle door PIEPENBRINK, MRS. PIEPENBRINK, BERTHA *escorted by* FRITZ KLEINMICHEL, *and the elder* KLEINMICHEL. *Quadrille behind the scenes.*

Piepenbrink — Thank heaven, we are out of this crush.

Mrs. Piepenbrink — It is very hot.

Kleinmichel — And the music is too loud: there are too many trumpets in it, and trumpets are odious to me.

Piepenbrink — Here's a quiet place: let's sit down here.

Fritz — Bertha would like to stay in the hall: mayn't I go back with her?

Piepenbrink — I have no objection to you young people going back to the hall, but I'd rather you'd stay with us. I like to have all my party together.

Mrs. Piepenbrink — Stay with your parents, dear!

Piepenbrink — Sit down! [*To his wife.*] You sit in the corner, and Fritz come beside me. Take Bertha between you, neighbors: she'll come to your table pretty soon, you know.

[*They sit down at the table on the right; at left corner* MRS. PIEPENBRINK, *then himself*, FRITZ, BERTHA, KLEINMICHEL.

Fritz — When will that pretty soon be, godfather? You've been saying that a long while, and still you are forever postponing the wedding day.

Piepenbrink — It's none of your business.

Fritz — Well, I should say it was, godfather! I am the one that wants to marry Bertha.

Piepenbrink — That's nothing: anybody can want that. But I'm going to give her to you, youngster, and that *will* be something, for it will be hard enough for me to let the little bird out of my nest. So wait. You shall have her, but wait.

Kleinmichel — He will wait, neighbor!

Piepenbrink — Well, he'd better! Hey, waiter, waiter!

Mrs. Piepenbrink — How poor the service is at such places!

Piepenbrink — Waiter! [*Waiter comes.*] My name is Piepenbrink! I've brought six bottles of my own wine with me. They are with the manager: I want them here.

[*While the waiter brings on bottles and glasses, enter* BOLZ *and* KÄMPE *at the door; waiter back and forth in the background.*

Bolz [*aside to* KÄMPE] — Which is he?

Kämpe — The one with his back turned, with the broad shoulders.

Bolz — And what kind of business is he in?

Kämpe — Mostly clarets.

Bolz — All right. [*Aloud.*] Waiter, a table and two chairs here! A bottle of claret!

[*Waiter brings the order to foreground at left.*

Mrs. Piepenbrink — What do they want here?

Piepenbrink — That's the disagreeable thing at such promiscuous gatherings, — that you can't be alone anywhere.

Kleinmichel — They seem to be respectable men: I think I've seen one of them before.

Piepenbrink [*decisively*] — Respectable or not, they are annoying to us.

Kleinmichel — They certainly are.

Bolz [*sitting down with* KÄMPE] — Here we can sit in peace over a bottle of claret, my friend. I have hardly the nerve to pour it out, for the wine in such places is almost always execrable. What kind of stuff may this be?

Piepenbrink [*exasperated*] — Huh? Listen to that!

Kämpe — Let's try it. [*Pours gently.*] There's a P. P. on the seal; that may stand for Piepenbrink.

Piepenbrink — I am curious, though, to hear what fault these puppies will find with the wine.

Mrs. Piepenbrink — Be quiet, Philip: they can hear you over there.

Bolz [*softly*] — You are right, sure, the manager gets the wine from him; that's why he is here, too.

Piepenbrink — You don't seem to be thirsty: you don't drink.

Bolz [*aloud, tasting it*] — Not bad!

Piepenbrink [*ironically*] — Indeed!

Bolz [*tastes again*] — A good pure wine!

Piepenbrink [*recovering*] — The man isn't a bad judge.

Bolz — But still, it isn't to be compared with a wine of the same sort I lately drank with a friend.

Piepenbrink — Indeed?

Bolz — Since then I know there's only one man in the city a cultivated wine-drinker should get his claret from.

Kämpe — And that is?

Piepenbrink [*ironically*] — I am curious, though.

Bolz — A certain Piepenbrink.

Piepenbrink [*pleased, nodding his head*] — Good!

Kämpe — Yes, that house is generally considered very respectable.

Piepenbrink — They don't know their wine is from my cellar too. Ha, ha, ha!

Bolz [*turning toward him*] — Are you laughing about us, sir?

Piepenbrink — Ha, ha, ha! No offense. I only heard you

talking about the wine. So Piepenbrink's wine tastes better to you than this? Ha, ha, ha!

Bolz [*with mild indignation*] — Sir, I must beg you to find my expressions less amusing. I don't know this Piepenbrink, but I have the pleasure of knowing his wine, and therefore I repeat the assertion that Piepenbrink has better wine in his cellar than this is. What do you find laughable in that? You don't know Piepenbrink's wine, and have no right whatever to judge.

Piepenbrink — I don't know Piepenbrink's wine, and I don't know Philip Piepenbrink, and I've never seen his wife, hey, Lotte? And if I met his daughter Bertha, I should ask, "Who is this little blacktop?" Great joke! Isn't that so, Kleinmichel? [*Laughs.*]

Kleinmichel — Very funny. [*Laughs.*]

Bolz [*rising with dignity*] — Sir, I am a stranger to you, and have never affronted you. You have a respectable appearance, and I find you in company with lovely women. Therefore I cannot believe that you are come here to insult a stranger. As a gentleman, I demand an explanation of you, what you find so striking in my harmless words. If you are an enemy of Mr. Piepenbrink, why do you make us suffer for that?

Piepenbrink [*rising*] — Don't get excited, sir! Look here! The wine you are drinking here is from Piepenbrink's cellar too, and the Philip Piepenbrink you are championing by pitching into me, I'm the very man. Now you understand why I laugh.

Bolz — Ah! is that the case? You are Mr. Piepenbrink himself? — Well, I am sincerely glad to make your acquaintance. No offense, respected sir.

Piepenbrink — No, no offense. It's all right.

Bolz — Since you were so friendly as to tell us your names, it is fair you should know ours, too. Doctor of Philosophy Bolz, and my friend here Mr. Kämpe.

Piepenbrink — Delighted.

Bolz — We are not much acquainted in the company, and withdrew into this side-room because one isn't at his ease among so many strange faces, you know. But we should be very sorry if our presence in any way disturbed the pleasure of the ladies and the conversation of such an estimable company. Say so right out, and if we annoy you, we'll look for another place.

Piepenbrink — You seem like a good fellow, and you're not in the least disagreeable to me, my dear Dr. Bolz — that was the name, I believe?

Mrs. Piepenbrink — We are strangers here too, and have only just sat down. — Piepenbrink! [*Nudges him gently.*]

Piepenbrink — I tell you what, Doctor, as you know the yellow-seal brand from my cellar already, and have passed a very intelligent judgment on it, how would it be if you tried it over again here? The brand will taste better to you. Sit down with us, if you have nothing else to do, and we will have a little chat together.

Bolz [*diffidently, as in this whole scene, in which he, like* KÄMPE, *dares not appear at all obtrusive*] — That is a very friendly offer, and we accept it with thanks. Have the goodness, excellent sir, to make us acquainted with your company.

Piepenbrink — This is my wife here.

Bolz — Do not be offended at our intrusion, madam: we promise to be very nice, and as good company as it is possible for two bashful bachelors to be.

Piepenbrink — Here's my daughter.

Bolz [*to* MRS. PIEPENBRINK] — That might be guessed from the resemblance.

Piepenbrink — Here's Mr. Kleinmichel, my friend, and here's Fritz Kleinmichel, my daughter's betrothed.

Bolz — I congratulate you, gentlemen, on being in such delightful company. [*To* PIEPENBRINK.] Permit me to sit next the lady of the house. Kämpe, I should think you might take your place next Mr. Kleinmichel. [*They sit down.*] A motley crew. — Waiter! [*The* Waiter *comes to him.*] Two bottles of this!

Piepenbrink — Hold on! That wine you won't find here. I've brought my kind with me. You must drink with me.

Bolz — But, Mr. Piepenbrink —

Piepenbrink — No remonstrance. You shall drink with me. And when I tell any one he shall drink with me, sir, I don't mean sip, like the women, but drink up, pour in. So you may govern yourself accordingly.

Bolz — Good. I am pleased to. We accept your hospitality as thankfully as it is heartily offered. But you must permit me to retaliate then. Next Sunday you must all be my guests, won't you? Say yes, my kind host! Punctually at seven o'clock, friendly supper. I am unmarried, consequently in a

respectable quiet hotel. Give your consent, dear madam. Your hand upon it, Mr. Piepenbrink; you also, Mr. Kleinmichel and Mr. Fritz. [*Extends hand to each.*]

Piepenbrink — If my wife thinks well of it, I can put up with it well enough.

Bolz — Agreed, done. And now the first toast: — The good spirit which has brought us together to-day, long live he! [*Asking around.*] What's the spirit called?

Fritz Kleinmichel — Chance.

Bolz — No, he wears a yellow cap.

Piepenbrink — Yellow Seal is his name.

Bolz — Right. Long live he! We wish the gentleman a good long life, as the cat said to the bird when she bit off his head.

Kleinmichel — We let it live when we give it the finishing stroke.

Bolz — Well said. Hurrah!

Piepenbrink — Hurrah! [*They clink. To his wife.*] We'll have a good time to-day yet.

Mrs. Piepenbrink — They are very modest, nice people.

Bolz — You don't know how glad I am that our fortune led us into such good society. To be sure, everything in there is fitted up very prettily —

Piepenbrink — Everything is very becoming, it must be admitted.

Bolz — Very becoming! But this political company isn't to my taste, after all.

Piepenbrink — I see. You don't belong to the party, so it doesn't please you.

Bolz — That isn't it! But when I remember that these people are invited here not to have them glad straight from the heart, but to have them shortly give their votes to this or that man, I grow cool.

Piepenbrink — So the purpose isn't good, then. There'd be something to say on that: hey, friend?

Kleinmichel — I hope there's no obligation involved.

Bolz — Perhaps not, after all. I have no vote to dispose of, so give me a company where one thinks of nothing but enjoying himself with his neighbor and being attentive to the queens of the company, to lovely women! Clink glasses, gentlemen, to the health of the ladies, the two who adorn our circle. [*All clink.*

Piepenbrink — Here's to you, Lotte; long life!

Bolz — Miss Piepenbrink, permit a stranger to drink to the happiness of your future.

Piepenbrink — What's going on in there, anyhow?

Fritz Kleinmichel — I hear there are to be speeches at table, and the candidate, Colonel Berg, is to be introduced.

Piepenbrink — A very respectable gentleman!

Kleinmichel — Yes, it's a good choice the members of the committee have fixed on.

ADELHEID *in the background, then enters indifferently.*

Adelheid — He sitting here? What kind of a company is it?

Kämpe — They say Professor Oldendorf has a fine prospect of being elected. A great many must be going to vote for him.

Piepenbrink — I have nothing to say against him, but he is too young for my taste.

Enter SENDEN; *later* BLUMENBERG *and* Guests.

Senden [*in the background*] — You here, Miss Runeck?

Adelheid — I am amusing myself observing these funny people. They eat as if the rest of the people were not in existence.

Senden — What's this? There sits the *Union* itself, and with one of the most important persons at the reception!

[*Music ceases.*

Bolz [*who has meanwhile been conversing with* MRS. PIEPENBRINK, *but has listened attentively*; — *to* MRS. PIEPENBRINK] — Ah, you see the gentlemen couldn't keep from talking politics. Weren't you mentioning Professor Oldendorf?

Piepenbrink — Yes, my jolly doctor — incidentally.

Bolz — If you do speak of that man, I earnestly beg you to speak good of him, for he is the best and noblest man I know.

Piepenbrink — Ah, you know him?

Kleinmichel — You are one of his friends, then?

Bolz — More than that. If the Professor said to me to-day, "Bolz, it would be a good thing for me if you jumped into the water," I should have to leap in, unpleasant as it would be to me just now to drown in water.

Piepenbrink — Oho, that is strong.

Bolz — I have no right, in this company, to join in talking over the candidates. But if I had a representative to choose, it couldn't but be him first of all.

Piepenbrink — You are greatly taken with the man.

Bolz — His political views don't concern me here. But

what do I require in a deputy? That he shall be a man; that he shall have a warm heart and a sound judgment, and that he shall know without hesitating or asking any questions what is right and honest; and in addition that he shall have the strength to do what he perceives to be right, without delay and without hesitation.

Piepenbrink — Bravo!

Kleinmichel — But the Colonel is said to be such a man too.

Bolz — Possibly he is, I don't know; but about Oldendorf I do know. I have seen right into his heart when a disagreeable thing happened to me. I was once just on the point of being burned to a cinder when he had the presence of mind to prevent it. I owe it to him that I am sitting here; he saved my life.

Senden — He is lying outrageously! [*Starting forward.*]

Adelheid [*holding him back*] — Hush! I believe there's some truth in the story.

Piepenbrink — Well, it was very fine that he saved your life; still, that sort of thing often happens.

Mrs. Piepenbrink — But tell about it, Doctor!

Bolz — The little event is like a hundred others, and it wouldn't be at all interesting to me if I had not experienced it myself. Imagine an old house; I am a student, and live in it up three flights. In the house opposite me lives a young scholar; we don't know each other. In the middle of the night I am wakened by a confused alarm and a curious crackling under me. If that were mice, they must be executing a torch dance, for my room was brightly illuminated. I spring to the window; the bright flame is leaping up to me from the story below, my window panes jump out around my head, and a nasty thick smoke pours in upon me. As under these circumstances it would be disagreeable to get out by the window, I run to the door and open it. Even the stairs cannot renounce the vulgar peculiarity of old wood, they are burning in bright flames. Three flights high and no way out: I gave myself up for lost! — Half senseless, I rushed back to the window, I heard some one calling on the street: "A man, a man! the ladder here!" — A ladder was put in place, it began in an instant to smoke and burn like tinder; it was snatched away. Then the streams of water from all the hose-pipes shot into the flames beneath me; I distinctly heard each separate jet strike against

the glowing wall. A fresh ladder was raised; it was amidst a deathlike silence, and you may imagine that even I had no desire to make a display in my fiery oven. Down below, the people were crying, "No use," when a powerful voice sounded through all, "Up with the ladder," — and see, I knew on the spot that this was my rescuer's voice. "Quick," called the people below. Then a new cloud of smoke rushed into the room: I had swallowed enough of the thick smoke, and lay down by the window on the floor.

Mrs. Piepenbrink — Poor Doctor!

Piepenbrink [*eagerly*] — Go on! [SENDEN *starts forward.*

Adelheid [*holding him back*] — Please let him finish: the story is true!

Bolz — Then a man's hand seizes me by the back of the neck, a rope is slung under my arms, and a strong hand raises me from the floor. A moment more and I was on the ladder; half dragged, half carried, with a burning shirt and unconscious, I reached the stone pavements. — I awoke in the room of the young scholar. I brought nothing but a few slight burns into the new dwelling: all my belongings were burned up. The strange man nursed me and cared for me, as one brother for another. — And when I could get about again, I learned that this scholar who had taken me in was the selfsame man who had paid me a visit that night on the ladder. — You see the man's heart is in the right spot, and that is why I want him to be made deputy now, and that is why I could do for him what I would not do for myself: I could solicit, intrigue, and bamboozle honest people for him. That man is Professor Oldendorf.

Piepenbrink — He is certainly a man to be thoroughly honored. [*Standing.*] Long life to him.

[*All stand and clink glasses.*

Bolz [*bowing genially to all; says to* MRS. PIEPENBRINK] — I see a warm sympathy glowing in your eyes, noble lady, and I thank you for it! — Mr. Piepenbrink, I ask permission to shake your hand. You are an excellent man. [*Pats him on the back and embraces him.*] Give me your hand, Mr. Kleinmichel! [*Embraces him.*] You also, Mr. Fritz Kleinmichel! May no child of yours ever be in the fire, but if it is there, may there always be a brave man at hand to snatch it out; come nearer, I must embrace you too.

Mrs. Piepenbrink [*with emotion*] — Piepenbrink, we have

roast veal to-morrow. What do you think? [*Speaks softly with him.*]

Adelheid — He is growing very presumptuous.

Senden — He is unbearable. I see you are as indignant as I am. He is capturing our people; it is not to be borne any longer.

Bolz [*who has gone around the table, turning back and standing before* MRS. PIEPENBRINK] — It is really wrong to stand quiet here. Mr. Piepenbrink, as head of the family, I ask, I beg permission — the hand or the mouth?

Adelheid [*anxiously at right front*] — He's actually going to kiss her!

Piepenbrink — Go ahead, old fellow, brace up!

Mrs. Piepenbrink — Piepenbrink, I don't know what's come over you!

Adelheid [*at the moment when* BOLZ *is about to kiss* MRS. PIEPENBRINK, *goes past them as if accidentally, diagonally across the stage, and holds her bouquet between* BOLZ *and* MRS. PIEPENBRINK; *softly and quickly to* BOLZ] — You are going too far. You are observed. [*From the left to the background, and exit.*

Bolz — A fairy intervenes!

Senden [*who has been previously occupied in speaking with several other guests, among them* BLUMENBERG, *at the same moment comes noisily forward, and says to the company at the table*] — He is very presumptuous: he's an intruder here.

Piepenbrink [*flinging out his hand and rising*] — Oho! Well, I must say! If I kiss my wife or let her be kissed, that's nobody's business. Nobody's! No man and no woman and no fairy has the right to put a hand before her mouth.

Bolz — Quite right! Capital! Hear! Hear!

Senden — Honored Mr. Piepenbrink! Nothing against you: the society is very glad to see you in this place. But we would remark to Mr. Bolz that his presence here causes a sensation. He has such decidedly different political principles that we can only regard his appearance at this reception as an unbecoming intrusion.

Bolz — You say I have other political principles? In society I know no other political principle than that of drinking with worthy people, and not drinking with those I do not consider worthy. With you, sir, I have not drunk.

Piepenbrink [*striking upon the table*] — That was a good shot.

Senden [*hotly*] — You have intruded yourself here !

Bolz [*indignantly*] — Intruded ?

Piepenbrink — Intruded ? Old boy, you have an admission ticket, haven't you ?

Bolz [*with candor*] — Here is my ticket. Not to you will I show it, but to this honorable gentleman you wish to bring me into discord with by your assault. —Kämpe, give Mr. Piepenbrink your ticket ! He is the man to judge of all the tickets in the world.

Piepenbrink — These are tickets just as good as mine. You have handed them out everywhere, you know, like sour grape-juice. Ho, ho ! I see well enough how the thing stands. I don't belong to your concern either, but you want to have me ; so you've run around to my house two or three times because you thought you'd capture me. Because I'm an elector, you take an interest in me ; but this gentleman isn't an elector, so you don't take any interest in him. We know all about such dodges !

Senden — But, Mr. Piepenbrink —

Piepenbrink [*interrupting him more severely*] — Is it right to insult a peaceable guest on that account ? Is it right to stop up my wife's mouth ? It's an injustice to this man, and now he shall stay here ! and he shall stay here side of me. And whoever undertakes to attack him will have me to reckon with !

Bolz — Your hand, my brave sir ! You are a true comrade. So hand in hand with thee[1] will I defy Capulet and his whole tribe.

Piepenbrink — With *thee !* Thou'rt right, old boy. Come here, let them rave till they burst. Here's to Thee and Thou ! [*I.e., fast friendship. They proceed to "drink brotherhood," by interlocking right arms, and drinking to the new relation from glasses in their right hands.*

Bolz — Hurrah for Piepenbrink !

Piepenbrink — Ha, old fellow ! and let me tell thee something. Since we are so congenial, I say let these people do as they please, and you all come home with me ; there I'll brew a bowl and we'll be merry as starlings together. I'll escort thee ; you others get along.

Senden and Guests — But listen, at least, esteemed Mr. Piepenbrink !

Piepenbrink — I won't listen to anything : it's all settled !

[1] The *thee* implies close intimacy.

Enter BELLMAUS *and still other* Guests.

Bellmaus [*hurrying through the crowd*] — Here I am!

Bolz — My nephew! Kind madam, I place him under your protection! Nephew, you escort Madam Piepenbrink. [MRS. PIEPENBRINK *seizes* BELLMAUS *vigorously under the arm, and holds him tight. Polka behind the scenes.*] Good-bye, gentlemen; you can't spoil our good humor. There's the music striking up. We will march away in procession, and once more I cry in conclusion, Hurrah for Piepenbrink!

Departing Group — Hurrah for Piepenbrink! [*March off in triumph:* FRITZ KLEINMICHEL *with his affianced,* KÄMPE *with* KLEINMICHEL, MRS. PIEPENBRINK *with* BELLMAUS, *finally* BOLZ *with* PIEPENBRINK.]

Colonel [*appears*] — What's going on here?

Senden — An infamous scandal! The *Union* has carried off our two most influential electors!

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Scene: same drawing-room as at beginning. The COLONEL *in the foreground, walking back and forth with heavy tread. In the background* ADELHEID *and* IDA *arm in arm. The latter in lively agitation. Short pause; then —*

Senden [*hurriedly calling in at the middle door*] — It's going well! 37 votes against 29.

Colonel — Who has the 37?

Senden — You, of course, Colonel!

Colonel — Of course! [*Exit* SENDEN.] Election day is intolerable! In no other affair of my life have I had this feeling of anxiety! It is a contemptible cannon-fever that would disgrace any corporal! And it's a long time since I was a corporal. [*Stamping on the floor.*] Damn it! [*Goes to the background.*]

Ida [*walking into the foreground with* ADELHEID] — This uncertainty is dreadful. But I know one thing certain: I shall be unfortunate whichever way this election turns out. [*Leans on* ADELHEID.]

Adelheid — Courage! courage, my little girl! all may be well yet. Hide your anxiety from your father: he is already in a mood that I don't like.

BLUMENBERG *appears hurriedly at the door; the* COLONEL *meets him.*

Colonel — Well, sir, how does it stand?

Blumenberg — 41 votes for you, Colonel, 34 for the other side, three votes scattering. The votes only come in one by one now, but the difference in your favor remains pretty much the same. Eight more votes for you, Colonel, and the day is won. There is the highest probability now that we shall win. I must hurry back, it's nearly decided. Regards to the ladies. [*Exit.*

Colonel — Ida! [IDA *hurries to him.*] Are you my nice daughter?

Ida — Dear father!

Colonel — I know what worries you, my child. You have the worst of it. Console yourself, Ida: if, as seems likely, the young literary man must leave the field to the old soldier, we'll talk further. Oldendorf has not deserved it of me; there is a great deal in him that vexes me. But you are my only child: I'll think only of that. The main point now is to break the boy's obstinacy. [*Releases* IDA; *again walks up and down.*]

Adelheid [*in the foreground, aside*] — The barometer has risen, the sun of good-will breaks through the clouds. If it were only all over! such excitement is contagious. [*To* IDA.] You see it isn't necessary yet for you to go into a convent.

Ida — But if Oldendorf fails, how will he bear it?

Adelheid [*shrugging her shoulders*] — He loses a seat in a disagreeable company, and wins an amusing little wife instead. I should think he might be content. In either case he'll have a chance to make his speeches: what odds whether he makes them in one chamber or the other! I believe you will listen to him more attentively than any Representative.

Ida [*diffidently*] — But, Adelheid, suppose it was better for the country that Oldendorf should be elected?

Adelheid — Yes, my dear, but the country isn't past help even so. Our state and the other countries of Europe will have to see how they can get on without the Professor; charity begins at home: you want to marry him, you come first! [*Enter* KARL.] What is it, Karl?

Karl [*to* COLONEL] — Mr. Von Senden sends his compliments and the word "47 to 42": the election commissioner has already congratulated him.

Colonel — Congratulated? Get my uniform out, ask for the key to the wine cellar, and get ready: we may have callers this evening.

Karl — At your service, sir. [*Exit.*

Colonel [*aside, in the foreground*] — How is it now, young Mr. Professor? My style doesn't please you! That may be, — I admit you are a better journalist; but here where it means business, you can't hold your position at all! [*Pause.*] Perhaps it will be necessary for me to say a few words this evening. With my regiment I have the reputation of always knowing how to speak to the point, but at these manœuvres in civil dress I feel ticklish. Let me think! It will be the proper thing to mention Oldendorf in my speech too, of course with respect and recognition. Yes indeed, I must do that. He is an honorable man of excellent heart, and a scholar of good judgment. And he can be very charming if you leave his political theories out of sight. We have spent happy evenings together. And when we used to sit around my big tea-kettle together, and the honest fellow began to tell his stories, Ida's eyes would be fixed upon his face and sparkle with delight — and I suppose my old eyes too. Those were grand evenings! Why are they no more? Bah! they'll come again. He'll bear his defeat calmly, as his way is — a good comforting way! No sensitiveness in him! He's an excellent man at bottom, and Ida and I should be happy with him. And therefore, gentlemen electors — But good heavens, I can't say all that to the voters. I will say —

Enter SENDEN *excitedly.*

Senden — Shameful! shameful! It's all up!

Colonel — Ha! [*Stands at once in military composure.*]

Ida / *Adelheid* [*together*] — I foreboded it, father! [*Hurries*
Oh, bother! [*to him.*

Senden — Things were going capitally. We had 47 votes, the other side 42, eight votes still to come: only two of those for us and the day was ours! The hour had come when according to law the polls must be closed. Every one looked at the clock and shouted to the voters that hung back. Then there was a racket at the entrance hall, and a noisy group of eight men crowded into the hall, headed by that boor of a wine-merchant Piepenbrink, the same one that a little while ago at the reception —

Adelheid — We know, tell on —

Senden — One after the other of the company stepped forward and gave his vote, and "Professor Edward Oldendorf" came from every mouth. The last was this Piepenbrink. Before he cast his vote he asked his neighbor: "Has the Professor got it sure?" "Yes," was the answer. "And I choose, as last voter for deputy —" [*Pauses.*

Adelheid — The Professor?

Senden — No. "A very clever and wide-awake politician," so he said, "Dr. Konrad Bolz" — and with that he turned short round and his henchmen followed him off.

Adelheid [*aside, smiling*] — Ah-h!

Senden — Oldendorf is representative by a majority of two.

Colonel — Huh!

Senden — It's scandalous! No one is to blame for this result but these journalists of the *Union*. There was soliciting, intriguing, hand-shaking with all the electors, praising of this Oldendorf, and shrugging their shoulders over us and over you, honored sir!

Colonel — Indeed?

Ida — That last is not true!

Adelheid [*to* SENDEN] — Be considerate and hold yourself in, here!

Colonel — You are trembling, daughter. You are a woman and let such trifles take hold of you too hard. I don't want you to listen to these reports any longer. Go, child! Your friend has won, you know: there is nothing for you to weep over. See to her, Adelheid!

Ida [*led by* ADELHEID *to side door at left, says entreatingly*] — Let me stay with father.

Senden — On my honor, the low tone and insolence this paper is edited with isn't to be borne any longer. Colonel, now that we are alone — if Miss Adelheid will permit me to count her on our side — we have a chance to revenge ourselves brilliantly: they have had their own way long enough. Some time ago I had the proprietor of the *Union* sounded. He is not disinclined to sell the paper, and hesitates merely on account of the so-called party that runs the sheet at present. I talked with him myself at the club this evening.

Adelheid — What's this?

Senden — The result of this election will rouse the bitterest feeling in all our friends, and I feel sure in a few days we could

raise the money that's asked by a stock subscription. That would be a deadly blow for the other side, and a triumph for the good cause. The most widely read sheet of the province in our hands, edited by a committee —

Adelheid — To which Mr. Von Senden would not refuse his aid.

Senden — It would be my duty to take a hand in it. — Colonel, if you would subscribe too, your lead would insure the purchase in a moment.

Colonel — Sir, you may do what you like in the interest of your political purposes. But Professor Oldendorf has been a welcome guest at my house, and I will never work against him behind his back. — You would have spared me this hour if you had not deceived me before by your assurances about the sentiment of the majority. However, I am not angry with you: you have acted with the best of intentions, I am convinced of that. — I beg those present to excuse me if I retire for to-day; I hope to see you again to-morrow, my dear Senden.

Senden — Meanwhile, I'll work up the subscription to buy out the paper. Good-morning. [*Exit.*

Colonel — Pardon me, Adelheid, if I leave you alone. I want to write some letters, and [*with a forced laugh*] to read my newspapers.

Adelheid [*sympathetically*] — Mayn't I keep you company at present?

Colonel [*with an effort*] — It is better for me to be alone just now. [*Exit by middle door.*

Adelheid [*alone*] — My poor Colonel! Injured vanity boils up hard in his honest soul! — And Ida? [*Softly opens door at left, and stands there.*] She is writing! It is not hard to guess who to. [*Closes door.*] And all this mischief the wicked spirit of journalism has done. All the world complains of it, and every one takes advantage of it. My Colonel despised newpaper writers so long till he became one himself, and Senden loses no chance of blaming my good friends of the pen, merely in order to step into their places. I can see that Piepenbrink and I will be journalists too, and get out a little sheet together under the title "The Naughty Bolz." So the *Union* is in danger of being secretly sold. That would be very wholesome for Konrad, for then he would have to think of other things than the newspaper. Ah, the rogue would begin over again forthwith.

OLDENDORF, KARL, *then* IDA.

Oldendorf [*still outside the hall*] — Then the Colonel isn't to be seen?

Karl — Not by anybody, Mr. Professor. [*Exit.*

Adelheid [*vis-à-vis with* OLDENDORF] — Dear Professor, it isn't judicious for you to come just now. We are sorely afflicted and out of sorts with the world, and especially with you.

Oldendorf — I was afraid so, but I must speak with him.

Ida [*from door at left, vis-à-vis*] — Edward! I knew you would come.

Oldendorf — Dear Ida! [*Embraces her.*]

Ida [*on his neck*] — And what will become of us now?

Enter COLONEL, *by middle door.*

Colonel [*with affected composure*] — You shall not remain in uncertainty about that, daughter! — As for you, Mr. Professor, I beg you to forget that you once found friendship in this house; I ask thee to think no more of the hours when this man conversed with thee about his feelings. [*With rising temper.*] Be silent: in my house at least I bear no attacks from a journalist. [*To* IDA.] Forget him or forget that you are my daughter. Go in! [*Leads* IDA *without harshness off to the left, places himself before the door.*] At this post, Mr. Editor and Representative, before my child's heart, you shall not defeat me.

[*Exit left.*

Adelheid [*aside*] — Oh dear, how hateful!

Oldendorf [*before the* COLONEL, *who has turned to go, determinedly*] — Colonel, it is ungenerous to deny me a hearing now! [*Goes up to the door.*]

Adelheid [*quickly stepping in his way*] — Stop, no farther! He is in a state of mind where every word does mischief! — But don't leave us so, Professor: grant me a few moments yet.

Oldendorf — I must ask your forbearance while I am in this humor. I have long been afraid of a scene like this, and scarcely feel the strength now to preserve my self-command.

Adelheid — You know our friend, and you know that his keen sensibilities hurry him into rash actions.

Oldendorf — That was worse than a fit of temper. It is a rupture between us two — a rupture that seems incurable to me!

Adelheid — Incurable, Professor? If your feeling for Ida

is what I take it to be, the cure is not difficult. Was it not for you to yield to the father's wishes lately, just lately? Doesn't the woman you love deserve the sacrifice of your ambition at least once?

Oldendorf — My ambition, yes; my duty, no.

Adelheid — Your own happiness, professor, seems to me ruined for a long while, perhaps forever, if you are separated from Ida on such grounds.

Oldendorf [*sadly*] — Not every one can be happy in his private life.

Adelheid — This resignation doesn't please me at all, least of all in a man; pardon me for telling you so frankly. [*Good-naturedly.*] Is it so great a misfortune, then, if you become city deputy a few years later, or never?

Oldendorf — Miss Runeck, I am not conceited, I do not rate my powers very high, and, so far as I know myself, no ambitious impulse lurks at the bottom of my heart. It is possible that a later time will set, as you do now, a very low value on our political wrangles, our party strifes, and whatever is connected therewith. It is possible our entire work is to remain fruitless; it is possible that much of the good we long for may turn into the opposite when obtained; yes, it is extremely probable that my own part in the struggle will be often painful, unsatisfactory, and not at all what could be called a grateful task: but all that must not prevent me from devoting my life to the contest and struggle of the time I belong to; for this contest is nevertheless the highest and noblest pursuit the present affords. Not every age permits its sons to achieve results that remain great for all time; and I repeat it, not every century is qualified to make the men who live in it both distinguished and happy.

Adelheid — I think every age is qualified for it if the individuals only understand how to be capable and happy. [*Rising.*] You, professor, will do nothing for the trifle of having a happy home life: you compel your friends to act for you.

Oldendorf — Anyway, don't be angrier than you can help, and speak for me with Ida.

Adelheid — I'll try to be of use to you, with my woman's wit, Mr. Statesman. [*Exit* OLDENDORF.] [*Alone.*] So that's one of the noble and highly trained, one of the free spirits of the German nation? Very virtuous and extraordinarily reasonable! scrambles into the fire from pure sense of

duty? But to win something — the world, fortune, or even a wife — he is not made for that at all!

Enter KARL.

Karl [*announces*] — Dr. Bolz!

Adelheid — Ah! — He at least will not be so heroically virtuous! — Where is the Colonel?

Karl — In Miss Ida's room.

Adelheid — Show the gentleman in here. [*Exit* KARL. ADELHEID, *to herself.*] I feel some embarrassment at seeing you again, Mr. Bolz; I will take pains not to let you see it.

Enter BOLZ.

Bolz — Just in the act of leaving. you is one poor soul who seeks in vain to console himself by his philosophy: I too come as an unfortunate, for yesterday I incurred your displeasure; and without your presence, which cut short a malicious scene, Mr. Von Senden in the interest of social propriety would have done me a still scurvier turn I thank you for the reminder you gave me; I take it as evidence you will not withdraw your friendly interest from me.

Adelheid [*aside*] — Very neat, very diplomatic! [*Aloud.*] It is kind of you to put so good a construction on my singular conduct. But pardon still one more bold piece of meddling: That scene with Mr. Von Senden will not be the occasion of another?

Bolz [*aside*] — Always that Senden! [*Aloud.*] Your interest in him shall be a reason to me for averting further consequences. I think I am able.

Adelheid — Thank you. And now it may as well be said that you are a formidable strategist. You have brought about utter defeat in this house. — On this gloomy day only one thing has given me joy, — the single vote that wanted to make you deputy.

Bolz — It was a crazy whim of the honest wine-merchant.

Adelheid — You have taken so much pains to pull your friend through! Why haven't you worked for yourself? The young man I once knew had a high intellect, and nothing seemed unattainable to his soaring ambition. Have you become different, or does the fire still burn?

Bolz [*smiling*] — I am become a journalist, dear Miss Adelheid.

Adelheid — So is your friend.

Bolz — Only incidentally, but I belong to the profession. Whoever belongs to that can have the ambition to write wittily or weightily; anything beyond is not for us.

Adelheid — Not for *you?*

Bolz — We are too superficial, restless, and scatter-brained for that.

Adelheid — Are you in earnest, Konrad?

Bolz — Dead earnest. Why should I show myself to you other than I am? We newspaper writers feed our minds on the news of the day; we have to taste in the smallest morsels all the dishes Satan cooks for men: so you must make some allowance for us. The daily exasperation over failures and corruption, the everlasting little sensations over every possible thing — that wears on a man. At the outset you double up your fist; later on you get used to making fun of things. When a man is always working for the day, isn't it natural for him to live in the day too?

Adelheid [*disquieted*] — That is sad indeed!

Bolz — On the contrary, it's altogether jolly. We hum like the bees, fly in spirit over the world, suck honey wherever we find it, and sting anything that offends us. — Such a life is not exactly made to mold great heroes, but there has to be such fellows in the world as we are.

Adelheid [*aside*] — Now he is beginning too, and he is even more annoying than the other.

Bolz — So we don't want to get sentimental! I write straight on as long as it goes. When it doesn't go any more, others step in for me and do the same. When Konrad Bolz, the wheat, is ground up in the big mill, other grain falls on the stone till the flour is ready, out of which perhaps the future will bake a good bread for the benefit of the many.

Adelheid — No! no! That is fanaticism: such resignation is a wrong.

Bolz — Such resignation is found at last in every calling. It is not your lot! To you belongs another fortune, and you will find it. [*Feelingly.*] Adelheid, I wrote you tender verses when I was a boy, and cheated myself with foolish dreams; I have loved you very much, and the wound our separation gave me smarts yet sometimes. [ADELHEID *makes a deprecating motion.*] Don't be frightened, I won't harm you. — I have long resented my fate, and have had hours when I seemed to

myself an outcast. But now, when you stand before me in full splendor, so beautiful, so winning, and my feeling for you is as warm as ever, I still have to say: Your father treated me roughly, it is true; but that he separated us, — that he prevented you, the rich heiress, used to high pretensions, at home in exclusive circles, from giving your life to a wild youth who had always displayed more pride than strength, — that was after all very sensible, and he did entirely right about it.

Adelheid [*grasping his hands with emotion*] — I thank you, Konrad, I thank you for speaking so of my dead father. Yes, you are good, you have a heart; it makes me very happy that you have shown it to me.

Bolz — It is only a very small pocket heart for private use; it was against my will it came into view in this way.

Adelheid — And now enough of us two. Here in the house they need our help. You have triumphed, have done your will completely against us. I submit and acknowledge you my master. But now exercise clemency and become my confederate. In this strife of men, a rough hand has been laid on the heart of a girl I love. I want to make up for that, and wish you to help me.

Bolz — Command me.

Adelheid — The Colonel must be brought around. Contrive something to heal his wounded self-love.

Bolz — I have thought of it and prepared something. Unfortunately, I can do nothing except make him conscious that his anger against Oldendorf is a folly. The mild state of mind that leads to reconciliation you alone can evoke.

Adelheid — Then we women must seek our own salvation.

Bolz — Meantime I hasten to do the little I can.

Adelheid — Farewell, Mr. Editor. And keep in mind not alone the course of the great world, but sometimes too a solitary friend who suffers from the unworthy selfishness of seeking happiness on her own account.

Bolz — You have always found your happiness in caring for others' happiness. For one who has that selfishness it is no trouble to be happy. [*Exit* Bolz.

Adelheid [*alone*] — He still loves me! He is a tender-hearted, high-minded man! — But even he is resigned; they are all sick, these men. They have no courage! From sheer learning and introspection they have lost confidence in themselves. That Konrad! Why doesn't he say to me, "Adelheid,

I want you to be my wife"? He is forthputting enough in other ways. But not he: he philosophizes about my kind of happiness and his kind of happiness! It was all very beautiful, but it's just nothing but silliness. My neighbor squires in the country are very different people. They carry no great loads of knowledge about with them, and they have an unpardonable number of freaks and prejudices; but they hate and love away heartily and pig-headedly, and never forget to look out for No. 1. They are better for it: give me the country, fresh air, and my acres. [*Pause; with determination.*] The *Union* shall be sold! Konrad shall come into the country with me to get rid of his cranks. [*Sits down and writes; rings.* KARL *comes in.*] Take this letter to Justice Schwarz, and say I beg him to come and see me on pressing business.

[*Exit* KARL. *Enter* IDA *from door at left.*

Ida — I wander about without rest! Let me have my cry out here! [*Weeps on* ADELHEID'S *neck.*]

Adelheid [*tenderly*] — Poor child! The wicked men have given you rough handling. Cry away, darling, but don't be so mute and resigned.

Ida — I have only one thought now: he is lost to me, lost forever!

Adelheid — You are my brave girl. But be calm! You have not lost him at all! On the contrary, we'll see that you get him back lovelier than ever. With flushed cheeks and beaming eyes shall he step before you again, that noble man, your chosen demigod; and your pardon shall the demigod beg, too, for having caused you pain.

Ida [*looking up at her*] — What is that you say?

Adelheid — Listen. To-night I have read in the stars that you are going to be Mrs. Representative. A great star fell from heaven, and on it in legible characters was written: "Without contradiction, she shall have him! Only one condition is annexed to the fulfillment."

Ida — What condition? Tell me.

Adelheid — I told you, recently, of a certain young lady and an unknown gentleman. Do you remember?

Ida — I have thought of it continually.

Adelheid — Good. Well, the same day this lady finds her knight again, you shall be reconciled to your Professor. Not sooner, not later — thus it is written.

Ida — I believe you so gladly! And when will the day come?

Adelheid — Well, my darling, that I can't tell exactly. But I'll tell you confidentially, since we girls are alone, the lady in question is heartily tired of her long hoping and waiting, and I fear she may take a desperate step.

Ida [*embracing her*] — Do hurry, so it won't take too long.

Adelheid [*holding her*] — Hush, let no man hear us! [*Enter* KORB.] What is it, my old friend?

Korb — Miss Runeck, Mr. Bellmaus is outside, the friend —

Adelheid — Ah, and he wishes to speak to me.

Korb — Yes, I myself advised him to apply to you. He has something to tell you.

Adelheid — Show him in! [*Exit* KORB.

Ida — Let me leave you. My eyes are red.

Adelheid — You may go, my dear; I'll be with you again in a few minutes. [*Exit* IDA.] And he too! The whole staff of the *Union*, one after another!

Enter BELLMAUS, *bashfully, with many bows.*

Bellmaus — With your permission, dear miss!

Adelheid — I am pleased to see you, and curious to hear the interesting revelations you have to make to me.

Bellmaus — There is no one, dear miss, that I would rather confide what I have heard to than to you. Since I hear from Mr. Korb that you are a subscriber to our paper, I trust —

Adelheid — That I deserve to be a friend of the editors too. I thank you for your good opinion.

Bellmaus — There is that Schmock! He is a poor fellow that hasn't lived much in good company, and was one of the staff of the *Coriolanus* till just now.

Adelheid — I remember having seen him.

Bellmaus — At Bolz's desire I gave him several glasses of punch. He got happy on it, and told me of a great conspiracy hatched between Senden and the editor of the *Coriolanus*. These two men, according to his assurance, have planned to bring our Professor Oldendorf into discredit with the Colonel; so they urged the Colonel to write articles for the *Coriolanus*.

Adelheid — Do you think the young man who disclosed this to you is at all reliable?

Bellmaus — He can't stand much punch, and after he had drunk three glasses he told me all this of his own free will; as for the rest, to be frank, I don't consider him very respectable. I think he is a good fellow, but respectable? — no, he certainly isn't that.

Adelheid [*carelessly*] — Do you think this man — who drank the three glasses of punch — would be willing to repeat his disclosures before any other person?

Bellmaus — He told me he would, and talked about proofs also.

Adelheid [*aside*] — A-ha! [*Aloud.*] I am afraid the proofs will not be sufficient. — And you have not spoken of this to the Professor or Mr. Bolz?

Bellmaus — Our Professor is very busy just now, and Bolz is the best and jolliest fellow on earth; but as he is already on bad terms with Senden, I believe —

Adelheid [*quickly*] — And you are perfectly right, my dear Mr. Bellmaus. So otherwise you are satisfied with Mr. Bolz?

Bellmaus — He is a most companionable and excellent man, and I am on the best of terms with him — in fact, all of us are on good terms with him.

Adelheid — I am glad to hear it.

Bellmaus — Sometimes his head is a little swelled, but he has the best heart in the world.

Adelheid [*aside*] — Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings shall ye hear the truth.

Bellmaus — To be frank, he has an absolutely prosaic nature; no relish for poetry.

Adelheid — Do you think so?

Bellmaus — Yes, he often gets aggressive on the subject.

Adelheid [*bursting forth*] — I thank you for your communication, even if I can lay no weight on it; and I am glad to have made the acquaintance of part of the editorial staff in you. I am becoming aware that journalists are dangerous people, and it is well to keep their good-will; although I, as a person of no importance, shall try hard never to furnish matter for a newspaper article. [*As* BELLMAUS *lingers.*] Can I be of service to you in any other way?

Bellmaus [*ardently*] — Yes, dear miss, if you will be so good as to accept this copy of my poems. They are only youthful poems, my first attempts, but I count on your kind indulgence. [*Takes a gilt-edged volume from his pocket and hands it to her.*]

Adelheid — Thank you heartily, Mr. Bellmaus. Never before has a poet made me a present of his works. I shall read the handsome book through out in the country, and in

the shade of my trees rejoice that I have friends in the city who think of me when they portray the beautiful for others.

Bellmaus [*with ardor*] — Be assured, dear miss, that no poet will forget you who has had the good fortune of making your acquaintance. [*Exit with a low bow.*

Adelheid [*alone*] — This Mr. Schmock with the three glasses of punch is well worth acquaintance, though. Korb shall look him up at once. — I have only just arrived in town, and already my room is like a business office, in which editors and authors act their parts. — I fear it forebodes something.

[*Exit to left.*

[*It grows dark. The* COLONEL *in the garden, advances slowly to the front.*

Colonel — I am glad we have done with one another. — [*Stamping.*] Very glad! [*Dejectedly.*] I feel free and buoyant as I have not for a long time; I believe I could sing. At this moment I am the subject of conversation over every cup of tea and in every beer saloon. Everywhere talk and laughter: "Serves him right, the old fool!" Damn it! [*Enter* KARL *with lights and a newspaper.*] Who gave you permission to light up?

Karl — Sir, it is the regular time you read the paper. Here it is. [*Lays it on table.*]

Colonel — Dirty crowd, these gentlemen of the pen! Cowardly, malicious, underhanded in their anonymity. How this gang are triumphing now, and over me! How they exalt their editor to the clouds! There lies the contemptible sheet! My defeat in it, trumpeted forth with puffed cheeks and a mocking shrug of the shoulders — to the devil with it! [*Paces up and down, looks at paper on the ground, takes it up.*] But I may as well swallow it! [*Seats himself.*] Here it is, right at the beginning: [*reading*] "Professor Oldendorf — majority of two votes." "This paper is in duty bound to rejoice at the result." — I should think so. — "But no less gratifying was the preceding campaign." — Naturally. — "It is perhaps unprecedented that, as here, two men have stood against each other, so closely connected by a friendship of years, and both equally distinguished by the favor of their fellow-citizens. It was a chivalrous contest between two friends, full of magnanimity, without ill-will, without jealousy — aye, perhaps there lay hidden in the soul of each the wish that his competing friend, and not himself, might be the victor." [*Lays the paper*

aside, wipes his brow.] What sort of language is this? [*Reads.*] "And, aside from his special party views, never has a man possessed greater claims to victory than our honored opponent. This is not the place to vaunt the high esteem in which he is held by the large circle of his friends and acquaintances, on account of his stanch and noble personality; but it is universally known, and especially to-day will be vividly and gratefully felt by our fellow-citizens, with what active interest he has advised and promoted all municipal enterprises for the public good." [*Lays the paper aside.*] That's a miserable style! [*Reads on.*] "By a very small majority of votes our city has decided to give the political views of the younger friend the floor in Parliament; but we hear that to-day addresses and deputations will be prepared by all parties, not to glorify the victor of the campaign, but to express to his opponent, his noble friend, the universal esteem and honor, of which no man was ever worthier." Plain assassination! It's a terrible indiscretion on Oldendorf's part. It's a journalist's revenge, artful and sharp-pointed. Oh, it's just like him! No, it isn't like him! It's shocking, it's inhuman! — What shall I do? Deputations and addresses to me? to Oldendorf's friend? — Bah, that is all gabble, newspaper talk; it costs him nothing but a handful of fine words! The city knows nothing of these sentiments. It's a fraud!

Enter KARL.

Karl — Letters from the city mail. [*Lays them upon the table, and goes out.*]

Colonel — Another hornets' nest, I suppose! I hate to open them. [*Opens the first.*] The devil! a poem? and to me? "To our noble opponent in politics, the best man in the city." — Signed — what is the signature? Baus! Baus? don't know him: it must be a pseudonym! [*Reads.*] It seems to be most excellent poetry! — And what's this? [*Opens second letter.*] "To the benefactor of the poor, the father of the orphan," an address — [*Reads.*] "Veneration" — "Benevolence" — signature, "Many women and girls," seal "P. P." — Good Lord, what does all this mean? Am I bewitched? — If this is really the voice of the city, and the public to-day looks at it so, I must confess the people have a better opinion of me — than I have of myself.

Enter KARL.

Karl — A number of gentlemen wish to speak to the Colonel.

Colonel — What kind of gentlemen?

Karl — They say they are a delegation of electors.

Colonel — Bring them in. This cursed paper was right, after all.

Enter PIEPENBRINK, KLEINMICHEL, *and three others. They bow; the* COLONEL *responds.*

Piepenbrink [*solemnly*] — My dear Colonel! A number of electors have sent us as a deputation to you, to tell you, on this especial day, that the whole city regards you as a most respectable and excellent man.

Colonel [*stiffly*] — I am much obliged for the good opinion.

Piepenbrink — There's nothing to be obliged for. It is the truth. You are a man of honor through and through, and it gives us pleasure to tell you so; it can't be unpleasant to you to hear that from your fellow-citizens.

Colonel — I have always regarded myself as a man of honor, gentlemen.

Piepenbrink — And perfectly right. And you have also proved your noble nature. On every occasion, in poverty, famine, trusteeship, even at our rifle shoots, everywhere that a kind-hearted and good man could give us pleasure or do us service, there you were in the van. Always unassuming and stanch, no superciliousness or arrogance. Therefore it is that we all love and honor you. [COLONEL *passes his hand over his eyes.*] Many of us to-day cast our votes for the Professor. Some on account of politics, some because they know he is your close friend and may even be your son-in-law.

Colonel [*without severity*] — My dear sir —

Piepenbrink — Even I myself did not vote for you.

Colonel [*with more heat*] — Sir —

Piepenbrink — But just for that reason I came to you with the rest, and for that reason we tell you what the citizens think of you. And we all wish you may long preserve for us your manly nature and your kindly heart, as an honored, most respectable gentleman and fellow-citizen.

Colonel [*without severity*] — Why do you not say this to the Professor, on whom your choice has fallen?

Piepenbrink — He is still young. He must earn the thanks

of the city in Parliament first, to have them given him. But you *have* earned it, and therefore we come to you.

Colonel [*cordially*] — I thank you, sir, for your friendly words. They are very agreeable to me just now. May I ask you your name?

Piepenbrink — My name is Piepenbrink.

Colonel [*more coolly, but not discourteously*] — Ah, so that is the name! [*With dignity.*] I thank you, gentlemen, for the favorable opinions you have expressed, no matter whether you repeat the city's actual opinion or speak according to the wishes of a few. I thank you, and I shall continue to do what I think is right. [*Bows, deputation likewise; exit the latter.*] So that's this Piepenbrink, the ardent friend of his friend! — But the man's words were sensible and his whole bearing honorable; it's impossible all this can be rascality. — Who knows! They are adroit intriguers. Send newspaper articles, letters, and these good-natured people to my house, to make me soft-hearted, pose before all the world as my friends, so as to make me trust in their falsehood again. Yes, that's it. All cut and dried! But they'll find out their mistake!

Enter KARL.

Karl — Dr. Bolz!

Colonel — I am not at home any longer to anybody.

Karl — I told the gentleman so, but he insists on speaking with my master the Colonel, on an affair of honor.

Colonel — What? Oldendorf can't have gone so mad — show him in!

Enter BOLZ.

Bolz [*with dignity*] — Colonel, I have a communication to make to you which is necessary to the honor of a third person.

Colonel — I am prepared for it, and beg you not to make it too lengthy.

Bolz — No longer than necessary. The article in this evening's edition of the *Union*, which discusses your personality, was written by me and inserted in the paper without Oldendorf's knowledge.

Colonel — It's hardly of interest to me to know who wrote the article.

Bolz [*politely*] — But it is of importance to me to tell you that the article was not written by Oldendorf, and that Oldendorf knew nothing about it. My friend has for some weeks

past been through so much turmoil and vexation which he had to take on himself, that he has left the management of the paper entirely to me. For everything it has contained during this time I alone am responsible.

Colonel — And why do you give me this information?

Bolz — It cannot escape your keen discernment, Colonel, that after the scene which took place between you and my friend to-day, Oldendorf as a man of honor could neither write such an article nor accept it for his paper.

Colonel — How so, sir? I find nothing discreditable in the article itself.

Bolz — The article exposes my friend to your suspicion that he purposed to win back your sympathy through mean flattery. Nothing is farther from him than such a course. You, Colonel, are too much a man of honor to find base conduct natural even in your enemy.

Colonel — You are right! [*Aside.*] This haughtiness is unbearable. — Is your explanation at an end?

Bolz — It is. I have still another to add: that I very much regret myself having written that article.

Colonel — I don't think I am wronging you by presuming you have written other things before this you might better regret!

Bolz [*continuing*] — I had this article printed before I knew of your last conversation with Oldendorf. [*Very politely.*] I regret it on that account, because it is not quite correct. I was too hasty in portraying your personality for the public: the picture, at least to-day, is not a true likeness — it flatters you.

Colonel [*bursting forth*] — Sir, you are damnably ill-bred!

Bolz — I beg pardon, but it's the plain truth! I wish to convince you that even a journalist may regret having written falsehoods.

Colonel — Sir! [*Aside.*] I must hold in, or he'll always keep on top. — My dear doctor, I see you are a clever man and understand your business. And since you seem to be in the mood to-day to speak the truth, I beg you to tell me further whether you did not also arrange the demonstrations which present themselves to me to-day as the public voices.

Bolz [*with a bow*] — I was not certainly entirely inactive in the matter.

Colonel [*impetuously, holding out the letters to him*] — Are you back of this?

Bolz — Partly, Colonel. — This poem is the effusion of an honest youth, who reveres in you the fatherly friend of Oldendorf and the ideal of a knightly hero: I put him up to sending you the poem. The intention was good at least. The poet may look for another ideal. — The address is from women and girls who constitute the society for educating neglected children. The society also counts Miss Ida Berg among its members. I wrote this address for the ladies myself; it was copied by the daughter of the wine-merchant Piepenbrink.

Colonel — I sized up the letters about so. It is needless to ask whether you are also the wire-puller who has sent these citizens to me.

Bolz — Well, I didn't dissuade them.

[*Numerous Chorus heard outside.*

Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!
There dwells a knight so brave and mild
Within our city's span,
Beloved by every burgher's child,
This true and noble man.
Who seeks for help in pain and woe
Calls for this knight adored;
For Love is what his blazons show,
And Pity is his sword.
We bless to-day with heart and song
This poor man's hope and champion strong,
The Colonel, the Colonel,
The noble Colonel Berg.

Enter KARL.

Colonel — Admit nobody if you wish to remain in my service.

Karl [*frightened*] — Why, Colonel, sir, they are in the garden already, a whole crowd of them. It's the Choral Union; the leaders are on the stairs by this time.

Bolz [*who has opened the window*] — Very well sung, Colonel. "Templar and Jewess" [opera]. The best tenor in the city, and the accompaniment is original enough.

Colonel [*aside*] — It's enough to drive one frantic! — Show the gentlemen in. [*Exit* KARL.

After the song is concluded, enter FRITZ KLEINMICHEL *and two other gentlemen.*

Fritz Kleinmichel — Colonel, the Choral Union of this place respectfully asks for permission to sing you a few songs. Kindly

listen to the little serenade as a weak expression of the universal honor and love.

Colonel — Gentlemen, I am very sorry to say that sickness in my family makes it imperatively desirable for me to have your performance cut short. I thank you for your kind intentions, and beg you to sing to Professor Oldendorf the song you intended for me.

Fritz Kleinmichel — We thought it our duty to greet you first before looking up your friend. In order not to disturb the sick, we will, with your permission, station ourselves further away from the house, in the garden.

Colonel — As you please. [*Exit* FRITZ KLEINMICHEL *and the other two.*] Is this performance your invention also?

Bolz [*with a bow*] — At least in part! But you are too kind, Colonel, in referring all these demonstrations to me alone: my part in them is very slight after all. I have done nothing but edit public opinion a little. These many people are no puppets, which a skillful manipulator could move around with wires. All these voices belong to sound and honorable persons, and what they have said to you is really the general opinion of the city, — that is to say, the conviction of the better and more intelligent of the city. If it were not so I should have tried in vain to bring a solitary one of these good people to your house.

Colonel [*aside*] — He is in the right again, and I am always wrong!

Bolz [*very politely*] — But permit me to aver that to me also, at present, these tender expressions of public respect seem out of place, and that I very much regret having taken the part in them that I did. At least to-day a friend of Oldendorf has no cause to celebrate your chivalrous disposition and your self-denial.

Colonel [*advancing toward him*] — Doctor, you are abusing the privilege of your profession to talk recklessly and insult strangers in a manner that wears out my patience. You are in my house, and it is a customary axiom of social policy to respect the domestic rights of an opponent.

Bolz [*leaning over a chair, good-naturedly*] — If you mean by that to say you have the right to dismiss unacceptable strangers from your house, it was not necessary to remind me of it; for you have already to-day shown another the door, when his love for you gave him a better right to be here than I have.

Colonel — Sir, I have never met with such presumption before.

Bolz [*bowing*] — I am a journalist, Colonel, and claim only what you just now styled the privilege of my profession.

Grand march of wind instruments. KARL *hastens in.*

Colonel [*going toward him*] — Lock the garden gate; no one shall come in. [*The music ceases.*

Bolz [*at the window*] — You are shutting out your friends. This time I am innocent.

Karl — Ah, Colonel, it is too late. The singers are in the rear garden, and in front there's a monstrous procession coming toward the house; it is Mr. Von Senden and the whole club. [*Goes to rear.*

Colonel — Sir, I desire that this conversation between us be at an end.

Bolz [*leaping back from the window*] — In your position, Colonel, I find this wish very natural. [*Looking out again.*] A brilliant procession, all carrying Japanese lanterns. There are inscriptions on the lanterns! Besides the usual devices of the club I see others. — Oh, why is that man Bellmaus never at hand when he might be of service to the paper? [*Hastily taking a note-book from his pocket.*] I must take down the inscriptions for the paper at once. [*Speaking over his shoulder to the* COLONEL.] I beg pardon! — Ah, that's very remarkable: "Down with our enemies!" — and here a dark-colored lantern with white letters: "Perish the *Union!*" By thunder! [*Calling out of the window.*] Good evening, gentlemen!

Colonel [*stepping to his side*] — Sir, the devil has got into you!

Bolz [*turning about suddenly*] — It is very kind of you, Colonel, to show yourself beside me at the window. [COLONEL *steps back.*]

Senden [*from below*] — What voice is that?

Bolz — Good evening, Mr. Von Senden! The gentleman who carries the brown lantern with the white inscription would greatly oblige us if he would be kind enough to hand up the lantern to the Colonel. Blow out your light, man, and hand me up the lantern. That's right; thank you, man of the witty inscription. [*Hauling in the torch.*] Here, Colonel, is the documentary evidence of the brotherly sentiment your friends cherish toward us. [*Tears the lantern from the stick.*] The

torch for you, the stick for the torch-bearer. [*Throws the stick out of the window.*] I have the honor of taking leave of you.

[*Turns to make his departure, meets* ADELHEID.

[*Male chorus again approaches with, "There dwells a knight so brave and mild;" flourish chimes in; cheers from many voices, "Long live* COLONEL BERG, *hurrah!"*

ADELHEID *enters from left during the noise.*

Adelheid — Is the whole city in an uproar to-day?

Bolz — I've done my part: he is half converted. Good night!

Colonel [*hurling the lantern to the floor, in a rage*] — To the devil with all journalists!

[*Male chorus,* SENDEN, BLUMENBERG, *and many other gentlemen seen in procession at the garden gate; the deputation enters, chorus and lanterns group themselves at entrance.*

Senden [*in loud voice, till curtain reaches floor*] — Colonel, the club takes pride in saluting its most honored member.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Scene: Same drawing-room as at beginning. COLONEL *enters from the garden, followed by* KARL.

Colonel [*at entrance, brusquely*] — Who ordered William to practice the horse in front of the bedroom? The rascal is making enough racket with those hoofs to wake the dead.

Karl — Won't my master ride out to-day?

Colonel — No! put the horse up!

Karl — As you order, Colonel, sir. [*Exit.*

Colonel [*rings;* KARL *reappears at door*] — Is the young lady to be seen?

Karl — She is in her room; the counselor has been with her for all of an hour.

Colonel — What? So early in the morning?

Karl — Here she is herself.

[*Exit, after* ADELHEID *has entered.*

Enter ADELHEID *and* KORB *from door at right.*

Adelheid [*to* KORB] — Stay close to the garden door, and if that young gentleman comes, bring him to us. [*Exit* KORB.]

Good morning, Colonel! [*Going up to him and looking at him mirthfully.*] How is the weather to-day?

Colonel — Dismal, girl, dismal and stormy. Vexation and worry are raging around my head, so it feels like bursting. How is the little one?

Adelheid — Better. She was wise enough to fall asleep toward morning. Now she is sad but composed.

Colonel — It's just that composure that annoys me. If she'd only scream, say, and tear her hair a little, it would be dreadful, but at least there would be nature in it. But this smiling and turning away and this wiping away secret tears — it unhinges me. It's unnatural in my child.

Adelheid — Perhaps she knows her father's kind heart better than he does himself; perhaps she still has hope!

Colonel — For what? For a reconciliation with him? After what has taken place, a reconciliation between Oldendorf and myself is impossible.

Adelheid [*aside*] — Wonder if he wants me to contradict him?

Enter KORB.

Korb [*to* ADELHEID] — The gentleman is here.

Adelheid — I'll ring. [*Exit* KORB.] Help me out of a little embarrassment: I have to talk with a strange young man, who seems in need of help; and I would like to have you stay near — may I leave the door open? [*Pointing to door at left.*]

Colonel — That means, in plain words, you want me to go in there.

Adelheid — If you please. Only for five minutes.

Colonel — I don't mind, so long as I needn't listen.

Adelheid — I don't ask that; but you will listen though, if the talk interests you.

Colonel [*smiling*] — In that case I shall come in. [*Exit to left.*

ADELHEID *rings.* *Enter* SCHMOCK, *and* KORB *who goes out as soon as he has appeared at entrance.*

Schmock [*with a bow*] — I wish you a good morning. Are you the lady who sent her secretary to me?

Adelheid — Yes: you expressed a wish to speak to me.

Schmock — Why must the secretary know it if I've got something to tell you? Here are the notes Senden made, and I found in the waste-basket of the *Coriolanus*. Look and see

whether the Colonel needs them. What should I do with them? They are no use to me.

Adelheid [*glancing down and reading, aside*] — "I send you herewith the unhappy composition," etc. — Indiscreet and very characteristic. [*Lays them on the table. Aloud.*] — At all events, these unimportant notes had better be kept in my waste-basket than any other. — But what led you, sir, to put your confidence in me?

Schmock — Well, Bellmaus there told me you are a clever woman, who would tell the Colonel in the right way he wants to look out for Senden and my editor. And the Colonel is a humane man: lately he set me up a glass of sweet wine and salmon and rolls for breakfast.

Colonel [*visible at the door, folding his hands compassionately*] — Poor devil!

Schmock — Why should I let these fellows impose on him?

Adelheid — If the breakfast agreed with you, we will provide for another.

Schmock — Oh, thank you! don't put yourself to inconvenience on my account.

Adelheid — Can we be of service to you in any other way?

Schmock — How should you help me? [*Regarding his boots and clothes.*] I'm in fair condition at present. My only misfortune is that I'm stuck down to a poor business. I must see if I can't get out of literature.

Adelheid [*compassionately*] — I imagine it's very difficult to be comfortable in a literary life.

Schmock — That depends. — My editor isn't a square man. He cancels too much and pays too little. "Pay particular attention to your style," he says, "for a good style is the main thing. Write weightily, Schmock," he says, "write profoundly: a newspaper nowadays is expected to be profound." Well, I write profoundly, I make my style logical; but when I bring him the work he throws it away, and blatts out: "What kind of stuff is that? It's heavy; it's pedantic," he says. "You must write spiritedly, you must be brilliant, Schmock: it's the fashion now to have everything pleasant for the reader." What am I to do? I go at it again, and write spiritedly. I put a lot of brilliancy into the article: and when I bring it to him, he takes the blue pencil and strikes out all the common things, and leaves me only the brilliant ones.

Colonel — Is such a thing possible?

Schmock — How can I make a living under such treatment? How can I write him clear brilliancy at a cent a line? I can't live on that. So I'm going to see if I can't get out of the business. If I could only save twenty-five or thirty thalers [thaler = 75 c.], I'd never write for a newspaper again as long as I lived; but I'd start a business of my own, — a small business, enough to support me.

Adelheid — Wait a moment. [*Searches in her purse.*]

Colonel [*hurrying up*] — Leave that to me, my dear Adelheid. The young man will quit being a journalist: I'll see to that! Here, here is money! be what you like, if you'll promise me from this day forth never to touch another pen for a periodical. Here, take it.

Schmock — A Prussian bank-note for twenty-five thalers [$18] legal tender? On my honor, I promise you, Colonel Berg, on my soul and honor, I'll go this very day to a cousin of mine that has a good solid business. Would the Colonel like a promissory note, or shall I make out a long-time draft upon myself?

Colonel — Get out with your draft.

Schmock — Then I'll make out a regular note. I prefer myself it should be only a note.

Colonel [*impatiently*] — I don't want your note either. — In heaven's name, get out of here, sir!

Schmock — And how about the interest? If I can have it for five per cent, I'd like it.

Adelheid — The gentleman gives you the money.

Schmock — He gives me the money? Well, of all things! Tell you what it is, Colonel, sir, if I don't make anything of the money, it stays a gift; but if I set myself up with it, then I return it to you. I hope I shall set myself up.

Colonel — Settle that to your liking.

Schmock — I am very glad to do so, Colonel, sir. Meanwhile I thank you, and may you get your reward for it by another joy you have. Good morning, madam and sir.

Adelheid — We won't forget the breakfast. [*Rings;* KORB *enters.*] My dear Korb! [*Talks to him in low tones.*]

Schmock — Oh, I beg, don't bother about that!

[*Exeunt* SCHMOCK *and* KORB.

Colonel — And now, my dear, explain this whole conversation to me. It concerns me nearly enough.

Adelheid — Senden has talked indiscreetly with others about

his relations to you and your household. This young man had heard some of them, and had notes of Senden's in his possession, in which some injudicious expressions occur. I thought it wise to get these letters out of his hands.

Colonel — I wish you would give me those letters, Adelheid.

Adelheid [*entreatingly*] — Why, Colonel?

Colonel — I won't get angry, my dear.

Adelheid — It isn't worth while. And yet I ask you not to look into them. You know enough now, for you know that he and his crowd don't know enough to value such great confidence as you granted him recently.

Colonel [*sadly*] — Oh, phooh, phooh! I'm having bad luck with my circle of acquaintance in my old age.

Adelheid — If you class Oldendorf with this one here [*pointing to the letters*], you are mistaken.

Colonel — I don't, my girl. I haven't cared so much for Senden, and so I take his injuring me easier.

Adelheid [*gently*] — And because you have cared for the other, you were yesterday so —

Colonel — Just say it right out, moralizer — so hard and violent.

Adelheid — More than that, you were wrong.

Colonel — I said the same thing to myself to-night when I went to Ida's room and heard the poor thing crying. I was a mortified and angry man, and wrong in the form; in the thing itself, though, I was right. Let him be a deputy, — perhaps he'll fit there better than I; but his being a newspaper man parts us.

Adelheid — But he is only doing what you did.

Colonel — Don't remind me of that folly! — If he, as my son-in-law, viewed the world's course differently from me, I could stand it well enough. But if he shouted to the world every day feelings and opinions contrary to mine, and I had to read it, and everywhere hear my son-in-law sneered at and abused by my friends and old comrades, and had to swallow all that down — you see, I can't do that.

Adelheid — And Ida? Because you won't bear that, Ida is to be unhappy.

Colonel — My poor child! She is unhappy now all the while. This half-and-half relation between us men has long been a bad thing. It is better to have it end with one great pang.

Adelheid [*earnestly*] — But I can't see the end. I shall not see it till Ida laughs as gayly again as she used to.

Colonel [*walking about in agitation, bursting out*] — Then I'll give him my child and sit down myself in a corner alone! — I thought to spend my last days otherwise, but God forbid my darling girl should be made unhappy by me! He is trusty and honorable; he will treat her well. — I'll go back to the little town I came from.

Adelheid [*seizing his hand*] — My true-hearted friend, no you shan't! Neither Oldendorf nor Ida would owe their happiness to such a sacrifice. — Suppose Senden and his friends should secretly carry off the Professor's newspaper, what then?

Colonel [*pleased*] — Then he wouldn't be a journalist any longer! [*Uneasily.*] I won't hear anything of the scheme; that underhand business doesn't please me.

Adelheid — Nor me either. [*Sincerely.*] Colonel, you have often placed confidence in me that made me proud and happy. To-day, moreover, you have allowed me to speak more rudely than a girl usually may. Will you give me one more great proof of your esteem?

Colonel [*pressing her hand*] — Adelheid, we know how we stand with each other. Speak out.

Adelheid — For an hour to-day be my true knight. Let me take you with me wherever it may be.

Colonel — What are you up to, child?

Adelheid — Nothing wrong; nothing that would be unworthy of you and me. It shall not remain a secret to you long.

Colonel — If it must be, I give myself up; but mayn't I know somewhere near what I have to do?

Adelheid — You are to make a call with me, and in doing so remember what we have just been saying so sensibly to each other.

Colonel — A call?

Enter KORB.

Adelheid — A call I am making in my own interests.

Korb [*to* ADELHEID] — Mr. Von Senden wishes to pay his respects.

Colonel — I can't see him at present.

Adelheid — Be quiet, dear Colonel: we have no time to be angry even with him. I shall have to see him for a few minutes.

Colonel — Then I'm going away.

Adelheid [*entreatingly*] — To get ready and go with me pretty soon? The carriage is waiting.

Colonel — I obey the captain. [*Exit to the left.*

Adelheid [*alone*] — I have made a sudden resolution: I have ventured on something far too bold for a girl — for now, as the crisis draws near, I feel my courage leaving me. — I must do it for his sake and for us all. [*To* KORB.] Ask Miss Ida to be in readiness. The coachman is to come back and get her at once. Dear Korb, think of me: I'm going on a momentous errand, my old friend. [*Exit.*

Korb [*alone*] — Gracious, how her eyes glisten! What is she up to? Surely she wouldn't carry off the old Colonel outright? But whatever it is, she'll put it through. There's only one man who could get the whip-hand of her. Mr. Konrad, if I only dared to speak! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Scene: Office of the "Union." *Enter* BOLZ, *from the door at the left; immediately after*, MÜLLER.

Bolz [*at the middle door*] — In here with the table.

Müller [*draws a small covered table, with bottles of wine, glasses, and plates, to the foreground at left, draws up five chairs, and says*] — Mr. Piepenbrink sends his compliments and says the wine is the Yellow Seal, and if the Doctor drinks healths, hopes he won't forget Mr. Piepenbrink's health too. He was very jolly, that big fellow. And Madame Piepenbrink at that reminded him he ought to subscribe to the *Union;* he charged me to see to that.

Bolz [*meanwhile turning over papers; now rising*] — Wine here! [MÜLLER *pours out a glass.*] In honor of the worthy vintner! [*Drinks.*] I guyed him, but his heart proved true. Tell him the health won't be forgotten. Here is your bottle! Now clear out. [*Exit* MÜLLER, BOLZ *opening door at left.*] Come, you fellows, I keep my word to-day. [*Enter* KÄMPE, BELLMAUS, *and* KÖRNER.] Here's the breakfast I promised. And now, you charming ephemerides, quick! paint your faces and your temper as rose-colored as only your wits can. [*Filling his glass.*] The great victory is gained, the *Union* has celebrated one of the noblest of triumphs; still in centuries to come will our remote descendants say in astonishment, "Those were glorious days," *et cetera,* see continuation in to-day's paper. Before we sit down, the first toast —

Kämpe — The deputy elect —

Bolz — No, the first toast belongs to the common mother,

the great power, that brings forth deputies: the newspaper, long may it flourish!

All — Hurrah! [*Clink glasses.*]

Bolz — Hurrah! and now for the second — hold on, the deputy himself is still lacking.

Kämpe — Here he comes.

Enter OLDENDORF.

Bolz — The representative of our venerable city, editor-in-chief and professor, journalist and stanch man, who is mad at present because strange things have been put in the paper behind his back, hurrah for him!

All — Hurrah!

Oldendorf [*amicably*] — I thank the gentlemen.

Bolz [*aside to* OLDENDORF, *drawing him toward the foreground*] — And you are not angry any more?

Oldendorf — Your intention was good, but it was a great piece of indiscretion.

Bolz — Don't think any more about it! [*Aloud.*] Here, take the glass; sit down with us. Don't be proud, young statesman, you belong to us to-day. That's right: here's the editorial staff. Where is the worthy Mr. Henning; where's the owner, printer, and publisher, Gabriel Henning?

Bellmaus — We have looked everywhere for him, but he's nowhere to be found.

Kämpe — I met him out on the steps. He slunk past me as shamefacedly as a man that had made some stupid blunder.

Bolz — Probably it's the same with him as with Oldendorf: he is dissatisfied again with the attitude of the paper.

Müller [*sticking his head in*] — Here are the newspapers and mail matter.

Bolz — Over there!

[MÜLLER *comes in and lays the papers on the work-table.*

Müller — Here's the *Coriolanus*. There's something about our paper in it. The *Coriolanus*' errand-boy grinned at me in a sneering way and recommended me to look over the article.

Bolz — Give it here! Be quiet, Roman populace, Coriolanus speaks. — Good Lord, what does this mean? [*Reads.*] "We have just learned from the best sources that a great change is about to take place in the newspaper interests of our province. — Our opponent the *Union* will cease to direct its unbridled attacks against everything high and holy." — This high and

holy is named Blumenberg. — "The proprietorship of that paper is to be transferred to other hands, and there is an undoubted prospect of our greeting an ally, from now on, in this widely circulated sheet." — How does that taste, you fellows?

Müller — Damnation!
Kämpe — That's nonsense! } [*Together.*]
Bellmaus — It's a lie!

Oldendorf — That's another of Blumenberg's fantastic inventions.

Bolz — There's something behind it. Bring Gabriel Henning here to me! [*Exit* MÜLLER.] This owner has played the traitor: we are poisoned [*jumping up*], and this is Borgia's banquet. Presently the Brothers of Mercy will come in and sing our dirge. — Do me the favor of eating up the oysters at least before it is too late.

Oldendorf [*who has seized the paper*] — Evidently the news is nothing but an uncertain rumor. Henning will tell us there is nothing in it. Don't see any ghosts, and sit down with us.

Bolz [*sitting down*] — I sit down, not because I believe your words, but because I won't give the breakfast the go-by. Bring Henning here: he shall explain.

Oldendorf — But you just heard he is not at home.

Bolz [*eating zealously*] — Oh, thou wilt have a frightful awakening, little Orsini! [In "Lucretia Borgia."] — Bellmaus, pour for me. — But if the story is not true, if this Coriolanus has lied, by this purple in the glass be it sworn, I will be his murderer! The fiercest revenge that ever an insulted journalist took shall fall upon his head; he shall bleed to death from pin-pricks; every cur on the street shall look contemptuously at him and say, "Pah, Coriolanus, I wouldn't accept a morsel from you, even if it were a sausage." [*Knocking:* BOLZ *lays down his knife.*] *Memento mori!* There are our grave-diggers. — Yet the last oyster, and then farewell, thou beautiful world!

Enter COUNSELOR SCHWARZ *and* SENDEN, *from door at left; the door remains open.*

Schwarz — Your obedient servant, gentlemen.

Senden — Pardon us if we disturb you.

Bolz [*sitting at the table*] — Not in the least. This is our customary breakfast, supplied by contract for a year, fifty oysters and two bottles daily for each member of the staff. Whoever buys the paper must provide it.

Schwarz — What brings us here, Professor, is a communication Mr. Henning should have made to you first. He has preferred to commission me with it.

Oldendorf — I await your communication.

Schwarz — Mr. Henning yesterday transferred to me by purchase all rights which appertained to him as owner of the *Union* newspaper.

Oldendorf — To you, counselor?

Schwarz — I admit that I have only bought it as agent for a third party. Here is the deed of sale: there is no secret about it. [*Passes over a paper.*]

Oldendorf [*looking through it, says to* BOLZ] — It is a legal contract in due form, — sold for thirty thousand thalers. [*Agitation among the staff.*] Allow me to get at the nub of this business. With this change of ownership is there to be connected a change in the political attitude of the paper?

Senden [*coming forward*] — Certainly, Professor; that was the object of the purchase.

Oldendorf — Perhaps I see in you the new proprietor?

Senden — Not that, but I have the honor to be a friend of his. You yourself, as well as these gentlemen, have the right to demand the fulfillment of your contracts. Your contracts, I understand, call for a half-year's notice: of course you continue to draw your salaries till the expiration of that time.

Bolz [*rising*] — You are very liberal, Mr. Von Senden. Our contracts give us the right to edit the paper entirely according to our own judgment, and to control its attitude as well as its party standing independently. Until the expiration of the next half-year, therefore, we shall not only continue to draw our salaries, but also to conduct the paper itself for the best good of the party to which you have not the honor to belong.

Senden [*hotly*] — We will find means of preventing it.

Oldendorf — Calm yourselves. Such a performance would be hardly worthy of us. I announce, under such circumstances, that I resign the editorship from to-day, and release you from all obligations toward me.

Bolz — Be it so as far as I am concerned. I announce the same.

Bellmaus, *Kämpe*, *Körner* } We too!

Senden [*to* SCHWARZ] — We are witnesses that the gentlemen voluntarily forego their rights.

Bolz [*to the staff*] — Stop, gentlemen, don't be too magnanimous. It is very proper for you to have no further connection with the paper when your friends withdraw. But why give up your money claims on the new owner?

Bellmaus — I would rather accept nothing from them; I will do as you do.

Bolz [*patting him*] — Well thought, my son. We'll strike out in the world together. What do you say to a hand-organ, Bellmaus? We'd trudge about to the fairs with it and sing your songs; I grind, you sing.

Oldendorf — As neither of you has become owner of the paper, you cannot but think it a natural question, at the close of this business, Whom have we transferred our rights to?

Senden — The present owner of the paper is —

Enter COLONEL, *from side door at the left.*

Oldendorf [*stepping back, horrified*] — Colonel!

Bolz — Ah, this thing is getting high tragedy now.

Colonel [*approaching* OLDENDORF] — First of all, Professor, be assured that I am a stranger to this whole transaction, and come here only at the wish of the purchaser. Only right here have I learned what was in the wind. I hope you will believe that of me.

Bolz — But I find this play unbecoming, and I insist on knowing who the new proprietor is, that keeps in such close hiding behind various persons.

Enter ADELHEID, *from side door at left.*

Adelheid — He stands before you.

Bolz — I want to faint.

Bellmaus — This is a tremendous joke.

Adelheid [*bowing*] — Good morning, gentlemen! [*To the staff.*] Am I right in supposing these gentlemen have been employed in editorial duty up to now?

Bellmaus [*eagerly*] — Just so, my dear madam! Mr. Kämpe as leader-writer, Mr. Körner on the French and English correspondence, and I on the theatre, music, art, and all that sort of thing.

Adelheid — I shall be very glad if your principles will allow you to still confer your talent on my paper.

[*The three assistant editors bow.*

Bellmaus [*laying his hand on his heart*] — Dear madam, under your editorship till the end of the world!

Adelheid [*smiling and courteous*] — Oh no — only in that room. [*Points to door at right.*] I need half an hour to collect myself for my new work.

Bellmaus [*going*] — This will be a capital story!

[*Exeunt* BELLMAUS, KÄMPE, *and* KÖRNER.

Adelheid — Professor, you have resigned the management of the paper with a willingness that charms me. [*Significantly.*] *I wish to conduct the* "Union" *my way.* [*Seizes his hand and leads him to the* COLONEL.] Colonel, he is no longer editor; we have outwitted him; you have your satisfaction.

Colonel [*extending his arms*] — Come, Oldendorf. — Ever since the hour of our separation I have been sorry for what has happened.

Oldendorf — My honored friend!

Adelheid [*pointing to door at left*] — There is some one else in there who wants to share in the reconciliation. Perhaps it is Mr. Gabriel Henning.

Ida [*at side door*] — Edward!

[OLDENDORF *hurries to the door.* IDA *meets him, he embraces her. Exeunt both to the left, the* COLONEL *follows.*

Adelheid [*politely*] — Before I try to interest you in the editing of the paper, Mr. Von Senden, I beg you to read through this correspondence I have received as a contribution to my paper.

Senden [*casting a glance at it*] — Madam, I don't know whose indiscretion —

Adelheid — Don't have any fears about me: I am a newspaper owner, and [*meaningly*] shall keep the secrets of the editorial sanctum. [SENDEN *bows.*] May I ask you for the deed, counselor? And will the gentlemen have the goodness to pacify the seller over the outcome of the business?

[*They bow. Exeunt* SENDEN *and* SCHWARZ. ADELHEID *and* BOLZ *alone.*

Adelheid [*after a short pause*] — Now, Mr. Bolz, what shall I do with you?

Bolz — I am prepared for anything; nothing surprises me any more. — If the next thing some one should devote a capital of a hundred millions to painting all negroes with white oil colors, or making Africa four-cornered, it wouldn't surprise me. If I wake up to-morrow as a horned owl, with two tufts of feathers instead of ears, and a mouse in my beak, I'll be content, and remember that still worse things have happened.

Adelheid — What ails you, Konrad: are you dissatisfied with me?

Bolz — With you? You have been as magnanimous as ever: only too magnanimous! And all would be very fine if only this whole scene had not been possible. That Senden!

Adelheid — He won't come again. — Konrad, I stand by the party!

Bolz — Triumph! I hear countless angels blowing trumpets! I stay with the *Union!*

Adelheid — I have nothing more to do with that. For I must make one more confession to you: I am not the real owner of the paper either.

Bolz — You are not? — Now, by all the gods, I am at the end of my rope, this owner is gradually becoming indifferent to me. Be he man, will-o'-the-wisp, or Beelzebub himself, I bid him defiance!

Adelheid — He is a kind of will-o'-the-wisp, he is a little of a devil, and from head to foot he is a great rogue. For, Konrad, my friend, lover of my youth, it is you yourself! [*Gives him the deed.*]

Bolz [*motionless awhile, reads*] — "Assigned to Konrad Bolz" — legal form! — Then it's a kind of gift. — Can't be accepted: much too small. [*Throws the paper aside.*] Discretion, begone! [*Falls on his knees before* ADELHEID.] Here I kneel, Adelheid! I don't know what I am saying for joy, for the whole room is dancing about me. If you would take me for your husband, you would do me the greatest favor in the world! If you don't want me, then give me a slap in the face and drive me out.

Adelheid [*bending towards him*] — I do want you! [*Kissing him.*] It was this cheek.

Bolz [*jumping up*] — And it's this mouth. [*Kisses her; they hold each other in an embrace during a short pause.*]

Enter COLONEL, IDA, *and* OLDENDORF.

Colonel [*at the door in astonishment*] — What's this?

Bolz — Colonel, this is done under editorial responsibility.

Colonel — Adelheid, what do I see?

Adelheid [*extending her hand to the* COLONEL] — My friend, the bride of a journalist!

[*While* IDA *and* OLDENDORF *hasten to the pair from both sides, the curtain falls.*

KING RENÉ'S DAUGHTER.

A Danish Lyrical Drama.

By Henrik Hertz.

(Translated by Theodore Martin.)

[Henrik Hertz was born in Copenhagen of Jewish parents, August 22, 1798; early orphaned, he was brought up by a relation, a prominent editor. He studied law, and was called to the bar, but scarcely practiced, being a born man of letters. Like most of his stamp where there is a state theater, he began with drama, producing among others "Buchardt and His Family" (1827), "Love and Policy," and "Cupid's Strokes of Genius" (1830). In the latter year, an anonymous publication of his, "Letters from a Ghost," — ostensibly from the dead Baggesen who had fought romanticism bitterly, but showing that he had become more enlightened, and an excellent imitation of his style, — made an immense hit; and Hertz, though not then acknowledging it, was encouraged to go on with a volume of essays entitled "Nature and Art," "Four Letters of Knut the Seelander," a poem called "Tyrfing," etc. Returning also to the stage, he produced "The Savings Bank," a very successful comedy still in possession of the stage; "Svend Dyring's House" (1838), a rather tragic story taken from the old ballads but with a happy ending; and in 1845 his masterpiece, "King René's Daughter," which had enormous success at once, is a classic still holding the stage, and one of the world's literary gems. In 1848 he produced the tragedy "Ninon." He died February 25, 1870.]

Characters.

King René of Provence.	Sir Almerik.
Iolanthe, his daughter.	Ebn Jahia, a Moorish physician.
Count Tristan of Vaudemont.	Bertrand.
Sir Geoffrey of Orange.	Martha, his wife.

The scene lies in Provence, in a valley of Vaucluse, and lasts from midday to sunset. Time: the middle of the fifteenth century.

To the left (of the actor) stands a house of one story, covered with ivy and roses, its windows shaded by verandas. A garden runs backward from the house, in which the vegetation displays a tropical luxuriance. Some date palms in the foreground. At the end of the garden is seen a wall of rock, overgrown with brushwood, and in it a door so covered with moss and stones that it is only perceptible when open. Behind this wall, lofty mountains stretch into the distance.

PLAY IN ONE ACT.

Scene I.

Bertrand [*entering from the house*] —
It was the bell! Some message from the king!
[*Crosses the stage to the rock, and opens the concealed door. Returns immediately with* Sir Almerik, *but keeps him standing at the entrance.*
Sir Almerik! You here! Stand back! Nay, not a step!
No stranger enters here.
Almerik — I must and will!
Bertrand —
No, not a foot, by heavens! You have deceived me.
Hearing the bell, and with it too the sign,
I felt assured that it must be Raoul.
Almerik —
The king has sent me hither in his stead.
See here this letter, and his royal ring.
Bertrand —
His ring? 'Tis so. A letter! By your leave?
[*Reads*] —
"Frankly confide in Almerik, and give him
Whatever information he desires."
This changes matters quite. Frown not, my lord;
For if you know the secret of this place,
Then you must know that prudence is my duty.
Almerik [*advancing with* Bertrand *to the front of the stage*] —
I know the place's secret? Save the mark!
I find myself here to my own surprise,
And all I see augments my wonderment,
A very paradise amid the waste!
Read me the mystery.
Bertrand — How! from the king
Did you not learn it?
Almerik — Nay, not I!
Bertrand — So, so!
If he was silent, I must needs be dumb.
Almerik —
Nay, nay, you jest!
Bertrand — I never jested less.
Martha [*appearing at the door of the house*] —
Sir Almerik?

Bertrand — He brings King René's ring,
And knows the sign to gain admittance here,
But nothing more. He must at once begone.
Almerik —
Begone, when the king sends me?
Bertrand — Aye, although he did.
Martha —
Stay, Bertrand, stay!
[*To* ALMERIK] — What is your message, sir?
Almerik —
I was to say, that in an hour the king
Would come with his physician, Ebn Jahia.
Martha —
The very famous Moor, I know him well —
Almerik —
Comes with the king, and you were to make sure —
These were his words — that all things were prepared
As the leech ordered you.
Bertrand — 'Tis well — 'tis well!
The king may trust to us. Some hours ago
Was Ebn Jahia here.
Martha — And yet, Sir Knight,
His Majesty imparted nothing more?
Almerik —
He was in haste, and full, meseemed, of thought.
The Moor — this Ebn Jahia — had arrived,
Raoul was ill, and secretly the king
Called me aside. "I can depend on you,"
He said, "and in your secrecy confide!
Follow the messenger, who will conduct you,
And then fulfill your charge."
Martha — And this was all
Was told you by the king?
Almerik — Not all; and yet,
What more he spake was wrapped in mystery.
He mused awhile, then, hesitating, said:
"Look you! I count on your fidelity;
You'll find my daughter, where you are to go."
Then all at once he suddenly broke off,
Penned in keen haste the letter which I brought,
And bade me go.
Martha — The letter?
Bertrand — Oh, yes! The letter!
Martha [*takes and reads the letter*] —
'Tis the king's hand. How can you doubt his tale?

Bertrand —
No, you are right; I had forgot the letter.
Almerik —
Then from the letter you may gather how
The king desires that from your lips I learn
What things soe'er 'tis needful I should know.
Who is this daughter that he told me of?
Margaret is now in Britain, and Iolanthe —
Martha —
Is here.
Almerik — Here? Iolanthe is in Spain,
Reared in a convent since her infancy.
Martha —
Not so, Sir Knight; she's here, and has been ever.
Almerik —
How? Here! I prithee, Bertrand, tell me all!
Bertrand —
You oft, no doubt, have heard of the dispute
About Lorraine, that raged so long between
Our king and Vaudemont.
Almerik — I know it well.
Yet is that ancient quarrel now forgot.
The terms of peace, by Burgundy arranged,
Secure — as rumor gives the story out —
King René's daughter's hand in marriage to
The son of Count Antonio Vaudemont.
This daughter, Iolanthe, was a child
When this alliance was determined on.
Bertrand —
'Twas even as you say; but, good Sir Knight,
The compact scarce was settled when, by fire,
The palace was consumed at dead of night,
And Iolanthe — then a one-year's babe —
Had all but perished in the flames.
To save
Her life, one course, and one alone, was left:
We from the chamber window let her down,
And caught her safe on cushions as she fell.
Yet, or through fear or injury from the fall,
Suffice to say, the child had lost her sight.
Almerik —
Had lost her sight?
Martha — Aye, even so, my lord.
Imagine our distress — her sire's despair.
Alas! a child so gentle and so sweet,

And of her sight bereft — how sad! how hard!
The hope, that with her life was intertwined,
Extinguished, and the old and bitter feud
About Lorraine renewed — aye, and renewed
Too sure, alas! more fiercely than of old.
For the Count Vaudemont will never brook
His son should have a blind girl for his mate.
He will believe, and hence his wrath will fire,
A cheat was practiced on him, and that she
Was blind before the truce was ratified.

Almerik —

Surmise to him most probable. But the king,
What did he in this strait?

Bertrand — At first he veiled
In studious silence that the child was blind,
Which none had e'er discovered from her looks;
But soon from Cordova he summoned hither
The very famed physician, Ebn Jahia,
Whose skill is counted nigh miraculous,
Who came and tried all sorts of remedies.
With sagest counsel, too, he showed us how
To rear her up in tender fosterage;
And, last of all, he in the stars perused
Her horoscope.

Almerik — And there?

Martha — Found hope for us
That Iolanthe should regain her sight
When in her sixteenth year. That time is come,
And Ebn Jahia now is with the king.
He orders remedies, which we apply,
Yet what their purpose I have never known;
The hour, he says, hath even now arrived.
Heaven grant it may be so!

Almerik — But Iolanthe!
How heavily her fate must weigh her down!

Martha —

She has no thought that she is blind.

Almerik —

No thought that she is blind! You surely jest!

Martha —

Ah, no, Sir Knight! you very soon may learn
That all which I have told you now is true.
But let me earnestly beseech you, sir,
When you converse with Iolanthe, still
To guard your lips with most religious care,

That so no syllable shall cross their bounds,
Which to the eye bears slightest reference.
This is the strict injunction laid on all
Who come within these precincts. Nothing name
Which through the power of vision must be known;
Speak not before her of the light of day,
Nor of the moonbeams in the placid night,
Nor of its thousand stars. Alas! no stars
Illume the lasting night wherein she dwells!

Almerik —
And have you kept subservience to this rule?

Bertrand —
We schooled ourselves from her most tender years,
When there was little danger had we failed.

Almerik —
With what intent has it been hid from her
That she is blind? Who willed it should be so?

Martha —
We know not whether 'twas the king's resolve,
Or whether Ebn Jahia so advised;
Yet I can easily explain the cause.
A coronet shall one day deck her brow,
As you are 'ware; so does her future hold
A brilliant promise forth, should all go well.
But it is feared the consciousness of blindness
Might settle deep into her tender soul,
Untune her spirit, and from her senses take
Their equipoise, and that clear cheerfulness,
Which are a throne's most beauteous ornaments.
This consciousness 'tis purposed to avert.

Almerik —
This is the reason, then, why she lives here,
Secluded from the world and all who might
Betray to her the secret of her loss?

Bertrand —
'Tis even so. This valley, locked within
The heart of yonder mountains of Vaucluse,
Is from the eye of all intruders safe.
You know, it is King René's chief delight
To tend and cultivate his plants and flowers.
Thus all you see was by himself arranged;
And with the trees and shrubs his daughter grew.
Here knows she every spot — unerringly
Can find her way about without a guide.
Nor has her education been o'erlooked;

She weaves, spins, tends her garden plots, and is
Forever occupied, and ever cheerful.
Songs makes she too, and sings at leisure hours.

Almerik —
Makes songs?

Bertrand — Aye, she makes songs. The king himself
Taught her the cunning of the troubadours;
And ne'er a master of them all need blush
To own the verses which her fancy weaves.

Almerik —
All this I can explain and understand;
Yet how she ne'er suspects her blindness, I
Can scarce conceive. No — this must be delusion!

Martha —
Such it appears to you, whose eyesight serves
As a sure guide to every step you take.
Involuntarily you turn your gaze
Towards every sound that stirs. Even in the dark,
The accustomed light with fancied gleam deceives you;
But he who, from his earliest infancy,
From birth, mayhap, hath lacked the power of sight,
How shall he deem his fellow-creatures see?
What's sight to him? What can he comprehend
Of all that wondrous power that's in the eye?
Yet, as with ease we master by its aid
All that surrounds us, so the blind do hold
Hearing, touch, feeling, the air's soft impress,
And other means innumerable, at command,
Which are to us incomprehensible.
This shall yourself observe, as I have said,
Before you have been long with Iolanthe.

Almerik —
Now, by the mass, I long to see this wonder!
Yet one thing more, that puzzles me, explain:
She lives alone with you, apart from all;
Is this secluded valley all her world?

Bertrand —
You err, to think that Iolanthe is
So lonely, so forlorn. Behind these mountains
Lies, as you know, the convent of St. Clara;
And oftentimes the abbess and the nuns
Come here to visit her: her father, too,
Brings with him stranger guests from time to time.

Almerik —
And so she lacks for naught, and is content

If but some stranger on occasion come?
Of all the wealth the world to us presents,
Of all its glories, she surmiseth naught?
Does she not question you?

Martha — That is a point
On which 'tis not so easy to reply.
It may be she suppresses many a thought.
She knows there is an entrance to this vale,
Hears the bell sound when any one arrives,
Brightens to hear it, and in silence waits,
With ear intent. Yet doth she never ask
Where is the entrance, whitherward it leads;
For she has heard that there are many things
She must not ask, but leave to years to teach.
So 'tis with children. Speak to them of God,
Of power omnipotent, of another life,
And mark how they will listen, opening wide
Their little eyes in wonder, as some doubt —
A passing shade — is painted on their looks;
And then, at last, with touching faith, accept
For truth the things they may not comprehend.
So now for Iolanthe the whole world
Is one vast mystery, which she oft would pierce.
Then will her father or the abbess say,
"Rest thee content, my child — thou art too young;
Some future time thou'lt comprehend it all."
In this she piously confides; nor dreams
She wants the eyes' clear sight to compass all
The splendors of this goodly universe.
May it not be, sir, while we darkly muse
Upon our life's mysterious destinies,
That we in blindness walk, like Iolanthe,
Unconscious that true vision is not ours?
Yet is that faith our hope's abiding star.

Almerik —
In this, good Martha, hast thou truly spoken.
But tell me, where is Iolanthe now?

Bertrand —
She sleeps.

Almerik — How! Sleeps! And now?

Bertrand — For just one hour,
By the physician's order, every day.
Yes, 'tis no soft and natural sleep; indeed,
I'm puzzled sorely what to think of it.
By strange and uncouth words, and singular signs,

Does Ebn Jahia charm her to repose;
Then doth he place upon her breast a stone,
A talisman or amulet, belike,
And only when he has removed the gem,
Does she awake again. I will confess,
This troubles me.

Almerik — Yet may we strongly trust
In Ebn Jahia's skill.

Bertrand — There lies my hope.

[*The bell rings.*

Martha —
Bertrand, the bell!

Bertrand — Nay, then, it is the king.

[*Exit through the concealed door.*

Almerik —
Comes the king often hither?

Martha — Yes, when he
Has fixed his quarters at the neighboring palace,
We see him frequently. At times, however,
Whole months will pass without his coming here.

Almerik —
Knows Iolanthe, then, it is the king?

Martha —
No, she does not, and that is well remembered.
She has no thought of that. She calls him father,
We others call him Raymbaud — such the name
Of one that was a famous troubadour.

Almerik —
Break off! The king!

Scene II.

King René, Ebn Jahia, *and* Bertrand *enter through the concealed door.* Almerik, Martha.

René — Martha, I bring thee here
Good Ebn Jahia. As I learn, he hath
Been here to-day already once before.
How goes it now?

Martha — Even to a wish, my liege.

René —
All that the leech enjoined thou hast fulfilled?
Neglected nothing? Has Iolanthe lain
With eyes close bandaged every night?

Martha — She has.

René [*to* Ebn Jahia] —
That was a perilous venture. It is strange
She bears it. Yet the chance was fortunate
That the bee stung her on the temple lately;
This served us for a plausible pretext.
Ah! sure the little bee deceived itself.
In this fair world, that's tended by her care,
Where, like a flower, she grows amidst her flowers,
The insect, dazzled by the flagrant bloom,
Deemed that it nestled in a rose's bud.
Forgive me! It is sinful thus to speak
Of mine own child. But now no more of this.
Thou long'st to see the fruitage of thy skill.
Go, then, to Iolanthe. Bertrand! Martha!
Follow him in; perchance he may require you.
[Ebn Jahia *exit into the house, followed by* Bertrand *and* Martha.
Now, Almerik, tell me, wert thou not amazed
To see this valley so serene and still?
Was it not so — a little paradise?
Almerik —
Indeed it is!
René — Oh, had it been my fate,
Here, in the midst of all that most I love,
Of beauty, science, art, to spend my days,
How gladly then had I foregone, forever,
Naples, Lorraine, and this long, bitter strife
With Vaudemont!
Almerik — This strife is now healed up,
And you expect Count Tristan here erelong.
Then all shall end in peace.
René — I hope it may!
And this my hope has daily gained in strength.
I told you — did I not? — that I expected
Geoffrey of Orange. He resided long
At Tristan's castle. The Count's teacher he
In minstrelsy and poetry and song.
The youthful Count, so Geoffrey tells me, owns
A happy turn for poesy — a sense
Refined and gentle, with a mind of rare
Endowment and capacity of thought.
He sang to me a Sirventese, writ
By Tristan, nobly felt, and couched in words
Of a rare beauty. This I needs must own,
Though he be minded hostilely to me,

And would with grasping hand usurp Lorraine.
But hush! I hear a voice.
[*Goes to the house and looks in at the door*] —
See, Ebn Jahia
Has wakened her! Slowly her eyes she raises;
She speaks — yet speaks as in a dream, while he
Looks down observantly into her eyes.
Now doth he lay the amulet once more
Upon her bosom — and she sleeps again.
Almerik —
How singular!
René — Most singular! This Moor
Possesses powers that fill me with alarm.
He comes. Now leave us, Almerik. Yet stay!
Hence to the palace. Here I must remain.
Soon as a letter comes from Tristan, haste
And bring it here to me.
Almerik — Adieu, my liege.
[*Exit as* EBN JAHIA *enters from the house.*
René —
My Ebn Jahia, com'st thou like the dove
That bears the olive branch? Thou lookest grave,
And, as thou art, unfathomable all.
How shall I construe what thy looks impart?
Ebn Jahia —
I have the strongest hopes, my noble liege.
René —
Is't so? Oh, thou'rt an angel sent from heaven!
Thy dusky visage, like that royal Moor's
Who knelt beside our great Redeemer's cradle,
Heralds the star shall cheer my night of gloom.
Say, Jahia, say whereon thy hope is based?
What is thy counsel, what thy purpose?
Speak!
'Tis written in a book, which late I read,
That oftentimes an unsound eye is cured
By application of the surgeon's knife.
This thou wilt never try, my Ebn Jahia;
Thou know'st the eye is a most noble part,
And canst not gain such mastery o'er thyself
As to approach my Iolanthe's eyes
With instrument of steel. Nay, thou must dread
To mar the beauty of their azure depths,
That dark, deep fount, which still, though saddened o'er,
Wells forth such glorious radiance. Oh! her eyes,

How is it possible that night should brood
On two fair orbs of such transcendent sheen?

Ebn Jahia —

Nay, be at ease! You need not fear for this.
'Twould aid us little, should I have recourse
To instruments.

René — What is thy purpose, then?

Ebn Jahia —

Your pardon, good my lord! my treatment is
A mystery, like all my leech's craft;
It scarce would serve my purpose to divulge it.
'Tis not the fruitage of a moment's growth;
No, but the slow result of wakeful years,
Shaped — step by step conducted to one point,
Whereat, so speed it, Heaven! it shall succeed;
Aye, and succeed it must, this very day,
Or fail forever.

René — How! This very day?

Ebn Jahia —

Soon as the sun has sunk beneath the hills,
And a soft twilight spreads along the vale,
Such as her eyes, still to the light unused,
May bear with safety, I will test my plan.

René —

Ah, Ebn Jahia, prithee, not to-day!
From day to day, from hour to hour, have I,
With restless eagerness, looked onward for
This moment; and alas! now it hath come,
My heart grows faint, and wishes it away.
Think what I peril! When the sun goes down,
My fairest hope, perchance, goes down with it.
Thou'rt wrapt in thought. Art thou content to pause?

Ebn Jahia —

I will not wait.

René — Then tell me, dost thou fear?
Art thou not certain of the issue? Thou
Didst put to question yonder silent stars,
From which thy potent art can wring response.
What was their answer? tell me, Ebn Jahia.
The horoscope — was't happy?

Ebn Jahia — Yes, it was.
I told you so already. Yet the stars
Inclinant, non necessitant. They influence
The fortunes of mankind, yet do they not
Rule Nature's laws with absolute control.

Rest thee at ease; I have no fear for this.
Another hindrance menaces my skill.

René —
A hindrance?

Ebn Jahia — One, my liege, I apprehend,
Which you will find it hard to obviate.
Iolanthe, ere I bend me to my task,
Must comprehend what she till now has lacked —
Must learn this very day that she is blind.

René —
No, Ebn Jahia, no; this cannot be!

Ebn Jahia —
It must be, or my skill is powerless.

René —
No, no! oh, never! never! Thou wilt not
Constrain me to this monstrous cruelty,
And strip her all at once, with sudden wrench,
Of that unconsciousness has been her blessing;
Not slowly, by degrees, but all at once,
Force on her tender soul this fearful truth?
And if the cure should fail us after all?
Hast thou forgot how we, year after year,
With care almost incredible, have watched
To keep from her this melancholy truth?
This course thyself suggested, showing me
The difficult road which I was bound to follow.
Now, wilt thou raze the fabric thou hast reared?
Say, wherefore, wherefore?

Ebn Jahia — I will tell you wherefore,
So please you lend a favoring ear the while.
You deem, belike, our sense of vision rests
Within the eye; yet is it but a means.
From the soul's depths the power of vision flows,
And those fine nerves, that on the eye converge,
From the brain's secret workshop emanate.
Iolanthe must be conscious of her state —
Her inward eye must first be opened ere
The light can pour upon the outward sense.
A want must be developed in her soul;
A feeling that anticipates the light —
A craving sense; for know, my noble liege,
That nothing e'er is on mankind bestowed,
Unless for it he feel necessity.
Deep in his soul a yearning must arise
For a contentment, which it strives to win.

Let me, for you, exemplar, take from what
Your studies make familiar. That fair art —
That joyous science of sweet poesy,
Which is so widely famed throughout Provence —
Mankind receive it by the Muses' favor:
Is it not so? But how? Do all receive it?
No; only he within whose bosom dwelt,
As in a dream, a bright poetic world,
And who hath yearned for it with quenchless love.

René —

I'll not contest with thee, good Ebn Jahia!
I may not cope with thee in lore profound;
Yet pity's voice speaks loudly in my heart,
And drowns thy arguments with mightier tones.
I cannot do it! No, it may not be!

Ebn Jahia —

E'en as you will. I only can advise,
And if you will not trust to my advice,
Then I am useless here. So, fare ye well!
Hence to the convent, I! There you will find me,
If your resolve shall alter. Yet, bethink you:
Sink but the sun behind yon mountain tops,
My utmost skill cannot again avail.

[*Exit through the concealed door.*

René —

Oh, dreadful strait! And I so dearly bought
A hope, which yet so soon may be undone!
Shall I destroy at once her cheerful mood,
Convert it into comfortless despair,
And see her youth grow pale by slow degrees,
Wither and die in mournful consciousness?
No! This is Jahia's obstinacy merely;
He yet shall yield. I will not rest until
He hears me, and submits to my desire.

[*Exit after* Ebn Jahia *as* Martha *and* Bertrand *enter.*

Martha —

The king gone hence, and, as it seemed, in wrath,
And Ebn Jahia nowhere to be seen!
What has occurred?

Bertrand — Indeed, Heaven only knows!
Yet am I ill at ease, as matters stand:
And Ebn Jahia, I do fear me much,
Will fail us at the last.

Martha — Nay, think ye so?

Bertrand —
Heaven grant that I be wrong! Yet like I not
The dark and moody nature of the man;
And, to be frank with you, I feel a dread
Of one endowed with such mysterious power.
There lies the child upon her couch, as though
Life were extinct; one motion of his hand,
And sleep, as if by magic, seals her eyes.
This is not, cannot come to good!
Martha — Content thee,
Nor thus torment thyself with causeless fears.
Thou knowest well, that when her sleep is o'er,
And from her breast the amulet removed,
She beams afresh in bright and blooming health.
Is it not marvelous, how this strange sleep
Strengthens her more, much more, than sleep at night —
Gives vigor, and enlivens every sense?
Yea, even her eyes, as I have noted oft,
Are deepened in their luster when she wakes,
As though the rays of light had found a way
Into their orbs, while she lay slumbering:
This is, I trust, a favorable sign.
Bertrand —
Well, well, thou may'st be right; and time will show! —
Let us away! Much yet is to be done
Among our people yonder in the field.
We may withdraw from Iolanthe now:
She sleeps, and cannot wake till our return.
[*Exeunt behind the house.*

Scene III.

Tristan *of Vaudemont*, Geoffrey *of Orange, each with a cithern slung upon his shoulder.*

Geoffrey [*stopping in front of the concealed door*] —
Look to your steps! 'tis dark as at midnight here!
Tristan —
Push onward! Stay — here is a door!
Geoffrey — A door?
Tristan —
Patience! A bolt — it yields! What do I see?
[*Both enter.*
Geoffrey —
Heavens! What a gust of exquisite perfume!

Tristan —
A garden! Here — shrined in the mountain waste!
What beauty, too, — what order! Only look!
Geoffrey —
I am amazed!
Tristan — What man is he that owns
This witching spot? You know the country well,
And dwell hard by.
Geoffrey — Indeed, I cannot say.
Of such a paradise I never dreamed.
A garden of the tropics — studded o'er
With all rare flowers! Behold the lofty palms!
Tristan —
The mansion rising through — how beautiful!
Half hid with ivy and the clambering rose!
And yet, its inmates?
Geoffrey — Not a soul see I.
I could be sworn, this paradise arose
In some fair summer night, when Dian gave
One golden hour to her Endymion,
Veiling beneath these rocks their fearful joys!
But its inhabitants have taken flight.
Tristan —
Nay, here be many signs of human hands,
Fair, I'll be sworn, and gentle. Here — see here
Fresh footmarks on the pathway!
Geoffrey — You are right.
A tiny foot and dainty! Let us on!
By following this we scarce can go amiss.
Observe, it leads right onwards to the house!
Tristan —
No, let us wait till somebody appears.
We should be most discourteous. Bad enough
That we have come thus far without consent!
Geoffrey —
Well, as you please. So our luck fails us not,
I'll tax my courtesy, and wait in patience,
For, in good sooth, luck hath been ours indeed —
Hath it not, Tristan? See, how things have fallen:
As near the convent idly on we strolled,
Whiling the time with interchange of song,
I chanced to spy King René passing near,
Rapt in close talk with the Cordovan leech.
To 'scape his glance, you drag me after you,
And, hurrying on o'er rock and wilderness,

Here, at the mountain's base, we chance upon
Yon secret passage, craftily contrived.
Following it up, awhile we grope about
In darkness, and, in short, have landed here.
But tell me, now, what motive prompted you
So to avoid the king? To meet him, 'twas
That you came here. You urged me to attend
Upon you at the interview to-morrow;
And you — 'tis known familiarly to all —
You have been long affianced to his daughter.

Tristan —

Affianced! Yes, they say so! Yet was I
Scarce nine years old when I was thus betrothed.
My father made the terms with Burgundy,
When we a truce concluded with the king.
But, Geoffrey, now I'm grown to riper years;
And as this contract, in the full career
Of victory, wronged and robbed me of my rights,
So on this marriage look I now with hate.
Unwillingly I came; unwillingly
In this vile business I am like to move.

Geoffrey —

I grieve to hear it, for King René's sake.
For many a day, I know, his joy has been
The goodly promise of these nuptial ties.

Tristan —

Goodly to him they may be, I believe.
Know you his daughter?

Geoffrey — No; she has been reared
In some far Spanish convent, and came home
Here to her father but to meet with you.
But let us, friend, bethink us where we are!
We forced our way in, and, it must be owned,
The spot is charming. But the question now
Is, can we quite as easily retire?

Tristan —

Nay, never fear.

Geoffrey — Would you not, then, find out
Whether this mansion hath inhabitants?
Assail the door! — shall I, then?

Tristan — Nay, let me!
In case some demon lord it in this place.
'Tis just, the danger first should light on me,
Whose charge it was that lured you on to it.

[*Knocks at the door*] —

No — no one comes!

Geoffrey — Try if the door will open.
Tristan —
It gives not way.
Geoffrey — Press harder; it will yield!
Tristan —
So be it, then!
[*Opens the door*] — Heavens, Geoffrey, what a form!
Geoffrey —
Some spirit?
Tristan — How! A spirit? Yes, methinks
One of the radiant ministers of light!
Look!
Geoffrey [*looking in*] —
A fair girl upon a dainty couch
Surely she sleeps!
Tristan — She sleeps. Her breathing heaves
Her bosom gently — gently sinks it down.
See, now a smile is hovering on her lips,
As though she dreamt of our bewilderment.
Geoffrey —
I pray you, Tristan, let us fly from hence!
This witching vision doth disturb my soul —
Too witching all, and all too beautiful.
This is some wizard's castle — let us away!
Come! Mystic serpents threaten us, I know.
Tristan, where are you rapt? All heavenly powers!
He's charmed already! Rooted to the earth
He stands, and stares on her. Oh, Tristan, come!
Tristan —
Speak softly, Geoffrey, for a breath might wake her!
Speak softly! 'Twere a sin to break the calm,
The holy stillness, which her slumber sheds
On everything around!
Geoffrey — Oh, hear me! hear me!
Tristan —
Hush! Not a word, I say! This place is holy!
[*Kneels, bending forward with outstretched arms towards the open door.*
Oh, be not angry, that with eyes profane
I have intruded on thy resting-place!
Geoffrey —
Rise up! I tremble for you! You are caught
In an enchanter's spell. The vision is
Some cheating phantom. Follow me!
Tristan — I cannot.

Geoffrey —
Then do not kneel there like a marble block!
Tush! be a man. If hence you will not fly,
At least command your spirits! Let us learn
Who this fair creature is. Awake her!
Tristan — No!
That were a sin!
Geoffrey — If you will not, I will. [*Enters.*
Tristan —
Audacious man! He calls to her — hark! hark!
How now — he clasps her hand —
Geoffrey [*rushing out*] — Away! away!
She cannot wake. Her senses are enthralled
By some dark demon's necromantic spells.
Oh, come! I quake for fear! We've rudely broke
Into a holy place — 'twill be our death!
Tristan —
A holy place! You name it well. But it
Imports not death, but life. Well, well, no matter!
Come, let us quit this consecrated ground,
Which wrongly we intruded on. She sleeps.
It is unchivalrous to tarry —
Geoffrey — Come!
Tristan —
Yet stay! I'll grant myself one little look,
One moment by her side, to scan her face,
Then follow you anon. [*Enters.*
Geoffrey — See there — he kneels!
Upon her hand imprints one gentle kiss.
How he surveys her! There — he hath unclasped
A ribbon from her neck, and bears it off!
Now, Heav'n be praised, he comes to me again.
Tristan [*returns*] —
Now have I graven deeply on my heart
Her beauteous form. It cannot vanish now.
Aye, let us hence, and dread this witchery!
Yet did I vow to seek this spot again,
And, if I erred not, with a gracious smile
She heard my vow, and blessed it in her dreams.
See, Geoffrey, I have ta'en this ornament,
A gem of price, that lay upon her breast.
Like Jesse's son, who from the sleeping Saul
Took of his robe a fragment, for a sign
That in his hands the monarch's life had been.
So may this jewel likewise testify

That I was here, and that my life was placed
Within her hand, even while she lay in sleep.
Come, Geoffrey!

[*Returns with* GEOFFREY *towards the concealed door, as* IOLANTHE *appears at the door of the house.*

SCENE IV.

TRISTAN, GEOFFREY, IOLANTHE.

Notwithstanding IOLANTHE'S *blindness, all her movements are unconstrained and decided. Only now and then a listening attitude, with a slight motion of the hand, as though she were feeling before her, betrays the want of sight. Her eyes are open, but frequently bent downwards, and with little motion in them.*

Iolanthe [*at the door*] — Martha! Bertrand!
Tristan — Ha! 'tis she!
Iolanthe —
Sure, some one spoke!
[*Advances*] — Who's there?
Tristan — A stranger, who
Implores forgiveness, that he rudely broke
Your and this place's sanctified repose.
Iolanthe —
Give me thy hand. Thou never hast been here!
Nor do I even know thy voice. Didst speak
With Bertrand or with Martha on the way?
Tristan —
I spoke with no one. Accident alone
Hath led me hither.
Geoffrey [*aside to* TRISTAN] —
Ask about Bertrand!
Iolanthe [*listening*] —
And whom hast thou brought with thee?
Tristan — 'Tis my friend,
A troubadour and knight, who dwells hard by.
Iolanthe —
You both are truly welcome. Will you not
Go in with me? 'Tis cool and fresher there.
Geoffrey [*quickly*] —
Nay, so you please, we'll tarry where we are.
[*Aside to* TRISTAN] —
'Tis safer so, methinks!

Iolanthe [*still holding* TRISTAN'S *hand*] — Thy hand is warm —
I feel the pulse's throb. Hath not the heat
Oppressed thee by the way? Art thou not thirsty?
Wait, and I'll bring thee forth a cup of wine.
[*Goes into the house.*

Tristan —
Oh, what a lovely being! What dignity,
What gracious gentleness in every feature!
And her sweet voice!

Geoffrey — A wondrous voice, indeed!
That fascinates the heart at unawares,
And binds it utterly in softest thrall!
Of noble birth she is, beyond all question;
Yet — some precaution cannot be amiss.
Drink not the wine, dear Tristan, when it comes.

Tristan —
I would drink death, if from her hand, with joy!
[IOLANTHE *comes back with a flagon and cup.*

Iolanthe —
Here is the wine my father always drinks.
It is too strong for me; but will you taste it?
[*Fills the cup and presents it to* TRISTAN.

Tristan [*as he drinks*] —
This to thy happiness, thou lovely maid!

Iolanthe —
Give now thy friend the cup, if he desires it.
I will go gather fruit for you — some dates
And grapes, or any other fruit you will.
[*Plucks fruit, and places it in a basket which she has taken from the table.*

Tristan [*giving* GEOFFREY *the cup*] —
There, Geoffrey, drink!

Geoffrey — Have you felt nothing strange —
No lassitude — no — ?

Tristan — Nothing. Never fear!

Geoffrey —
It *is* wine, then?
[*Drinks*] — Right Malvoisie, by Heavens!
No better drinks King René's self, I trow.
[*Drinks again*] —
Ha, what a wine! Where we such nectar find,
In sooth, no demon can have mastery!

Iolanthe [*rejoins them*] —
Here I have fruits, so please you taste of them.
I'll place them on the table.

Geoffrey — Beauteous lady,
Already you so truly have refreshed us,
And in this cup have ministered a wine
So rare, and so delicious, we might deem,
And with best cause, our entertainment came
From some most wealthy, aye, and noble house.
Beauty and wine the loadstars are of song.
Then lend a friendly ear unto my words,
Which, lightly woven into a lay, unfold
At once our homage and our gratitude.

[*Sings, accompanying himself on his cithern*] —

The eagle we tell
By his sweep full well,
As proudly afar in the clouds he soars;
And the nightingale
By the trilling wail
Her throat in the dewy May time pours.

By valor and skill,
And a temperate will,
The knight approveth his worth to all;
And deftly to sing,
With sweet minstreling.
Makes troubadour honored in bower and hall.
[*Changes the measure.*
But when amid gentles and ladies gay,
His echoing harp he raises,
And seeks by the flow of his tuneful lay
To win him their guerdons, their praises;
And when with the goblet the foot-page fine
His carol hath cheerly greeted,
Full soon doth he note, by the noble wine,
'Neath a noble's roof he's seated.

Iolanthe —
The song is beautiful, and doth bespeak
A cunning high and rare.
Tristan — My friend is famed
Among Provence's younger troubadours.
Iolanthe [*to* TRISTAN] —
Art thou, too, gifted with the power of song?
Tristan —
Ah, I am but a novice; yet methinks
Your gentleness doth make me bold to sing.
Then pray you for the deed accept the will.

[*Sings, preluding each verse with a few notes of the cithern*] —

I came where the echoing city lay,
And over the mountains I took my way,
Weary and darkling, by rock and by lea;
When a valley burst suddenly on my sight,
Basking and beaming in sunshine bright,
And gemmed with all beautiful flowers that be.

Here all was still. No sweet bird's note
On my listening ear in the silence smote —
No sound, or of man or of life arose;
And, as in some temple's most sacred hall,
In this vale of enchantment fair seemed all
To be lulled for aye in a charmed repose.

A door flew wide, and a form of light
Beamed, like a star, on my wondering sight;
Like a dewy rosebud oppressed with sleep,
Which a wizard's wand had over it thrown,
Didst thou seem to me, thou lovely one,
And all things anear thee a hush did keep.

The zephyr dreams on thy pearly cheek,
The flame on the hearth burns faint and weak,
The palm trees drowsily droop their crest;
For all things have life through thee alone,
For all things will only be thine own,
And close their eyelids when thine do rest.

Thou didst awake, and a soul of life,
Through air, and through flower and grove, grew rife,
As though a sunbeam their sleep had broke!
Oh, gentle rose, take to thy heart,
As the homage pure of my faltering art,
The lay which thy beauty to being woke!

Iolanthe [*to* TRISTAN, *after a pause, in which she stands absorbed, with her hand upon her forehead*] —
Lend me the cithern.

[*After preluding upon the instrument, she sings, accompanying herself with occasional chords*] —

Highly be honored
The stranger guest,
Who comes with a blithesome
And cordial heart, —

Brings us a treasure
Of story and measure,
And fills us with silent and wondering pleasure!

Yet higher than all
Be honor to him,
The guest who doth bring us
Song linked to the lyre;
Who living thoughts, woven
In melody, pours,
And on winged words freely and joyously soars!

With the minstrel enters
An influence holy
Under our portals;
While that he singeth,
Listens the air,
Hushed are the flowerets,
And, lowly inclining,
Stay their sweet breathing to list to the strain.

You, O ye strangers,
You who came hither
With harp and with song,
With me dividing
Your soul's inspiration,
You do I thank!
Ah! I so feeble,
I could not fathom
All that you sang.
Novel and strange,
Strange as yourselves,
It swept me along, the light-wingèd song;

Here in the valley,
Deep in the thicket,
Oftentimes nestleth
A stranger bird;
And in the evening,
Dreamlike and still,
Her song from the leaves doth the nightingale trill.

No one can teach me
To sweep the guitar,
Till it throbs like her song.
No one can give me

Her rapturous strain,
That lifted my soul on its pinions again.

Whence, O ye strangers,
Cometh your song?
Say, is its home there,
Where, as I deem,
Fond aspirations,
Yearning and sighs,
In the slumberous silence of evening arise?

Say, have the airy
Tenants of ether
Taught you their strains?
Strains so enchanting,
Flowing so wildly;
Strains that have freighted
My dreams with delight;
Strains full of story,
Lifelike and clear;
Strains that gave glory
To all that is near!

Geoffrey —
What lofty poesy!
Tristan [*to* IOLANTHE] — To the nightingale
You have compared our song. Oh, were I but
The meanest. tiniest of yonder birds,
That build their nests anigh your dwelling-place,
And evermore might list the lovely strains
That do inspire your breast!
Geoffrey — Oh, noble lady,
There is one question — pray you pardon it! —
Which musing wonder forces to my lips:
You live here from the world cut off, and none
Of all the knights and ladies of Provence
Your rare perfections e'er have heard or known;
What line so blest can claim you for its child —
And who your father?
Iolanthe — How! Not know my father?
That gives me wonder; for none e'er come here
Who know not him.
Geoffrey — I pray you, what his name?
Iolanthe —
The rest do call him Raymbaud.

Geoffrey — Raymbaud? Raymbaud?
Is he a knight?
Iolanthe — A knight?
Geoffrey — Or warrior?
Wears he a helm, and shield, and golden spurs?
What his pursuits?
Iolanthe — That have I ne'er inquired.
Geoffrey —
Why are you pent up here so close?
Iolanthe [*surprised*] — So close?
Geoffrey —
Aye, close and lonely?
Iolanthe — Lonely I am not.
There you do much mistake.
Geoffrey — Yet no one's here?
Iolanthe —
No, no one's here. You're right; I cannot guess
How this should be. I never am alone.
But only wait, and I will summon Bertrand.
He will be truly glad that you are come.
[*Exit into the house.*
Geoffrey —
Now 'twill be seen who is this valley's lord.
Yet can I not subdue the rising thought
That some dark mystery is here on foot,
Which he that owns this valley will be loath
That we should pry into. You cannot fail
To note how cunningly yon door is covered
With moss, and stones, and branches, that, when closed,
It scarce may be distinguished from the rock.
Take my advice, and tarry near the door.
I will but wait till some one comes, and then
Betake me straightway to the mountain pass,
To keep the entrance clear for our escape.
Some of your people I may chance to meet.
Should aught appear amiss, I will return
Upon the moment. Do you hear me, Tristan?
Tristan —
Aye, aye! Go, go! There!
Geoffrey — Is your heart enchained?
Has this young beauty quite enchanted you?
Tristan —
No, I am ill at ease. My head's confused;
I almost think this tranquil valley is
That goal for which I've panted all my days;

That here, at length, my restless, soaring pride
Shall find its true repose.
Geoffrey [*gravely*] — I prithee, friend,
Remember that King René waits for you.
Tristan —
What is King René, or his hopes, to me?
What! For a province, which by law and right
Is truly mine, by our good swords achieved,
Shall I, in my youth's holiday, be chained
To his daughter — to a girl whom no one knows —
Whom no one e'er hath seen — whilst I —
Geoffrey — You rave!
This fit will pass. But now you are bewitched:
Stifle this feverish passion in your breast.
Tristan —
Could I do that, I were bewitched indeed.
Geoffrey —
Hush! Hush! Some one approaches.
[IOLANTHE *returns from the house.*
Iolanthe — Are you here?
Geoffrey —
Wilt lead us to the master of the house?
Iolanthe —
Alas! they are all gone, and no one came
In answer to my call. They have forsook me.
Tristan —
But they will come again.
Iolanthe — Yes; thou art right —
They have gone forth, I warrant, to the vintage.
I, too, at times go with them. But, when not,
There still is some one with me.
Geoffrey [*to* TRISTAN] — You stay here?
Tristan —
I will.
Geoffrey — So be it, while I go watch the pass.

[*Exit, bowing to* IOLANTHE, *who does not return the salutation.*

Iolanthe [*listening*] —
Goes thy friend hence?
Tristan — He will return anon.
Your pardon now — let me atone a fault
I have committed; but oh, chide me not!
As you lay sleeping, from your breast I took
An ornament, as a memorial token.
'Tis here!

Iolanthe — Where? where?

[TRISTAN *gives her the amulet.*

An ornament — and mine?

Tristan —

Yes; I conjecture so.

Iolanthe — It is not mine;

But I will ask of Martha. [*Lays the amulet on the table.*

Tristan — In its stead

Pray give me one of yonder blushing roses,
That rear their petals, fairest 'mongst all flow'rs,
As though they were the counterfeit of thee!

Iolanthe —

A rose? Oh, willingly!

[*Plucks and gives him a white rose.*

Tristan — Ah, it is white!

Give me the red one, that is fair as thou!

Iolanthe —

What meanest thou? — a red one?

Tristan [*pointing*] — One of these.

Iolanthe —

Take it thyself!

Tristan — No; let me keep the rose
Which thou hast chosen, which thy fair hand has gathered;
And in good sooth I do applaud thy choice.
For the white rose, within whose calyx sleeps
A faint and trembling ruddiness, betypes
The dreamlike beauty of this garden fair.
Give me another rose — a white one, too;
Then with the twin flowers will I deck my cap.
And wear them as thy colors evermore.

Iolanthe [*plucks and gives him a red rose*] —

Here is a rose; meanest thou one like this?

Tristan [*starts*] —

I asked thee for a white rose.

Iolanthe — Well, and this?

Tristan —

Why this?

[*Aside*] — What thought comes o'er me?

[*Aloud*] — Nay, then, tell me

[*Holds up the two roses, along with another which he has himself gathered*] —

How many roses have I in my hand?

Iolanthe [*stretches out her hand towards them*] —

Give me them, then.

Tristan — Nay, tell me without touching.

Iolanthe —
How can I so?
Tristan [*aside*] — Alas! alas! she's blind!
[*Aloud, and with a faltering voice*] —
Nay, I am sure you know.
Iolanthe — No; you mistake.
If I would know how anything is shaped,
Or what its number, I must touch it first.
Is not this clear?
Tristan [*confused*] — Yes, certainly; you're right.
And yet sometimes —
Iolanthe —
Well, well! — sometimes?
Speak! speak!
Tristan —
I think there are — that there are certain things
Which we distinguish by their hues alone,
As various kinds of flowers, and various stuffs.
Iolanthe —
Thou mean'st by this their character, their form:
Is it not so?
Tristan — Nay, not exactly that.
Iolanthe —
Is it so hard, then, to distinguish flowers?
Are not the roses round, and soft, and fine,
Round to the feeling, as the zephyr's breath,
And soft and glowing as a summer's eve?
Are gilliflowers like roses? No; their scent
Bedizzies, like the wine I gave to thee.
And then a cactus — are its arrowy points
Not stinging, like the wind when frosts are keen?
Tristan [*aside*] —
Amazement!
[*Aloud*] — Have they never told thee, then,
That objects, things, can be distinguished, though
Placed at a distance — with the aid — of sight?
Iolanthe —
At distance? Yes! I by his twittering know
The little bird that sits upon the roof,
And, in like fashion, all men by their voice.
The sprightly steed whereon I daily ride,
I know him in the distance by his pace,
And by his neigh. Yet — with the help of sight?
They told me not of that. An instrument
Fashioned by art, or but a tool, perhaps?

I do not know this sight. Canst teach me, then,
Its use and purposes?

Tristan [*aside*] — O almighty powers!
She does not know or dream that she is blind.

Iolanthe [*after a pause*] —
Whence art thou? Thou dost use so many words
I find impossible to understand;
And in thy converse, too, there is so much
For me quite new and strange! Say! is the vale
Which is thy home so very different
From this of ours? Then stay, if stay thou canst,
And teach me all that I am wanting in.

Tristan —
No, O thou sweet and gracious lady, no!
I cannot teach what thou art wanting in.

Iolanthe —
Didst thou but choose, I do believe thou couldst.
They tell me I am tractable and apt.
Many, who erewhile have been here, have taught me
Now this, now that, which readily I learned.
Make but the trial. I am very sure
Thou hat'st me not. Thy tones are mild and gentle.
Thou wilt not say me "nay" when I entreat.
Oh, speak! I'm all attention when thou speakest.

Tristan —
Alas! attention here will stead thee little.
Yet — tell me one thing. Thou hast surely learned
That of thy lovely frame there is no part
Without its purpose, or without its use.
Thy hand and fingers serve to grasp at much;
Thy foot, so tiny as it is, with ease
Transports thee wheresoe'er thy wishes point;
The sound of words, the tone, doth pierce the soul
Through the ear's small and tortuous avenues;
The stream of language gushes from thy lips;
Within thy breast abides the delicate breath,
Which heaves, unclogged with care, and sinks again.

Iolanthe —
All this I've noted well. Prithee, go on.

Tristan —
Then tell me, to what end doth thou suppose
Omnipotence hath gifted thee with eyes?
Of what avail to thee are those twin stars,
That sparkle with such wondrous brilliancy,
They scorn to grasp the common light of day?

Iolanthe [*touches her eyes, then muses for a little*] —
You ask of what avail? — how can you ask?
And yet I ne'er have given the matter thought.
My eyes! my eyes! 'Tis easy to perceive.
At eve, when I am weary, slumber first
Droops heavy on my eyes, and thence it spreads
O'er all my body, with no thought of mine,
As feeling vibrates from each finger's tip.
Thus, then, I know my eyes avail me much.
And hast not thou experience had enough,
Wherein thine eyes can minister to thee?
Only the other morn, as I was planting
A little rosebush here, a nimble snake
Leapt out and bit me in the finger; then
With the sharp pain I wept. Another time,
When I had pined for many tedious days,
Because my father was detained from home,
I wept for very gladness when he came!
Through tears I gave my bursting heart relief,
And at mine eyes it found a gushing vent.
Then never ask me, unto what avail
Omnipotence hath gifted me with eyes,
Through them, when I am weary, comes repose;
Through them my sorrow's lightened; and through them
My joy is raised to rapture.
Tristan — Oh, forgive me!
The question was most foolish; for in thee
Is such an inward radiancy of soul,
Thou hast no need of that which by the light
We through the eye discern. Say, shall I deem
That thou of some unheard-of race art sprung,
Richly endowed with other powers then we?
Thou livest lonely here — this valley, too,
Seems conjured forth by magic 'mongst the hills.
Hast thou come hither from the golden East,
With Peris in thy train? Or art thou one
Of Brahma's daughters, and from Ind hast been
Transported hither by a sorcerer?
O beautiful unknown! if thou be'st sprung
Of mortal men, who call the earth their mother,
Be thou to life's so transitory joys
Susceptible as I, and deign to look
With favor on a knight's devoted love!
Hear this his vow: No woman shall efface
(Stand she in birth and beauty ne'er so high)
The image thou hast stamped upon my soul!

Iolanthe [*after a pause*] —
Thy words are laden with a wondrous power.
Say, from what master didst thou learn the art,
To charm, by words, which yet are mysteries?
Meseemed as though I trod some path alone,
Which I had never trod before; and yet
All seems to me — all, all that thou hast said —
So godlike, so enchanting! Oh, speak on —
Yet no, speak not! Rather let me in thought
Linger along the words which thou hast spoken,
That mingled pain and rapture in my soul!

Enter GEOFFREY *hurriedly.*

Geoffrey —
I see men at a distance coming hither!
Do not forget that we are here alone.
Tristan [*to* IOLANTHE] —
Now, noble maiden, must I take my leave.
Iolanthe —
Ah, no! no! Wherefore wilt thou go?
Tristan — I'll come
Again, and soon — to-day I'll come again.
Wilt thou permit me with thy hand to mark
How high I am, that, when we next shall meet,
Thou may'st distinguish me?
Iolanthe — What need of that?
I know that few resemble thee in height.
Thy utterance comes to me as from above,
Like all that's high and inconceivable.
And know I not thy tone? Like as thou speakest
None speak beside. No voice, no melody
I've known in nature, or in instrument,
Doth own a resonance so lovely, sweet,
So winning, full, and gracious as thy voice.
Trust me, I'll know thee well amidst them all!
Tristan —
Then fare thee well, until we meet once more!
Iolanthe —
There — take my hand! Farewell! Thou'lt come again —
Again, and soon? Thou know'st I wait for thee!
Tristan [*kneels and kisses her hand*] —
Oh, never doubt that I will come again.
My heart impels me hither. Though I go,
Still of my thoughts the better half remains;
And whatsoe'er is left to me of life

Yearns back to thee with evermore unrest.
Farewell!

[*Exit through the concealed door, following* GEOFFREY, *who has retired during the last speech.*

Iolanthe — Hark! there he goes! Among the hills,
From which so oft the stranger's foot resounds,
Now echoes his light step. Oh, hush! hush! hush!
I hear it now no more. Yes; there again!
But now — 'tis gone! Will he indeed return?
If he, too, like so many guests before,
Should come but this one time! Oh! no — no — no!
Did he not promise me, and pledge his vow,
He would come back to-day? The dews are falling;
Already eve draws on. Ah, no! to-day
He cannot come. Perhaps to-morrow, then?
But now it is so lonely here.

SCENE V.

IOLANTHE, MARTHA, *afterwards* KING RENÉ *and* EBN JAHIA, *then* ALMERIK.

Martha [*enters from behind the house, and advances rapidly on seeing* IOLANTHE] — Dear child!
Great Heav'n! How came you thus awake, and here?
Iolanthe —
Oh, Martha, come to me! Where have you been?
Martha —
Afield, among the servants. But explain:
Who — who awoke you?
Iolanthe — Of myself I woke.
Martha —
How! Of yourself?
Iolanthe — No otherwise know I.
But list — as yet you know not — here have been
Strange guests!
Martha — You mock me! Who were they?
Iolanthe —
Two strangers whom I did not know at all,
And who, besides, were never here before,
It was such a pity you had gone away!
Martha —
You dream, my child. Two strangers? Whence and how?
It cannot be!

Iolanthe — Whence did the strangers come?
I asked not that; for you have charged me oft,
That I with questionings should not torment
Our visitors.
Martha — Who were they, then, my child?
Iolanthe —
Indeed, I do not know.
Martha — Were you alone, then?
Iolanthe —
I called on you, but yet you heard me not.
Martha [*aside*] —
Heavens! was it possible? —
[*Aloud*] — Say on, my child!
Iolanthe —
Ah, Martha, none e'er came to us before,
Like these two strangers — like, at least, to me.
It cannot surely be, but that he comes
From some fair land of marvel, different quite
From this our land. For potent was his speech,
Yet gentle and affectionate as thine.
[KING RENÉ *and* EBN JAHIA *enter unobserved through the concealed door, and remain listening in the background.*
He gave me greeting with a song. O Martha!
A song that teemed with meanings marvelous;
It charmed the tears into mine eyes,
Although I scarcely fathomed half of what it meant.
Martha —
Be calm, my love!
[*Aside*] — What am I doomed to hear?
[*Aloud*] —
But tell me, pray, of what he spoke with thee.
Iolanthe —
Of much — oh, much! to me both new and strange;
Knowledge had he of many, many things
Whereof before I never heard. He said —
Yet I, alack! could comprehend him not —
He said, we could distinguish many things
With — with the help of sight.
Martha [*aside*] — O God!
Iolanthe — Dost thou
Know what he meant by this?
Martha [*observes the* KING *and* EBN JAHIA] —
Great Heavens! the King!
René [*advances*] — My child!

Martha and Iolanthe

Iolanthe [*falling on his neck*] —
My own beloved father, art thou here?
René —
Thy tutor, Ebn Jahia, comes with me.
Iolanthe —
He too! Where is he? Let me give you welcome!
[Ebn Jahia *gives her his hand.*
René [*takes* Martha *aside while* Ebn Jahia *converses with* Iolanthe] —
What has occurred?
Martha — O God! I do not know.
In full reliance that she could not wake
Till she was wakened up, we left the house
While she lay sleeping. But the while — so she
Maintains, although 'tis scarcely possible —
Some stranger has been here, and talked with her.
René —
Imprudent haste! When I went after him,
I did not mark to close the door behind me.
Well, Martha, and this stranger?
Martha — He has spoken,
So far as I can gather from the maze,
Wherein she still doth wander, of her blindness.
René —
How! Of her blindness! Well, 'tis Heaven's decree
That she beforehand should be made aware!
So be it! —
[*Beckons to* Ebn Jahia] —
Ebn Jahia, hast thou heard?
Ebn Jahia —
This accident was fortunate indeed.
A stranger woke her. Here upon the table
I found the amulet. Yet what she heard
Of her condition is but dark to her.
I must require that she be fully told,
As you agreed.
René — My resolution's taken.
[*Approaches* Iolanthe.
Lend me thine ear attentively, my child!
No longer may't be hidden, that thy life
Hath reached a climax that will task thy firmness.
Wilt thou with patience hear me? — patiently,
If unexpected sorrow wound thy soul,
Learn to endure this sorrow?

Iolanthe — Father, say on!
It will be less severe, if from thy lips
It come to me.
René — Then listen, Iolanthe.
I know not what the stranger said to thee;
Yet I surmise he told thee — what with care
We have till now concealed — that to thy soul
There lacks one potent instrument, to grasp
The world that round thee lies; and this is true!
For what thou lackest is the gift of sight.
Iolanthe —
Even so; and yet I understood him not.
René —
Then learn from me: there is a certain power
Which men do call the light. Like wind and storm,
It doth descend unto us from above,
And, like to these, with swiftness uncontrolled,
The objects which it touches gain a new
Significance, and a peculiar stamp,
And oftentimes with warmth 'tis closely blent.
'Tis through the eye it finds its way to us,
And by the power of seeing it we gain
A true perception of the universe,
As it went forth from the Creator's hand,
And apprehend His wisdom and His goodness.
What thou by slow degrees and toilsome pain
Hast, until now, been forced to guess, the eye
Gives us to see and recognize with ease,
By its consistence and peculiar form.
[*With emotion*] —
Early thine eye the power of vision lost,
And this fair frame of earth, this radiant realm,
To thee, my darling child, was early closed;
And all our care could scantily supply
The loss which thou in infancy sustained:
All we could do was from thee to ward
The shock and burden of intrusive cares,
And hide from thee their bitter origin.
Iolanthe —
Ah, father! These are wondrous words — to me
Incomprehensible. The universe,
How it came forth from the Creator's hand,
Knew I not that? Was this shut up from me?
How canst thou say so? My Creator, have I
Not recognized him in the universe?

Hath not the roaring blast, the zephyr's breath —
Hath not the warmth, that circles everywhere,
The earth's so fit arrangement, and its power
To nurture plants with blossoms and with fruits —
Hath not stone, metal, and the flowing streams,
The choir of sweet birds' voices, shown me well
The great Creator in the universe?
And have I not by thee, even as by all
That's dear to me, been taught to comprehend
What our Creator with the world designed?
Even I am an expression of his will.
Where'er I turn — in nature, in the speech
Of others, in the depths of mine own being,
In thoughts that spring from thoughts, an endless chain,
In all, to me the selfsame voice resounds,
And of His glory loudly testifies.

René [*aside to* Ebn Jahia] —
Ah, Ebn Jahia, this so lovely faith,
We have destroyed it!

Iolanthe — Explain one thing to me:
I with my eyes, it seems, should grasp the world.
Yon stranger, too, who lately was with me,
And whose strange words are stamped so deeply here,
He spoke of sight. What is it, then to see?
Can I, O father, see his voice, which touched
My soul with joy and sadness? Can I see
With these my eyes the nightingale's thick note,
Whereon I've mused so oft, and vainly striven
To follow it in thought, away, away?
Or is her song a flower, whose fragrant breath
I know, but not its root, and stem, and leaves?

René —
Oh, my dear child, each of thy questions fills
My soul with agony. Trust, love, to me,
And leave it to a happier time to show
What now to thee must be inexplicable.
One thing, however, know: I have a hope —
The hope which hath sustained me until now —
That yet thy sight may be restored to thee:
That thy dear eyes may open once again
To the glad sunbeams; and oh, grant it, Heaven!
Thy noble friend and tutor, Ebn Jahia,
With his rare leech-craft hath been long preparing
The favorable hour to test our hopes.
Now is it come, my own, my darling child!

Confide in him. Go with him to the house.
Martha shall wait upon thee. At the first
Thou'lt sink into a slumber; and from that —
If so it be Heaven's gracious will — aroused —
[*Is stifled with emotion.*

Iolanthe —
What ails thee, father? Wherefore shakes thy hand?
My own dear father, joy'st thou not, that now
The hour has come thou'st panted for so long?
Thou fearest it will prove unfortunate.
Yet, even then, shall I not be, as ever,
Thy child, thy own dear child — thy child, who joys
To be so dear — joys in her happy lot!
Let me go, then —

René — Oh, my child! my child!

Iolanthe —
Nay, do not fear! For what my sage, kind master
Has pondered well, will prosper, I am sure.
It feels to me as though even now I knew
The singular power which thou hast called the light,
As it hath found its way to me already.
Ah, while that wondrous stranger was beside me,
A feeling quivered through me, which I ne'er
Had known before; and every word he spoke
Resounded like an echo in my soul,
With new and unimagined melodies.
Didst thou not say the power of light is swift,
And gives significance to what it touches?
That it is also closely blent with warmth —
With the heart's warmth? Oh! I know it is.
If what thou call'st the light consist in this,
Then a forewarning tells me it will be
Revealed to me to-day. Yet on one point
Thou dost mistake. 'Tis not the eye that sees;
Here, close beside the heart, our vision lies;
Here is it seated in remembrance sweet,
A reflex of the light that pierced my soul,
The light I go with bounding hope to meet!
[*Exit into the house with* MARTHA.

René [*to* EBN JAHIA, *who is about to follow*] —
Stay, Ebn Jahia! Canst understand all this?
Where is the stranger, who intruded thus
Upon her bosom's peace? How to myself
Can I explain these passion-laden words?
What thinkest thou?

Ebn Jahia — Not easily explained
Is the full climax of a woman's mood,
And this, I own, goes counter to my plans.
René —
Explain thyself!
Ebn Jahia — Suppose her thoughts are bent
To rest upon this stranger — then 'twould seem
That he controls her, and I strongly doubt
A happy issue to my art. And yet
In this conjuncture two desires may meet,
Which, blent in intimate communion, may
Strive to one end with like intensity.
In this hope I may rest — but only feebly.
[*Exit into the house.*
René —
Who could it be was here? Unless Bertrand
Should chance to know —
[*Enter* ALMERIK *through the concealed door.*
My Almerik! Thou there?
Almerik —
I bring a letter for my liege.
René — From Tristan?
[*Breaks open the seal*] —
It is from him. What do I see? Come hither!
He breaks with me. He wishes to undo
Our solemn contract!
Almerik — How! Undo the contract?
René [*reading*] —
Amazement! He admits him in the wrong,
And leaves me to dictate the amends;
Yet — he repudiates my daughter's hand.
Almerik —
Matchless audacity!
René — Ah, Almerik!
This is the fate that dogs me evermore.
An evil portent this, I fear me much,
For what this hour may bring. The nuptials,
Whereon I had the fairest visions reared,
Unconsciously were wedded with the hope
That Iolanthe should regain her sight.
That hope is gone — a little time may see
The other crushed. Yet no! I will not stoop
To foolish, fond lamenting! Let that come
Which Heaven in wisdom hath ordained for us!
Who brought the letter?

Almerik —
One of Geoffrey's people,
Who said that Tristan now was lodged with him.
René —
With Geoffrey? Well, there still, perchance, is hope.
Perchance he may — But yet — What noise is that?
The clash of arms resounding from the pass!
Almerik [*approaches the door*] —
They force an entrance —
René — Force? Injurious knaves!
Almerik —
A handful of our people —
René — Out with your sword!
They shall not flout King René unchastised.

Scene VI.

King René, Almerik, Tristan, *in complete armor, with his train. Afterwards* Geoffrey, *with his train.*

[*During the progress of this scene the evening red spreads over the valley and the distant hills, and remains so till the close of the piece.*

Tristan —
Give back! The force, that sought to keep the pass,
Has yielded to our arms. Do you surrender?
René —
How now! What man art thou, whose ruffian hands
With shock of arms doth desecrate this ground?
Stand, or my wrath shall strike thee to the dust!
Tristan —
Husband thy words, old man. I have no fears.
I do believe this place is in the thrall
Of some unholy and malignant power,
Which keeps thee trembling, but gives nerve to me.
If that thou be'st a sorcerer, and dost hope
For aid from magic spells, despair thy charm.
For know, the pope did consecrate this sword;
This scarf was woven, too, by holy hands
Within the Mary Convent at Avignon,
And, 'neath this mail of proof, abides the will
To quell thee, as Saint George the dragon quelled.
René —
Deluded man! what motive brings thee here?
Tristan —
Reply to me! Art thou this valley's lord?

René —
Truly, I am this valley's lord, I own;
Nor ends my title there. But who art thou?

Enter GEOFFREY *with his train.*

Geoffrey —
What do I see? King René!
[*Kneels*] Noble king!
Tristan — What's here? King René?
René — Geoffrey, thou in league
With one that is thy monarch's foe?
Geoffrey — Your pardon!
He posted on before. I came too late.
René [*to* TRISTAN] —
Yet tell me, who art thou?
Tristan — My name is Tristan
Of Vaudemont: a name you well do know.
René —
How? Tristan!
[*To* GEOFFREY] — Is this true?
Geoffrey — 'Tis as he says.
René [*musing*] —
And so 'twas you, belike, as I conclude,
Were here to-day already?
Tristan — Yes, my liege;
Chance, not presumption, led me to this place.
I did not dream that you were ruler here.
René —
But say, what motive brings you back again?
Tristan —
You know it.
René — Nay, I know it not. Explain.
Tristan —
Can this be so? Within this blooming vale,
Where all is marvelous, there lies concealed,
And its most foremost wonder, a fair girl,
Whose praise not all Provence's troubadours
Could chant in measures equal to her worth.
René —
And this fair girl, you say — continue, sir!
Tristan —
Upon my soul such impress deep hath wrought
That I am bound her slave for evermore.
René —
And know you who she is?

Tristan — No. Yet there's proof
Upon her countenance, and in her words,
Of high degree and inborn nobleness.
René —
And have you noted not that Nature, who
In all things else hath been so bountiful,
Left her one flaw?
Tristan — Ah, yes, alas! she's blind!
Yet there doth flow within her soul a light
That makes all luminous which else were dark!
René —
And though you are aware that she is blind —
Tristan —
Yet at her feet with rapture would I lay
The golden circle of my earldom down.
René —
Now, by the holy image in Clairvaux,
You are the rarest marvel of our vale!
You press in here with weapons in your hand,
To bear off that which hath for years been yours,
Yet which you now insultingly contemn.
Tristan —
How so, my liege?
René — Know, then, that this fair girl,
Who took your heart a prisoner, is my daughter!
Tristan —
Your daughter, she?
René — My daughter, my young count:
The same whom you, as this your letter bears,
Can in no wise consent to take for bride;
The same who raised in you dislike so strong,
That, but to 'scape from her, you were content
To quit your claims forever to Lorraine!
The same, moreover, whom you so have charmed,
That I might almost doubt if the poor girl
So lightly would abandon you.
Tristan — My liege,
Thou wilt not mock me with so wild a joy!
René —
'Tis e'en as I have said.
Tristan — But why was she —
René —
Shut up within this vale? Of that anon.
You little deem, my lord, that you are come
At a momentous crisis. Iolanthe,

My darling child, perchance, e'en while we talk,
Sinks into darkest night for evermore,
Or wakes to taste the glorious light of day.
Tristan —
What sayest thou, my liege?
René — This very hour
Has the physician, Ebn Jahia, chosen
To see, if possibly —
[*Approaches the house*] — But hush! methinks
There is a stir within. Keep silence, all!
She speaks! Oh, Tristan, hear! Iolanthe speaks!
Ah, are these sounds of pleasure, or of wail,
That murmur o'er my darling angel's lips?
But some one comes.

Scene VII.

To the others enter Bertrand, *afterwards* Martha, Iolanthe *and* Ebn Jahia.

René [*to* Bertrand, *who enters from the house*] —
Quick, Bertrand! quick, and tell me,
How goes on all within?
Bertrand — Alas! I know not.
She has awaked, and it is nearly over;
But I ran forth in terror. [*Enter* Martha *hastily.*
Martha — She can see!
René —
How, Martha — see?
Tristan — Oh, grant it, Heaven!
Martha — Hush! hush!
She's coming forth.

Enter Ebn Jahia, *leading* Iolanthe *by the hand. He beckons to the others to retire.*

Iolanthe — Where art thou leading me?
O God! where am I? Support me — oh, support me!
Ebn Jahia —
Calm thee, my child!
Iolanthe — Support me — oh, stand still!
I ne'er was here before — what shall I do
In this strange place? Oh, what is that? Support me!
It comes so close on me, it gives me pain.
Ebn Jahia —
Iolanthe, calm thee! Look upon the earth!

That still hath been to thee thy truest friend,
And now too greets thee with a cordial smile.
This is the garden thou hast ever tended.

Iolanthe —

My garden — mine? Alas! I know it not.
The plants are terrible to see — take care!
They're falling on us!

Ebn Jahia — Cease your fears, my child.
These stately trees are the date palms, whose leaves
And fruit to thee have been long known.

Iolanthe — Ah, no!
Indeed, I know them not!
[*Raises her eyes towards the sky*] —
This radiance, too,
That everywhere surrounds me — yon great vault,
That arches there above us — oh, how high!
What is it? Is it God? Is it His spirit,
Which, as you said, pervades the universe?

Ebn Jahia —

Yon radiance is the radiance of the light.
God is in it, like as He is in all.
Yon blue profound, that fills yon airy vault,
It is the heaven, where, as we do believe,
God hath set up His glorious dwelling-place.
Kneel down, my child, and raise your hands on high
To heaven's o'erarching vault — to God — and pray!

Iolanthe —

Ah, teach me, then, to pray to Him as I ought.
No one hath ever told me how I should
Pray to this Deity who rules the world!

Ebn Jahia —

Then kneel thee down, my darling child, and say,
"Mysterious Being, who to me hath spoken
When darkness veiled mine eyes, teach me to seek Thee
In Thy light's beams, that do illume this world;
Still, in the world, teach me to cling to Thee!"

Iolanthe [*kneels*] —

Mysterious Being, who to me hath spoken
When darkness veiled mine eyes, teach me to seek Thee
In Thy light's beams, that do illume this world;
Still, in the world, teach me to cling to Thee! —
Yes, He hath heard me. I can feel He hath,
And on me pours the comfort of His peace.
He is the only one that speaks to me,
Invisible and kindly, as before.

Ebn Jahia —
Arise! arise, my child, and look around.
Iolanthe —
Say what are these, that bear such noble forms?
Ebn Jahia —
Thou know'st them all.
Iolanthe — Ah, no; I can know nothing.
René [*approaching* IOLANTHE] —
Look on me, Iolanthe — me, thy father!
Iolanthe [*embracing him*] —
My father! Oh, my God! Thou art my father!
I know thee now — thy voice, thy clasping hand.
Stay here! Be my protector, be my guide!
I am so strange here in this world of light.
They've taken all that I possessed away —
All that in old time was thy daughter's joy.
René —
I have culled out a guide for thee, my child.
Iolanthe —
Whom mean'st thou?
René [*pointing to* TRISTAN] — See, he stands expecting thee.
Iolanthe —
The stranger yonder? Is he one of those
Bright cherubim thou once did tell me of?
Is he the angel of the light come down?
René —
Thou knowest him — hast spoken with him. Think!
Iolanthe —
With him? with him? [*Holds her hands before her eyes.*
Father, I understand.
In yonder glorious form must surely dwell
The voice that late I heard — gentle, yet strong;
The one sole voice that lives in Nature's round.
[*To* TRISTAN, *who advances towards her*] —
Oh, but one word of what thou said'st before!
Tristan —
Oh, sweet and gracious lady!
Iolanthe — List! oh list!
With these dear words the light's benignant rays
Found out a way to me; and these sweet words
With my heart's warmth are intimately blent.
Tristan [*embraces her*] —
Iolanthe! Dearest!
René — Blessings on you both
From God, whose wondrous works we all revere!

IT JUST HAPPENED SO.

COMEDY IN ONE ACT.

By OTTO BENZON.

(Translated for this work, by Olga Flinch. All rights of dramatic presentation are reserved by the author.)

[Otto Benzon is a native of Copenhagen, where his father was an apothecary. He is about forty, and besides being a fertile dramatist is an artist, sportsman, miscellaneous writer, and a man of general activity and talent. He first came into prominence with "curtain raisers," of which this is one; later produced several plays of full length, the first entitled "A Scandal," and one of which was prohibited as too radical, but is popular as a reading play.]

Persons of the Play.

Miss Ellen. The Doctor. A Maid.

The scene is placed at a country house, a short distance from town.

The scene represents a comfortable sitting-room, handsomely furnished; pictures, plants, etc., but in quiet taste, nothing overdone. At the back: left a door, right a window, affording a view of trees in fall foliage. Left: open fireplace with wood fire. Right: door with a heavy portière. Center: table with sewing basket, books, newspaper.

Miss Ellen *seated at the table, reading.*

Maid [*enters upper left*] — The Doctor is there.

Miss Ellen [*continuing her reading*] — Ah, that is nice! Ask him to come in. [*Exit* Maid.

The Doctor *enters.*

Miss Ellen [*puts out her hand to him without looking up from her book*] — How do you do, Doctor!

Doctor [*without taking her hand*] — That must be a very interesting book.

Miss Ellen — I merely wanted to finish a period. [*Puts down the book.*] How do you do, Doctor. Won't you take my hand?

Doctor — With your permission, I will kiss it.

Miss Ellen [*drawing back her hand*] — Now do be sensible.

Doctor [*pointing to the book*] —One of Marlitt's novels?

Miss Ellen — Is that supposed to be bitter contempt?

Doctor — Or perhaps one of Zola's?

Miss Ellen — And is that a little insult?

Doctor — What? that I credit your mind with such elasticity? Couldn't you just as well take it as a little compliment?

Miss Ellen [*doubtfully*] — Per—haps.

Doctor — When anything can be taken as a compliment, it is always wisest so to take it — especially when one thinks it is meant the other way. That is the finest way to parry a thrust.

Miss Ellen — Turning into a lecturer?

Doctor — I beg your pardon.

Miss Ellen — Do sit down.

Doctor — Thanks. [*Sits down and takes up the book.*]

Miss Ellen — You are curious, Doctor.

Doctor [*laying down the book*] — I just wanted to see if you worship the old or the new literature.

Miss Ellen — I worship neither.

Doctor — Ah! Above party strife!

Miss Ellen — The old wrote rather badly, but what they wrote of was good. The new write well, but what they write of is poor.

Doctor — Dear me, how clever that sounded! Say that again.

Miss Ellen — Now, Doctor!

Doctor — It sounded so natural.

Miss Ellen — You ought to be ashamed of yourself.

Doctor — No, why? No reason whatever. Neither have you. Even the best of us are not above once in a while saying something we have thought out in advance.

Miss Ellen — I do believe you are in a teasing mood to-day.

Doctor — Worse than usual?

Miss Ellen — No — perhaps not. [*She takes the book and turns the leaves.*] I suppose your reading is genuine hospital literature.

Doctor [*shrugging his shoulders*] — I am a doctor.

Miss Ellen — Oh, I don't mean that at all. I speak of belles-lettres. [*The* DOCTOR *turns toward her, with his arms on the table, and looks at her smiling.*] Well, I suppose the name is not very good. [*The* DOCTOR *shakes his head.*] For as a rule the contents have not much to do with beauty.

Doctor [*continues to look at her. Shakes his head reproachfully*] — Oh! oh!

Miss Ellen — Oh, I know you are sitting there making fun of me, but I don't care. — Why must we always have our attention drawn to what is ugly? why can't we look at what is good and beautiful? Don't sit and stare at me so.

Doctor — Why can't we look at what is good and —

Miss Ellen — Oh, no, you are intolerable! You treat me as if I were a child. Do you know how old I am?

Doctor — Yes, I know. You are one-and-twenty, but you look younger.

Miss Ellen — Oh, but it is impossible to talk with you.

Doctor — Well, what do you want?

Miss Ellen — I want you to understand that literature —

Doctor — Excuse me for interrupting, but does it particularly interest you to talk of literature?

Miss Ellen [*somewhat hurt*] — Then let us talk of something else.

Doctor — Not at all. So you want me to —

Miss Ellen — I want you to admit that books ought to give a picture of —

Doctor — Ought to give a picture of life.

Miss Ellen — Life is not always depressing.

Doctor — Nor is it always interesting.

Miss Ellen — And is only the depressing interesting?

Doctor — Conflicts are interesting.

Miss Ellen — But life holds something more than —

Doctor — Life "holds" first, money; secondly, love; and thirdly, money.

Miss Ellen — You are horrid.

Doctor — You are not.

Miss Ellen — Well, but love then — there is such a thing as happy love.

Doctor — Yes, I dare say there is.

Miss Ellen — Then why not write of that instead of choosing these —

Doctor — Because happy love is a private affair. Very interesting for those concerned, but a terrible bore for those who look on.

Miss Ellen — Oh, I don't know about that. A book that told of happy and beautiful relations and not of — these — well, ugly conditions, might be a very good book.

Doctor — Very good — yes. But very tiresome too. It would be something like the creation of the world when every-

thing was so very good. But the author soon discovered that to get life into things he would have to fall back on one of these "ugly conditions." So he let the serpent have its little game.

Miss Ellen — Doctor! You really deserve that I should be angry with you.

Doctor — But you won't.

Miss Ellen — Why not?

Doctor — Because we never get our deserts in this world. That's why we have the next.

Miss Ellen — Do stop. Why are you bent upon teasing me? I was so glad when you came.

Doctor — Really?

Miss Ellen — You don't believe that?

Doctor — Well, yes, when you say so, but — [*Stops.*]

Miss Ellen — But?

Doctor — It would not have occurred to me.

Miss Ellen — What do you mean?

Doctor — Oh — the calmness with which you sat there finishing the period —

Miss Ellen — That hurt you?

Doctor — No, not at all, but — it did not exactly bespeak a very vivid pleasure.

Miss Ellen — Oh, it just happened so.

Doctor — There is a reason back of every little happening.

Miss Ellen — Yes, I ought to have jumped up, of course, and —

Doctor — Ought! Not at all. No, you *would* have jumped up if you had been very pleased.

Miss Ellen — Yes, but it happened that —

Doctor — Yes, I believe you. Life is rich in mere happenings — richer than most people imagine. And they play a much more important part than they reasonably ought to. Such a simple little every-day happening can, when it comes at the right moment, change a whole life. It is quite like a side-track. An inch of difference at the starting point, and one lands many, many miles from the station that would otherwise have been reached. Believe me, there is a reason back of every little happening.

Miss Ellen — But nevertheless it is true that I was glad to see you. It was nice of you to come so soon.

Doctor — Really? It is good to hear that.

Miss Ellen — I did not think you could have got my letter already.

Doctor — Your letter?

Miss Ellen — Yes.

Doctor — Did you write to me, then?

Miss Ellen — Yes. Didn't you get my letter?

Doctor — No.

Miss Ellen — Oh, then why did you come?

Doctor — Thanks! [*He rises.*]

Miss Ellen [*laughing*] — Oh, I beg your pardon — I didn't mean it that way — but — then you did not know that mother was ill?

Doctor — No; is she in bed? [*Goes toward door right.*]

Miss Ellen — Yes, but she is asleep. Have you not time to wait a little?

Doctor — Ye-es.

Miss Ellen [*goes over to the mantel, and takes a box of matches*] — Suppose you were permitted to smoke a cigarette?

Doctor — In here?

Miss Ellen — Yes, since mother is not here.

Doctor — Thanks — perhaps it would be better not.

Miss Ellen [*turns away*] — Very well! As you please.

Doctor [*following her*] — Now that you press me so much, and in such a charming way —

Miss Ellen [*laughing*] — I knew you could not resist it. I will give you a light. [*Lights a match.*]

Doctor [*lights the cigarette*] — Thanks.

Miss Ellen — But tell me, Doctor, how you happened to come out to-day?

Doctor — Oh — I really don't know — I felt like — I wanted to see — that is to say — oh, I don't know, I really just happened out.

Miss Ellen [*smiling*] — There is a reason back of every happening.

Doctor — What do you mean by that?

Miss Ellen — Well, what did you mean a little while ago?

Doctor — I! I meant — oh, I meant nothing — really.

Miss Ellen — That is just what I meant, too.

Doctor — May I ask you a question, Miss Ellen? [Miss Ellen *nods.*] Are you not perhaps — just the least little bit — of — a — flirt?

Miss Ellen [*smiling*] — I don't know. Do you think so?

Doctor — Sometimes.

Miss Ellen — Then you are sometimes unjust to me. I may once in a while be a little too full of life, but it is no more than that. I *will* not be a flirt. I can't bear to see it in others, and I should be ashamed of it in myself.

Doctor — Oh, now, you take it too solemnly.

Miss Ellen — No, not at all. A woman who flirts with a man has no right to blame him if he insults her.

Doctor — Insults —

Miss Ellen — Yes, if he is too free and easy. And I call it an insult the way men are with some women. Oh, I have seen it many a time.

Doctor — What do you really mean?

Miss Ellen — Merely the way they look at them — shake hands with them — or touch them — well, a man may not understand that, but — phew!

Doctor [*takes a cigarette from the box*] — May I?

Miss Ellen — Certainly.

Doctor — I hope I have never insulted you?

Miss Ellen — No, never. But I have seen you with others; you were different with them. But that is really long ago. I did not like you then. I did not like you at first anyway.

Doctor — I am glad you added "at first."

Miss Ellen — I did not like your ways.

Doctor — It is still in the past.

Miss Ellen [*smiling*] — Yes, now I have got accustomed to it, you see.

Doctor — Yes, one can get accustomed to a great deal.

Miss Ellen — A surprisingly great deal.

Doctor [*testily*] — Even things we don't like at all at first we can sometimes get so accustomed to that we can't do without them.

Miss Ellen [*smiling*] — For instance — tobacco.

Doctor — For instance, tobacco. Very true. [*He puts down the cigarette.*]

Miss Ellen — But — to resume — I don't blame them at all. Considering their position in life, I dare say it is very natural that they are what they are. At any rate I know very few — even among the best of them — who are not totally different toward the women they respect and those who are silly and flirtatious —— A man will take every advantage offered him, so that is why we have to be on our guard —— And a woman

can always determine the nature of their relation. If a man goes too far, it is her own fault.

Doctor — May I express my appreciation of the leniency you show toward men rather than toward your own sex?

Miss Ellen — I demand more of women, because I have less respect for men.

Doctor — I take my appreciation back.

Miss Ellen — You must remember that, as the world is, a man's past belongs to himself, but a woman's belongs to the man she marries. She must respect herself, or she cannot demand that others shall respect her. And she must never in the presence of a man do or say anything which she cannot tell her future husband without blushing.

Doctor — Such women are rare — and men don't deserve them.

Miss Ellen — No, poor things, they stand on a lower plane. As the saying is, with them the important thing is not to be the first, but to remain the last.

Doctor [*has taken a book from the table and is turning and twisting it in his hands. Suddenly — after a short pause — he looks up*] — Miss Ellen!

Miss Ellen — Yes.

Doctor — If — now — [*Stops.*]

Miss Ellen — If now what?

Doctor [*who has evidently been on the point of saying something else which he cannot get out*] — You are a splendid girl, Miss Ellen.

Miss Ellen [*laughing*] — No, I have a splendid mother.

Doctor — That also. [*After a short pause.*] But — tell me — do you think — do you really think that you — I mean — that you can always keep a man at the distance you choose?

Miss Ellen — I hope so. Do you know what mamma says?

Doctor — No.

Miss Ellen — No, I don't think I will tell you.

Doctor — Why, yes, do.

Miss Ellen — Well, then, she says: "I demand of my daughter that she shall take the first man who proposes to her."

Doctor — That is a rather severe demand.

Miss Ellen — No, not when it is really understood.

Doctor — Then you intend to be an obedient daughter?

Miss Ellen — Yes.

Doctor — Really?

Miss Ellen — Yes. [*The* DOCTOR *rises and makes a bow.*

Doctor — May I then have the honor to ask for your hand?

Miss Ellen [*laughing*] — Oh, Doctor! do behave yourself.

Doctor — You won't have me.

Miss Ellen — Oh, nonsense!

Doctor — What became of the obedient daughter?

Miss Ellen — The obedient daughter? But you don't know at all whether you are the first.

Doctor — I beg your pardon! There is perhaps a number 1.

Miss Ellen — That is possible.

Doctor — And a number 2, — and a number 3. — Perhaps you keep a stock of them?

Miss Ellen [*laughing*] — What a terrible remark!

Doctor — And your mother has only said that you should take the first — not that you should take him at once.

Miss Ellen — How sharp-sighted you are, Doctor.

Doctor [*after a pause*] — Would it be indiscreet to ask if there really were a number 1?

Miss Ellen [*smiling*] — Yes, I am afraid it would be indiscreet.

Doctor [*looking down in an embarrassed way, and working the book in his hands*] — They said once that your neighbor, young Mogens Brun, over here —

Miss Ellen [*rises*] — Look here, instead of sitting there ruining my album, you would do better to write something in it.

Doctor — It only lacked that.

Miss Ellen — You promised me a poem last time you were here.

Doctor — Yes, I always was rash.

Miss Ellen — Here is pen and ink for you. Now — write something sensible.

Doctor — Something sensible — in rhyme! No, my dear Miss Ellen, when one has anything sensible to say, one really says it in prose.

Miss Ellen [*smiling*] — Then say it in prose.

Doctor — But I have nothing sensible to say.

Miss Ellen [*laughing*] — Then say something nonsensical in rhyme — or in prose, if you don't like poetry.

Doctor — I like poetry very much — that is to say, good poetry. Not the kind I make myself. [*He opens the book.*] Poetry — that ought to be all feeling — all music — oh, I know very well what it ought to be — the only trouble is I can't do it. When I try, I have a feeling as if I put my thoughts in strait-jacket and dressed up my feelings in fine feathers. The thing loses all flavor.

Miss Ellen — Write that.

Doctor — Yes, that's what I intend to do. [*He tries the pen.*

Miss Ellen — Is the pen bad? Will you have a new one?

Doctor — No, no, no! [*He begins to write.* MISS ELLEN *goes behind him, and stands looking over his shoulder.*]

Doctor — No, you must not stand there.

Miss Ellen — Then can't you do it?

Doctor — No.

Miss Ellen — Perhaps I make your muse jealous.

Doctor — Oh, if only you would!

Miss Ellen [*laughs. A bell rings in the adjoining room*] — That was mamma ringing. [*She goes out, right, and returns shortly after.*] Mamma is awake now.

Doctor — May I go in? [*Rises.*]

Miss Ellen — Are you through? Yes, you may go in, if you please. Meanwhile I will read what you wrote.

[DOCTOR *goes out, right.*

[MISS ELLEN *takes the book and reads aloud to herself*] —

If a thought in its infancy's prime
  I force to a stature full-grown,
And cramp it to meter and rhyme,
  All its freshness and grace will be flown.

I have often arrested my pen,
  And left unembodied my thought:
The loveliest songs are within,
  They are not by the poets enwrought.

[DOCTOR *returns.*

Miss Ellen — That is very pretty, Doctor. Thank you. [DOCTOR *bows lightly.*] I hope it is nothing serious with mamma?

Doctor — No, not at all. I have told her she may get up. Have you a piece of paper? I want to write a prescription.

Miss Ellen — Here. [*She gives it to him.*]

Doctor — Thanks. [*Sits down and writes.*]

Miss Ellen [*reading the verses over again silently*] — Tell me, Doctor, did you compose that now?

Doctor — I beg your pardon?

Miss Ellen — I ask if you composed that [*pointing at the verses*] now, on the spur of the moment?

Doctor — Yes, I heard you.

Miss Ellen — Then why did you say "I beg your pardon"?

Doctor — What do you mean? Why did I say — I say that because — because — oh, because I did *not* compose it now. I did that when I came home, last time I had been here, and you had teased me for a poem. What a question to ask!

Miss Ellen [*laughing*] — Oh, don't be angry, please.

Doctor [*giving her the prescription*] — Will you send to the apothecary for that?

Miss Ellen — Will it help?

Doctor [*shakes his head*] — No-o —

Miss Ellen — Then why —

Doctor — Oh, they usually give it — and it can do no harm.

Miss Ellen — You do inspire such unusual confidence, Doctor. [DOCTOR *bows lightly.*] When one is not dying, you have no respect for any ailment. [DOCTOR *shrugs his shoulders.*] I am glad I have not troubled you with my own little case.

Doctor — Have you a case?

Miss Ellen — Oh, it is nothing.

Doctor — Why of course it is. What is it?

Miss Ellen [*pointing to her eye*] — It is something here. It hurts so, when I work my eyelid. [DOCTOR *looks at the eye and shakes his head.*] What shall I do for it?

Doctor — You must stop working your eyelid.

Miss Ellen [*shakes her head laughing*] — No, Doctor, you are impossible. But I like you very much nevertheless.

Doctor — Oh, you just *say* that. I can leave that prescription at the apothecary's myself. I go straight past.

Miss Ellen — But won't you stay to dinner?

Doctor — Thanks — I don't know —

Miss Ellen — Well, to be sure, there is nobody but mamma and myself to entertain you. Unless Mogens Brun should come over. It is a long time since he has been here.

Doctor — Would you like him to come? I beg your pardon, I was on the point of being indiscreet again.

Miss Ellen [*after having considered it for a moment or two*] — I have a good mind to tell you something — and you are the first one I tell, except mamma, of course. —— You know Mogens Brun, and you know that he and I have always been together since we were children — or rather since I was a child ; for he was already grown up then. —— But, as I was going to tell you: once — several years ago — four years ago — it was the year papa died — I was only seventeen — Mogens and I were out crabbing together —

Doctor — Crabbing?

Miss Ellen — Yes, catching crabs. And a terrible storm came up. And then suddenly, while we were standing under a large tree, Mogens said : "Ellen, will you be my wife?" [*The* Doctor *turns slightly away and plays nervously with something.*] And when I really understood him, I — began to cry — remember I was so very young. [*Pause.*

Doctor [*in a low voice*] — And then?

Miss Ellen — Yes. Then he said a great deal more, and then I said that I would like to, but that I did not love him so very much, not as much, for instance, as I loved mamma — if he thought that was enough.

Doctor [*hoarsely*] — Well?

Miss Ellen — And now comes the prettiest part of the story; then Mogens took both my hands and said: "Little Ellen, it might be enough for me, but I am afraid that it would not be enough for you. Don't think of it any more ; but some day, if you should need some one who loves you, then you know you have me." Then he wiped my eyes — for the crabs were in my handkerchief — and then we trotted home.

Doctor [*in a low voice*] — Yes, I dare say he is a good fellow.

Miss Ellen — That he is.

Doctor [*in a toneless voice*] — Do you care for him now?

Miss Ellen — I don't know.

[*The* Doctor *rises and walks up and down the floor.*

Maid [*enters*] — Mr. Brun has just come. He rode over to the stables.

Miss Ellen [*springs up. At the same moment her eyes meet the* Doctor's. *To the* Maid] — Very well, thanks. [Maid *goes out.*] Why do you smile, Doctor? was it because — I sprang up?

Doctor — No, of course — that only just happened so.

Miss Ellen [*quickly*] — Why yes — it — [*She stops suddenly and drops her eyes.*]

Doctor [*goes up to her and takes her hand*] — Good-bye, Miss Ellen.

Miss Ellen [*without looking up*] — You won't stay? [*The* DOCTOR *shakes his head.* MISS ELLEN *looks at him.*] You are not angry?

Doctor — Angry ! — no.

Miss Ellen — You know how very much I like you.

Doctor [*bends down and kisses her hand*] — But you don't know how very much I like you. Good-bye. [*He goes out.*

MISS ELLEN *stands a moment, looking after him, then she sits down with her hands clasped in her lap.*]

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